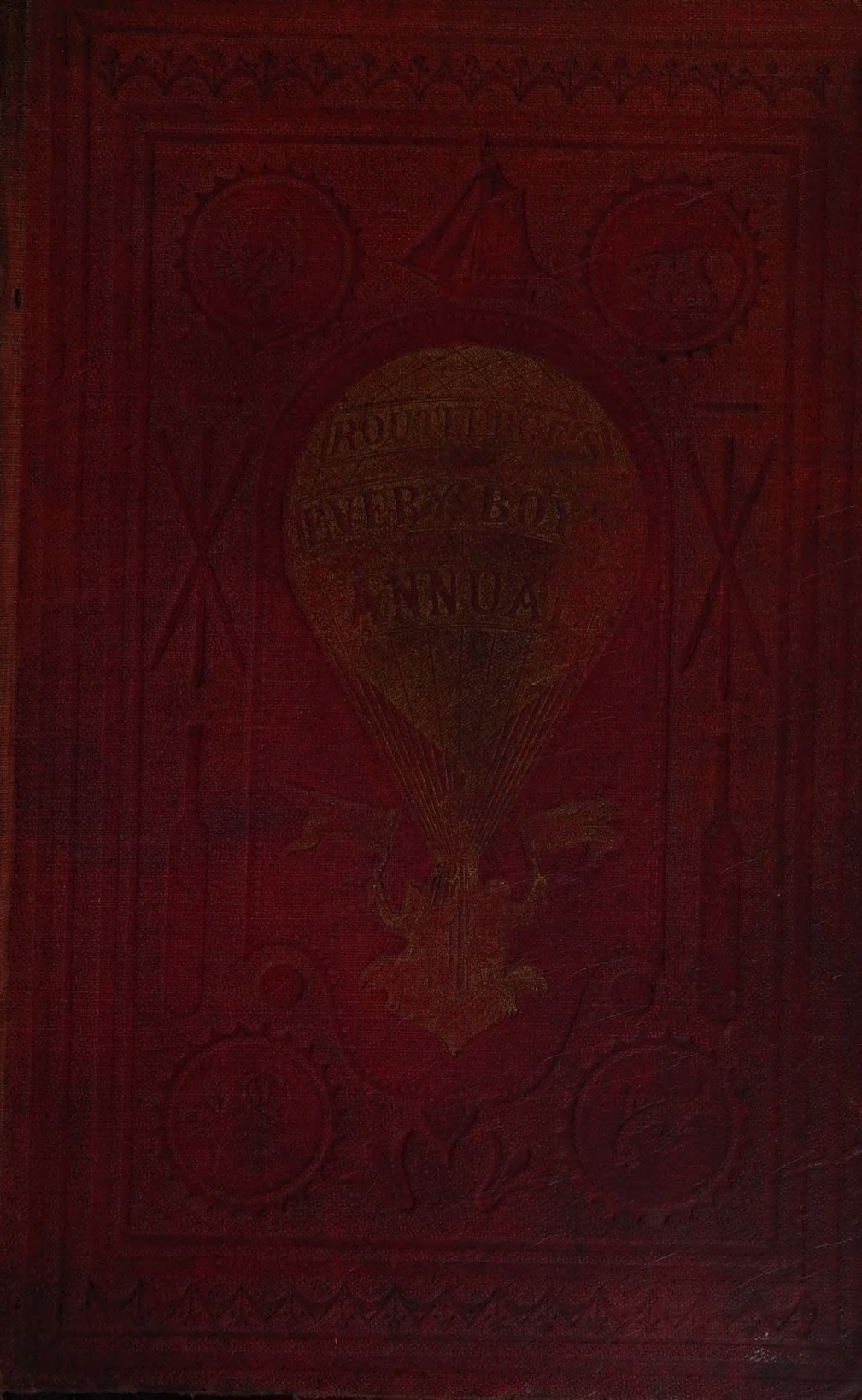
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JACKY COWED AT LAST.

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

CHAPTER I.

MR. JOHN SUDBERRY was a successful London merchant. He was also a fat little man. Moreover, he was a sturdy little man, wore spectacles, and had a smooth bald head, over which, at the time we introduce him to the reader, fifty summers had passed, with their corresponding autumns, winters, and springs. The passage of so many seasons over him appeared to have exercised a polishing influence on the merchant, for Mr. Sudberry's cranium shone like a billiard-ball. In temperament Mr. Sudberry was sanguine, and full of energy. He could scarcely have been a successful merchant without these qualities. He was also extremely violent.

Now, it is necessary here to guard the reader from falling into a mistake in reference to Mr. Sudberry's character. We have said that he was violent, but it must not be supposed that he was *passionate*. By no means. He was the most amiable and sweet-tempered of men. His violence was owing to physical rather than mental causes. He was hasty in his volitions, impulsive in his actions, madly reckless in his personal movements. His moral and physical being was capable of only two conditions—deep repose or wild activity.

At his desk Mr. Sudberry was wont to sit motionless like a statue, with his face buried in his hands and his thoughts busy. When these thoughts culminated, he would start as if he had received an electric shock, seize a pen, and, with pursed lips and frowning brows, send it careering over the paper with harrowing rapidity, squeaking and chirping (the pen, not the man) like a small bird with a bad cold.

Mr. Sudberry used quills. He was a *tremendous* writer. He could have reported the debates of the "House" in long hand.

The merchant's portrait is not yet finished. He was a peculiar man, and men of this sort cannot be sketched off in a few lines. Indeed, had he not been a peculiar man, it would not have been worth while to drag him thus prominently into notice.

Among other peculiarities in Mr. Sudberry's character, he was afflicted with a chronic tendency to *dab* his pen into the ink-bottle and split it to the feather, or double up its point so as to render it unserviceable. This infirmity, coupled with an uncommon capacity for upsetting ink-bottles, had induced him to hire a small clerk, whose principal duties were to mend pens, wipe up ink, and, generally, to attend to the removal of *débris.*

When Mr. Sudberry slept he did it profoundly. When he awoke he did it with a start and a stare, as if amazed at having caught himself in the very act of indulging in such weakness. When he washed he puffed, and gasped, and rubbed, and made such a noise, that one might have supposed a walrus was engaged in its ablutions. How the skin of his head, face, and neck stood the towelling it received is incomprehensible! When he walked he went like an express train; when he sauntered he relapsed into the slowest possible snail's-pace, but he did not graduate the changes from the one to the other. When he sat down he did so with a crash. The number of chairs which Mr. Sudberry broke in the course of his life would have filled a goodly-sized concert-room; and the number of tea-cups which he had swept off tables with the tails of his coat might, we believe, have set up a moderately ambitious man in the china trade.

There was always a beaming smile on the merchant's countenance, except when he was engaged in deep thought; then his mouth was pursed and his brows knitted.

The small clerk was a thin-bodied, weak-minded, timid boy, of about twelve years of age and of humble origin. He sat at Mr. Sudberry's double desk in the office, opposite and in dangerous proximity to his master, whom he regarded with great admiration, alarm, and awe.

On a lovely afternoon towards the middle of May, when city men begin to thirst for a draught of fresh air, and to long for an undignified roll on the green fields among primroses, buttercups, and daisies, Mr. Sudberry sat at his desk reading the advertisements in the *Times.*

Suddenly he flung the paper away, hit the desk a sounding blow with his clenched fist, and exclaimed firmly,—"I'll do it!"

Accustomed though he was to nervous shocks, the small clerk leaped

with more than ordinary tremour off his stool on this occasion, picked up the paper, laid it at his master's elbow, and sat down again, prepared to look out—nautically speaking—for more squalls.

Mr. Sudberry seized a quill, dabbed it into the ink-bottle and split it. Seizing another he dabbed again; the quill stood the shock; the small clerk ventured a sigh of relief and laid aside the inky napkin—which he had pulled out of his desk expecting an upset and prepared for the worst. A note was dashed off in two minutes,—signed, sealed, addressed, in half a minute, and Mr. Sudberry leaped off his stool. His hat was thrown on his head by a species of sleight of hand, and he appeared in the outer office suddenly, like a stout Jack-in-the-box.

"I'm away, Mr. Jones (to his head clerk), and won't be back till eleven to-morrow morning. Have you the letters ready? I am going round by the post-office and will take charge of them."

"They are here, sir," said Mr. Jones, in a mild voice.

Mr. Jones was a meek man, with a red nose and a humble aspect. He was a confidential clerk, and much respected by the firm of Sudberry & Co. In fact it was generally understood that the business could not get on without him. His caution was a most salutary counteractive to Mr. Sudberry's recklessness. As for "Co.," he was a sleeping-partner and an absolute nonentity.

Mr. Sudberry seized the letters and let them fall, picked them up in haste, thrust them confusedly into his pocket, and rushed from the room, knocking over the umbrella-stand in his exit. The sensation left in the office was that of a dead calm after a sharp squall. The small clerk breathed freely, and felt that his life was safe for that day.

CHAPTER II.

"My dear," cried Mr. Sudberry to his wife, abruptly entering the parlour of his villa, near Hampstead Heath, "I have done the deed!"

"Dear John, you *are* so violent; my nerves,—really—*what* deed?" said Mrs. Sudberry, a weak-eyed, delicate woman, of languid temperament, and not far short of her husband's age.

"I have written off to secure a residence in the Highlands of Scotland for our summer quarters this season."

Mrs. Sudberry stared in mute surprise. "John! my dear! are you in earnest? Have you not been precipitate in this matter? You know, love, that I have always trusted in your prudence to make arrangements for the spending of our holiday; but really, when I think ——"

"Well, my dear, 'When you think,' — pray, go on."

"Don't be hasty, dear John; you know I have never objected to any place you have hitherto fixed on. Herne Bay last year was charming, and the year before we enjoyed Margate *so* much. Even Worthing, though rather too long a journey for a family, was delightful; and as the family was smaller then, we got over the journey on the whole better than could have been expected. But Scotland! — the Highlands! ——"

Mr. Sudberry's look at this point induced his wife to come to a full stop. The look was not a stern look,— much less a savage look, as connubial looks sometimes are. It was an aggrieved look; not that he was aggrieved at the dubious reception given by his spouse to the arrangement he had made; — no, the sore point in his mind was that he himself entertained strong doubts as to the propriety of what he had done; and to find these doubts reflected in the mind of his faithful better-half was perplexing.

"Well, Mary," said the worthy merchant, "go on. Do you state the *cons*, and I'll enumerate the *pros*, after which we will close the account, and see on which side the balance lies."

"You know, dear," said Mrs. Sudberry, in a remonstrative tone, "that the journey is fearfully long. I almost tremble when I think of it. To be sure, we have the railroad to Edinburgh now; but beyond that we shall have to travel by stage I suppose, at least I hope so; but perhaps they have no stage-coaches in Scotland?"

"Oh yes, they have a few, I believe," replied the merchant, with a smile.

"Ah! that is fortunate; for waggons are fearfully trying. No, I really think that I could *not* stand a waggon journey after my experience of the picnic at Worthing some years ago. Think of our large family— seven of us altogether — in a waggon, John ——"

"But you forget, I said that there *are* stage-coaches in Scotland."

"Well; but think of the slow and wearisome travelling among great mountains, over precipices, and through Scotch mists. Lady Know-nothing assures me she has been told that the rain never ceases in Scotland, except for a short time in autumn, just to give the scanty crops time to ripen. You know, dear, that our darling Jacky's health could never stand the Scotch mists, he is so *very* delicate."

"Why, Mary!" exclaimed Mr. Sudberry, abruptly; "the doctor told me only yesterday that for a boy of five years old he was a perfect marvel of robust health — that nothing ailed him, except the result of overeating and the want of open-air exercise; and I am sure that I can

testify to the strength of his legs and the soundness of his lungs ; for he kicks like a jackass, and roars like a lion."

"It is *very* wrong, *very* sinful of the doctor," said Mrs. Sudberry, in a languidly indignant manner, "to give such a false report of the health of our darling boy ——"

At this moment the door burst open, and the "darling boy" rushed into the room — with a wild cheer of defiance at his nurse, from whom he had escaped, and who was in full pursuit—hit his head on the corner of the table, and fell flat on the floor, with a yell that might have sent a pang of jealousy to the heart of a Chippeway Indian !

Mr. Sudberry started up, and almost overturned the tea-table in his haste ; but before he could reach his prostrate son, nurse had him kicking in her arms, and carried him off howling.

"Darling child !" said Mrs. Sudberry, with her hand on her heart. "How you do startle me, John, with your violence ! That is the fifteenth tea-cup this week."

The good lady pointed to a shattered member of the set that lay on the tray beside her.

"I have just ordered a new set, my dear," said her husband, in a subdued voice. "Our poor dear boy would benefit, I think, by mountain air. But go on with the *cons*."

"Have I not said enough ?" replied Mrs. Sudberry, with an injured look. "Besides, they have no food in Scotland."

This was a somewhat staggering assertion. The merchant looked astonished.

"At least," pursued his wife, "they have nothing, I am told, but oatmeal. Do you imagine that Jacky could live on oatmeal ? Do you suppose that your family would return to London in a condition fit to be looked at, after a summer spent on food such as we give to our horses ? No doubt you will tell me they have plenty of milk,—buttermilk, I suppose, which I abhor. But do you think that I could live with pleasure on sawdust, just because I had milk to take to it ?"

"But milk implies cream, my dear," interposed the merchant, "and buttermilk implies butter, and both imply cows, which are strong presumptive evidence in favour of beef. Besides ——"

"Don't talk to me, Mr. Sudberry. *I* know better ; and Lady Knownothing, who went to Scotland last year, in the most unprejudiced state of mind, came back absolutely horrified by what she had seen. Why, she actually tells me that the natives still wear the kilt ! The very day she passed through Edinburgh she met five hundred men without trousers ! To be sure, they had guns on their shoulders, and some one

told her they were soldiers; but the sight was so appalling that she could not get rid of the impression; she shut her eyes, and ordered the coachman to drive straight through the town, and let her know when she was quite beyond its walls. She has no doubt whatever that most, if not all, of the other inhabitants of that place were clothed — perhaps I should say unclothed — in the same way. What surprised poor Lady Knownothing most was, that she did not see nearly so many kilts in the Highlands as she saw on that occasion in Edinburgh; from which she concluded that the natives of Scotland are less barbarous in the north than they are in the south. But she *did* see a few. One man who played those hideous things called the pipes — which, she says, are so very like little pigs being killed — actually came into her presence one day, sat down before her with bare knees, and took a pinch of snuff with a salt-spoon!"

"That is a dreadful account, no doubt," said Mr. Sudberry, "but you must remember that Lady Knownothing is given to exaggerating, and is therefore not to be depended on. Have you done with the *cons*?"

"Not nearly done, John, but my nervous system cannot stand the sustained contemplation of such things. I should like to recover breath and hear what you have to say in favour of this temporary expatriation, I had almost said, of your family."

"Well, then, here goes for the *pros*," cried Mr. Sudberry, while a gleam of excitement shot from his eyes, and his clenched hand came heavily down on the table.

"The sixteenth cup—*as near as possible*," observed his wife, languidly.

"Never mind the cups, my dear, but listen to me. The air of the Highlands is salubrious and bracing——"

"And piercingly cold, my dear John," interrupted Mrs. Sudberry.

"In summer," pursued the husband, regardless of the interruption, "it is sometimes as clear and warm as it is in Italy——"

"And often foggy, my dear."

"The mountain scenery is grand and majestic beyond description——"

"Then why attempt to describe it, dear John?"

"The hotels in most parts of the Highlands, though rather expensive——"

"Ah! think of *that*, my dear."

"Though rather expensive, are excellent; the food is of the best quality, and the wines are passable. Beds——"

"*Have* they beds, my dear?"

"Beds are generally found to be well aired and quite clean, though of course in the poorer and more remote districts they are——"

"Hush! pray spare my feelings, my dear John."

"Remote districts, they are not so immaculate as one would wish. Then there are endless moors covered with game, and splendid lakes and rivers full of fish. Just think, Mary, what a region for our dear boys to revel in. Think of the shooting——"

"And the dreadful accidents, my dear."

"Think of the fishing——"

"And the wet feet, and the colds. Poor darling Jacky, what a prospect!"

"Think of the glorious sunrises seen from the mountain tops before breakfast——"

"And the falling over precipices, and broken necks and limbs, dear John."

"Think of the shaggy ponies for our darling Lucy to ride on——"

"Ah! and to fall off."

"And the dew of early morning on the hills, and the mists rolling up from the lakes, and the wild uncultivated beauty of all around us, and the sketching, and walking, and driving——"

"Dreadful!"

"And bathing and boating——"

"And drowning!"

"Not to mention the——"

"Dear John, have pity on me. The *pros* are too much for me. I cannot stand the thought——."

"But, my dear, the *place is taken*. The thing is *fixed*," said Mr. Sudberry, with emphasis.

Mrs. Sudberry was a wise woman. When she was told by her husband that a thing was *fixed*, she invariably gave in with a good grace. Her powers of dissuasion having failed—as they always did fail,—she arose, kissed Mr. Sudberry's forehead, assured him that she would try to make the most of it since it *was* fixed, and left the room with the comfortable feeling of having acted the part of a dutiful wife and a resigned martyr.

* * * * *

It was towards the close of a doubtful summer's evening, several weeks after the conversation just detailed, that a heavy stage-coach, of an old-fashioned description, toiled slowly up the ascent of one of those wild passes by which access is gained into the highlands of Perthshire.

The course of the vehicle had for some time lain along the banks of a turbulent river, whose waters, when not brawling over a rocky bed in impetuous velocity, or raging down a narrow gorge in misty spray, were curling calmly in deep pools or cauldrons, the dark surfaces of which were speckled with foam, and occasionally broken by the leap of a yellow trout or a silver salmon.

To an angler the stream would have been captivating in the extreme, but his ardour would have been somewhat damped by the sight of the dense copsewood which overhung the water, and, while it added to the wild beauty of the scenery, suggested the idea of fishing under difficulties.

When the coach reached the narrowest part of the pass, the driver pulled up, and intimated that "she would be obleeged if the leddies and gentlemen would get down and walk up the brae."

Hereupon there descended from the top of the vehicle a short, stout, elderly gentleman, in a Glengary bonnet, green tartan shooting-coat, and shepherd's-plaid vest and pantaloons; two active youths, of the ages of seventeen and fifteen respectively, in precisely similar costume; a man-servant in pepper and salt, and a little thin timid boy in blue, a sort of confidential page without the buttons. All of them wore drab gaiters and shoes of the thickest conceivable description. From the inside of the coach there issued a delicate elderly lady, who leaned, in a helpless manner, on the arm of a young, plain, but extremely fresh and sweet-looking girl of about sixteen, whom the elder lady called Lucy, and who was so much engrosssd with her mother, that some time elapsed before she could attend to the fervent remarks made by her father and brothers in regard to the scenery. There also came forth from the interior of the coach a large, red-faced angry woman, who dragged after her a little girl of about eight, who might be described as a modest sunbeam, and a little boy of about five, who resembled nothing short of an imp incarnate. When they were all out, the entire family and household of Mr. Sudberry stood in the centre of that lovely Highland pass, and the coach, which was a special one hired for the occasion, drove slowly up the ascent.

What the various members of the family said in the extravagance of their excited feelings on this occasion we do not intend to reveal. It has been said that the day was doubtful: in the south the sky was red with the refulgent beams of the setting sun, which gleamed on the mountain peaks and glowed on the purple heather. Towards the north dark leaden clouds obscured the heavens, and presaged stormy weather. A few large drops began to fall as they reached the crest of the road, and opened up a view of the inclosed valley or amphitheatre which lay beyond, with a winding river, a dark overshadowed loch, and a noble

background of hills. In the far distance a white house was seen embedded in the blue mountains.

"Yonder's ta hoose," said the driver, as the party overtook the coach, and resumed their places—the males on the top and the females inside.

"Oh, my dear! look! look!" cried Mr. Sudberry, leaning over the side of the coach; "there is our house—the white house—our Highland home!"

At this moment a growl of distant thunder was heard. It was followed by a scream from Mrs. Sudberry, and a cry of—

"You'd better send Jacky inside, my dear."

"Ah, he may as well remain where he is," replied Mr. Sudberry, whose imperfect hearing led him to suppose that his spouse had said, "Jacky's inside, my dear!" whereas the real truth was that the boy was neither out nor inside.

Master Jacky, be it known, had a remarkably strong will of his own. During the journey he preferred an outside seat in all weathers. By dint of much coaxing, his mother had induced him to get in beside her for one stage; but he had made himself so insufferably disagreeable, that the good lady was thereafter much more disposed to let him have his own way. When the coach stopped, as we have described, Jacky got out, and roundly asserted that he would never get in again.

When the attention of the party was occupied with the gorgeous scenery at the extremity of the pass, Jacky, under a sudden impulse of wickedness, crept stealthily into the copse that lined the road, intending to give his parents a fright. In less than five minutes these parents were galloping away at the rate of ten miles an hour, each happy in the belief that the sweet boy was with the other.

Somewhat surprised at the prolonged and death-like silence that reigned around him, Jacky returned to the road, where he actually gasped with horror on finding himself the solitary tenant of an apparently uninhabited wilderness. Sitting down on a stone, he shut his eyes, opened wide his mouth, and roared vehemently.

At the end of about five minutes he ventured to re-open his eyes. His face instantly assumed an expression of abject terror, and the roar was intensified into a piercing shriek when he beheld a fierce little black cow staring at him within a yard of his face!

A drove of shaggy Highland cattle had come suddenly round a turn in the pass while Jacky's eyes had been shut. They now filed slowly and steadily past the transfixed boy, as if they were a regiment and he a reviewing general. Each animal as it came up stopped, stared for a few seconds, and passed slowly on with its head down, as if saddened by the

sight of such a melancholy spectacle. There were upwards of a hundred animals in the drove; the prolonged and maddening agony which Jacky endured may therefore be conceived but cannot be described.

Last of all came the drover, a kilted, plaided, and bonneted Highlander, quite as shaggy as the roughest of his cattle, and rather fiercer in aspect. He was not so in reality however, for, on coming to the place where the poor boy sat, he stopped and stared as his predecessors had done.

"Fat is she doin' there?" said he.

Jacky paused, and gazed for one moment in mute surprise, then resumed his roar with shut eyes and with tenfold vigour.

As it was evident that any farther attempt at conversation must prove fruitless, the drover took Jacky in his arms, carried him to the extremity of the pass, set him down, and, pointing to the white house in the blue distance, said,—

"Yonder's ta hoose; let her see how she can rin."

Jacky fixed his eyes on the house with the stare of one who regarded it as his last and only refuge, and ran as he had never done before, roaring while he ran.

"She's a clever callant," observed the drover with a grim smile, as he turned to follow his cattle.

Meanwhile the Sudberry family reached the white house in the midst of increasing rain and mists and muttering thunder. Of course Jacky's absence was at once discovered. Of course the females screamed and the males shouted, while they turned the mail-coach entirely inside out in a vain search for the lost one. The din was increased by nine shepherd dogs, who rushed down the mountain-side, barking furiously with delight (probably) and with excitement (certainly) at the unwonted sight of so many strangers in that remote glen. Presently the coach was turned round, and the distracted father galloped back towards the pass. Of course he almost ran over his youngest son in less than five minutes! Five minutes more placed the recovered child in its mother's arms. Then followed a scene of kissing, crying, laughing, barking, and excitement, which is utterly indescribable, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and rain, in the midst of which tempestuous mental and elemental commotion, the Sudberry family took possession of their Highland home.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTMAS-EVE IN THE SNOW.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

THERE had been a heavy fall of snow, and the old carrier started later than usual; but then, as he said, "the snow is as good as moonlight to travel by, for it makes the country roads as white and light, and there's not much fear of a body losing his way." It was an extra journey, made purposely, because the next day was Christmas; and he had been compelled to leave many packages behind on market-day, so heavy was his last load. "I shall be sure to come again the day before Christmas, if God spares me," he said to the shopkeepers on market-day, when they wanted him to carry more goods than his cart would hold, or his two horses could well draw along a heavy road; for he only made a journey once a week to the little market town, where he put up at the sign of the Old Red Lion, as his father and grandfather had done before him, for they had been a family of carriers for many generations.

What packages of currants and raisins, candied peel, almonds, moist and loaf sugar, and spices, were packed into that old tilted cart, all for Christmas, on the previous market-day! "You see, it would not do to leave these behind on any account," said the old carrier to those who wanted him to load with other things, "for there's the Christmas cakes to make and bake, and the things to be got ready for the puddings; and a pretty to do there would be in the village and all the farm-houses about the neighbourhood amongst the young ones, were I to leave these behind until Christmas-eve. Why, there would be no cakes to their ale and elderberry wine, and what would Christmas-eve be without these things, I should like to know? Why, it would be no Christmas-eve at all."

So the heavy packages of salt and saltpetre to cure the pigs were left behind for boxes of candles and bottles of oil, the new pots and pans that were wanted for boiling the puddings, tubs and pails, and even bonnets and dresses—for what did not the old carrier carry?

"A heavy load, John," said George Greenwood, coming up with a smile on his handsome face, as the old man was buckling his traces ready to start. "I've come to ride with you as far as Bilberry-moor Lane-end, if you've no objection and have room for me, for I promised to be home on Christmas-eve."

"I'd make room for thee, George, if I had to leave a hundredweight or two of goods behind, if it were only to show the respect I have for thy father," replied the old man. "But I'm very much afraid thou'lt find it a heavy drag along Moor-lane and over the moor, for I hear there has been a much heavier downfall among the hills than we have had in the low roads, though the snow lies pretty deepish, for all that, in many of our parts."

"Dash and I will work our way through it, never fear—won't we, Dash?" who answered with a cheerful bow-wow-wow, as if he said in his way, "I should think we shall; for I know they've been pig-killing for Christmas, and that I shall come in for a tightener or two." "I should have set off this morning after breakfast and walked it," continued George, "only sister Anne moved into their new house yesterday, and so I have been helping to get things a bit to-rights for Christmas. I shall be home in time for the elderberry wine and cake if I walk pretty brisk. You'll be at the Lane-end in about four hours?"

"Can't say to an hour, Georgy, with a heavy load and heavy roads," answered old John, "but somewhere thereabout, I hope, for thy sake. I wish from my heart thou hadn't come, my lad; or, now thou hast come, would go all the way home with me. That moor's a nasty place after a heavy fall of snow, when the roads are drifted up, and you can't see your way a bit about anywhere at all."

"Many thanks for your kindness, John, for you always were very kind to me," replied George, his tone of voice telling that the words he uttered expressed the feelings of his heart; "but I know every gate and hovel, tree and hedge, along the way, and have walked it often after dark; and you know how light the snow makes the country for miles around. Why, I've seen the wolds from the moor when there has been no moon, and the snow has covered the ground. I don't see how I can go wrong, unless I go out of my way purposely; and Dash is a good guide."

"I know every inch of the ground as well as thyself, and maybe a good deal better," replied the carrier; "for my old dame lived servant with thy grandfather before I married, as thy father well knows; for many a bit of game did he make of me, when he was a young lad, because I came such a long way a-courting my sweetheart. Hey, Georgy! that's forty long years ago, my lad!" and the old man stood with the thong he was passing through the buckle in his hand, motionless and silent for a few moments, as if, through his "inward eye," he was looking back on those bygone years, when, in the

autumn sunsets, his handsome young sweetheart walked with him among the purple heath-bells on the moor—she, whose hair was now silvered with age. "It's them nasty deep gypsum-pits I used to be afraid of tumbling into after dark; and some of 'em go down a matter of twenty feet or more. But thou won't be cutting off the corners in crossing the moor, I hope: the main road's safe enough, and far enough away from those old pits, though it is a good bit roundabout."

Four hours to Bilberrymoor Lane-end the old man had driven in many a time, when the roads were dry and hard, with his good horses. But in December, when it is dark soon after four o'clock, and the roads are heavy as they were then, and his load heavy too, ten miles of ground was a good deal to get over with a strong carrier's cart in that space of time. Besides, when he got a few miles on his way, he had to stop to leave goods here and there; and being Christmas-time he must drink a glass of ale or wine, in which he wished his customers "A merry Christmas, and many of 'em;" and when he told them that he had the son of his old friend Farmer Greenwood with him in the cart, George must get out and take something too, were it only to taste a bit of the Christmas cake, for no one in that part of the country was held in higher respect than his father.

Had George walked, he might have been at the Lane-end two hours earlier than he was. But he had promised his mother to ride there with her old favourite the carrier; and George was a boy who never broke his promise, unless something happened such as no one can foresee.

There was a brisk jumping out of the cart, a merry barking as Dash made the snow fly in all directions, a cheerful bidding of "good-bye," and a firm heartfelt shaking of hands—who does not know that feeling?—but the good old carrier held George's hand in his own a moment or two longer, and with a warmer grip than usual, and his voice faltered as he said again, "Good-bye, George, and may God Almighty bless and protect thee!"

Creak, creak, goes the old cart along the road, the wheels making none of that gritting noise which is heard as they powder down the gravel in summer, for that sound is deadened by the snow which had kept on falling until past noonday. George hears the tink, tinkling of the harness, for each horse has a tiny bell on its head-gear between the ears; but that sound would have been heard much longer had it not been for the snow. Dash barks cheerfully, and runs along first, as if to say, "Step out—put your best leg foremost—don't I know what the village bells are ringing for?—haven't they killed the pigs?—won't I pitch into the sausage-meat, if I have a chance!"—and

George himself hums an old song, as his footsteps go crunching through the snow—an old song about

> "Jolly plum-pudding, and good strong beer,
> For Christmas comes but once a year;"

and dog and boy toil together through the snow right cheerfully.

In the hollow between Whitebeech woods the drift lay deep, and made Dash sneeze again, as he ploughed his way through it, getting the snow in his nostrils and in his eyes. The snow was level with the low, leaning fence by the woodside, filling up the bed of the hollow. It was not so deep on the hill they ascended, for the wind had blown between the road overhung by trees, and chased the great army of snowflakes into the wooded valleys, where it had encamped, and now lay white and silent. George noticed that all along the road there was neither print of hoof nor human footsteps; but that where the snow had fallen on the brow of the hill, there it lay at rest, deepening at every stride, as he descended the gentle slope that opened upon the wide waste of moorland. As he looked before him, far as his eye could reach, he saw no signs of a road anywhere.

Far beyond the moorland rose the white windy wolds, looking in the distance like piled clouds resting on the horizon, and George could not help thinking how lonesome it must be up there, all the cattle driven home, and not a house to be seen for miles anywhere on those grey silent summits. Looking thitherward, so far away, it was a comfort to know that the village, in which stood his own dear home, was only divided from him by the wide hedgeless moorland, and that if he could but cut off the huge bend, and go straight across, as he had done scores of times, it would be barely a mile home. He could, from the descending slope, see lights here and there in the village, while the square church-tower rose beyond the snow-covered waste, like a grey landmark rising above the peaceful graves of his ancestors. He would try.

Keeping the church-tower before his eyes, he struck across the snow-covered moorland,—making an angle here, where the drift formed an embankment over the stunted gorse-bushes, that in summer were hung with flowers, resembling bellied baskets of gold; then turning aside there, where a few old straggling thorns were familiar objects in the landscape, though now sheeted with snow. These passed, he came to a wide wild waste, where only bilberries and heather grew, and where all was level as an even road, so smoothly and deeply had the undisturbed snow fallen, to a depth of two and three feet. Dash kept close behind, following in the track he made, and every now and then he halted to

wipe the snow off the dog's face, saying, "Never mind, we shall soon be home, old fellow," and it was through this kind attention to his dog that he paid less regard to the landmark before him, until he found he was bearing too much to the left from the church-tower, when he reversed his course a little to where the snow was piled up like an embankment. For a moment or two he paused, patted his dog, then went on again, only to feel the mass of snow give way under him, and before he could recover his footing, down he went, carrying a heavy mass of snow with him, as he fell full twenty feet into a snow-drift, deeper than that through which he had fallen. But the heavy mass of snow he had brought down with him, together with what he had fallen upon, shook him no more than if he had alighted on half a dozen feather beds, and no sooner did he regain his feet, than he looked up, and saw his dog ready to jump down after him. A cross word and a heavy snowball drove back Dash, though only a snap of the fingers would have brought down the faithful dog headlong; and George had to keep on snowballing and speaking cross to Dash for some time, before he made the dog understand that he must not leap down, and when he at last called him "a good fellow," Dash was lying down, with his forepaws hanging a little way over the brink of the gypsum-pit, while from time to time he howled pitifully, because he was not allowed to risk breaking his poor neck for the sake of joining his master.

Having quieted the dog, George took a calm survey of his situation, thankful that he had not injured himself in falling. He soon found that he was at the bottom of the largest and deepest of the gypsum-pits; this he discovered, not only through its size, but by the bush which grew within ten feet of the bottom, in which a linnet had built in the previous spring, defying all their efforts to reach her nest, until they procured a waggon-rope. "There is no getting out without assistance," said George to himself, "but I might have spent Christmas-eve less comfortably if I had broken a leg or an arm in falling. Thank Heaven, I am not so badly off as I might have been." He heard the village clock strike ten. "I shouldn't mind it so much," he said, "were it not for making those at home uneasy. I wish I could reach that bush," and he looked up at it, as the wish passed through his mind, then added, "But what would be the use of that? I should still be more feet from the top of the hill than I should from the bottom."

Dash again became troublesome, and had a very narrow escape, just saving himself through holding on by his hinder-legs, while he sent down a cloud of snow in his struggle; and George was again compelled to snowball his dog to keep him from leaping into the pit. At last he said

crossly, "Go along! Get home with you!" and then he heard no more of the dog for a long time. He soon made himself a path along the bottom of the pit, on which he kept walking to and fro, until he heard the clock strike eleven; then he said to himself, "This exercise begins to make me feel precious hungry. It must be getting on apace for twelve; and some of them will be sure to set out and hunt for me. I must keep quiet and listen my hardest. What's that? Dash's bark, as sure as I'm alive; and a long way off it is. I shouldn't wonder if the faithful fellow didn't set off home, when I told him to go, and drove him away. But how could he get through this deep snow?"

It was indeed Dash, leading the way, and followed by George's father and several of his men, besides a few friends who had dropped in to spend their Christmas-eve at the great farmhouse. The dog had rushed into the parlour, wet through with snow, his tongue hanging out, and panting as if for very life. They needed no second warning; for not until they got up and out of doors did the poor dog seem satisfied. The first suspicion was that George must have fallen into one of the old gypsum-pits; for such accidents had often happened, and there had been a talk about putting fences round them. So they brought a strong waggon-rope to be ready if needed. The poor dog was so exhausted that he was compelled to rest every now and then; and they soon discovered the way he had come, through the traces he had left in the snow. "Do but look!" said George's father, taking up Dash in his arms, and carrying him. "Every step he made through this deep snow was by jumping, then rolling over, so as to get a firm footing for the next leap. See those holes! Poor, dear, old fellow! He may well pant; out of one hole into another, all the way home. He shall have a whole pig's-fry, when we get back, for this. That's George's voice—I hear him. Here we are, my lad! I hope you are not much hurt. We began to think that Anne had over-persuaded you, and that we shouldn't see you until about the time our Christmas dinner was on the table, to-morrow. Steady, men, steady! Only very hungry, George! Heaven be praised for that! But for Dash, thou mightest have spent thy Christmas in this old gypsum-pit, and I feeling angry all the time at Anne, and thinking she had persuaded thee to break thy promise; then still angrier at myself for believing thou wert mean enough to do so; and so I should have passed a miserable Christmas. Nay, let me carry Dash, George. God bless thee, my lad! I left thy mother crying. But John has run on to tell her it's all right. I'll bet a guinea, she kisses thee as soon as she sees thee, big as thou art, — ha! ha! ha!" And the father's happy laugh echoed over the wild moorland.

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—ESCAPES.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE FIRST.—OF ESCAPES.

"MY dear Munchy," said I, to Young Munchausen this morning, as we sat together at breakfast, "let me help you to a small slice of tongue."

"Tongue!" he cried, "not for worlds, take it away; know that in my travels I made it a rule whenever I met a person who told me a falsehood to cut out his tongue as a warning; and now, I never see tongue without thinking of untruth."

SINGULAR AVERSION TO TONGUE.

"Ah," said I, "what a large collection you must have by this time."

"I have, indeed," he replied sternly; "but where to find truth I know not. I retired to Africa once in despair, but was soon driven out of the country by the monkeys, they told me such crammers that I never knew when to believe them; even here in London I meet people who indulge in a habit of exaggeration,—indeed, I am afraid I shall be as badly off in time as the man who lived in the Eddystone lighthouse for fear of being imposed upon. Even he was called down stairs, before he had pulled on his trousers, by an artful old shark, who cried out:—'Good man are you? show us your leg and then I shall know.' He showed a leg, I think it was the left; of course the shark bit it off; so the poor fellow had to leave his quiet retreat next day, the wooden leg he had strapped on being too stiff to hobble up lighthouse stairs with. I shall never forget that man, by token that he was the means of accomplishing a great and worthy deed. I had strolled down to the Lighthouse the evening after the shark trick; there I found

CURIOUS HABIT OF AFRICAN MONKEYS AND OTHERS.

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE. THE MAN AND THE SHARK.

the poor fellow tying on his wooden leg, and crying,—'I can't get up stairs, what shall I do?' Well might he cry; the British fleet was in sight, bearing down upon the shore, certain to be wrecked, unless the poor man could find his lamp-cottons, which he had mislaid; and get upstairs, which he couldn't. Without a warning, and they were bearing down upon the shore. What did I do? There were gallons of oil, but no cottons. I popped the man's wooden leg into the oil can, and soaked it well; then carrying him quickly upstairs, set light to what he called his 'timber toe.' What a blaze. The British fleet caught sight of the burning leg and hove off in a brace of snaps: this shows how mere presence of mind may be the happy means of saving a gallant fleet from destruction; but there, I only did my duty, so we will say no more about that.

A WOODEN LEG SAVES THE BRITISH FLEET.

Talking of duty reminds me of the only time I neglected it; it was out in the Crimea. I shall never forget it as long as I live. I had been sentry of an outpost for six-and-ninety hours without relief. Exhausted nature could no longer hold out, I fell asleep in the act of ramming a cartridge into my rifle; suddenly I was aroused by the stealthy tramp of Russian footsteps. I started up and looked out into the grey dawn, the day was just breaking; about two hundred yards in advance of my post, I saw a regiment of Russian infantry coming on in Indian file. What could I do? A thought struck me; I hastily tied one end of a long hank of cord, which I found in my coat-pocket, through the eye of my ramrod, luckily, as you remember, still in my Whitworth, and fired. Guess the result. I had, as I expected, threaded them all; the ramrod, acting as a needle, had carried my hank of cord through the whole regiment. The Emperor Nicholas never forgave me for such a humiliating trick; but it was sufficient for me that, in this disgraceful condition, I dragged them all to our camp. A narrow escape for me; but I have always had luck on my side, and I am sure it is not necessary for me either to tell you of the honours that were then and there heaped upon me, or even to show you my Victoria Cross to convince you of the grave importance of this almost accidental feat of arms. You ask me whether *I have had any escapes in the proper sense of the word.* I suppose you mean escapes from prison and such like; I should think I had; it is, indeed, in my Escapes that I have found how luck will second my small amount of skill. I may tell you, without wishing to boast, that no prison has been found strong enough to hold me. I count it no great merit to say that I have

THREADING A REGIMENT OF PRISONERS.

had more escapes than any boy of my age; it is enough for me that I have escaped from home, from prison, from robbers, from fire, from a whale; in a box, in a bag, in my boots; on an engine; on six horses; through a key-hole; up a chimney; out of window; and even off the gallows. I will proceed to tell you of these, if you will forgive me for the simple manner in which they are narrated; the fact is I have never dared to add to or embellish the somewhat interesting facts of my life, ever since I heard the great Nana Sahib tell a lie, so long that it turned his hair grey in one night, and so broad that it choked him on the spot.

RECITES HIS MANY ESCAPES.

MISERABLE END OF NANA SAHIB.

"To begin. My first escape was from home, as you may well suppose; for being a boy of some parts, I was not at all satisfied with the hum-drum life of the nursery; the dangers of Robinson Crusoe, or more especially the modest career of my great uncle, being much more to my fancy. I need not tell you that to one of so stedfast a will chance soon offered itself; an occasion, indeed, which, though seized, did not lead to any more immediate result than a good beating, but which I count as the first step in my career, and relate accordingly. I was at the time a sturdy lad of six, full of daring, and very fat; away from home I had made up my mind to run, and one morning the nursery window being open, and a scavenger's mud-cart passing by, I made no more ado but jumped into it, hoping that the soft mud would break my fall, and that the cart would carry me far away into the world, of which I knew so little. Alas, it was not to be; it is true that the mud was soft, but I came into it head-foremost, and nothing but my bare legs remained in sight to show by their earnest kicks that a life was in danger; any boy else would have been choked, not Munchausen. I had learned the art of clapping together the soles of my feet while standing on my head, and this accomplishment I practised now with such vigour, that the scavenger walking by the side of his cart heard my performance, pulled me out of the mud, and boxed my ears at the same moment that my father, my mother, and the nurse rushed wildly into the street, wondering which part of my body was not broken. The scavenger was rewarded with a pint of porter, I was taken in, first scraped and afterwards beaten. The windows fastened down, the doors locked, I was now indeed a prisoner.

MUD-CART.

DEXTEROUS FEET.

"Come, said I, this would daunt a simpler mind, but to Munchausen it gives courage; now I *am* a prisoner, I must escape, once out in the world, never shall they see me back again; but how to accom-

plish it? The locks were too difficult for my youthful fingers, the stairs too well watched to allow of my passing down unseen, the windows fast. 'Cook leaves to night,' says Nurse.

"Ah! a chance offers itself at once, cook slept in the next room, all cooks have large boxes; in that box I must escape. But how? I watched my opportunity, slipped into cook's room, there was the box ready for cording. I took out a few 'things' to make room for myself, hid them up the chimney, jumped into the box, and pulled down the lid, as cook herself came hurriedly into the room; she locked the box without looking into it, tied the cord round and knotted it well, called in the carrier's man, who was waiting on the landing, and down stairs I went, box and all. I was well bumped before I got into the waggon, but once laid quietly there, I felt more at my ease. I examined the contents of cook's box, as well as I could in the dark. Dishonest servant! she had robbed my father of seventy silver spoons, five and forty forks, also silver, a 'parcel' gilt tea-pot, and a favourite filigree silver fish-slice. I found also a stocking full of sovereigns, evidently the result of a long and nefarious traffic with the rag-and-bottle-man. 'These riches,' said I, 'once my father's, shall now be mine; justice to the name I bear demands it.' As for food, I came upon a large bag of ginger-bread nuts, which cook had that morning baked for her own eating.

THE ESCAPE IN THE BOX.

"Confined in a box that was locked, corded with a stout cord, in a waggon, travelling at, say, four miles an hour, my course was clear. I pulled out my clasp-knife, opened the large blade, and cut my way through the bottom of the box, through the bottom of the waggon, and so fell gently on to the high road, and let the waggon glide slowly away; here I was out in the world at last, with riches in the shape of spoons, forks, and such like, a bag of gingerbread nuts, three hundred and sixteen pounds in gold, and nothing else.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE BOX.

"I was sitting on a mile-stone, counting my silver spoons, when a hoarse voice called out, 'Stand and deliver!'

"I looked up. I was trapped. On my right stood a brigand, on my left lounged a robber, while before me lowered a ticket-of-leave. I saw at once that resistance would be in vain, so throwing my gingerbread nuts at the brigand's head, hitting the robber in the eye with a spoon, and sticking a fork into the right calf of the ticket-of-leave, I surrendered, and was once more a prisoner. They took from me my riches, and bound me with a cart-rope; after which away we went:

A BRIGAND, A ROBBER, AND A TICKET-OF-LEAVE.

first the brigand, who was the captain, eating my gingerbread, and after him the robber, dragging a large long bag, in which was secreted all their plunder; by the side of this ruffian walked the ticket-of-leave, pulling me along mercilessly by the cart-rope.

"Now was the time to set my wits to work. I saw that they were so bent upon reaching their haunt, retreat, cave, castle, or tower, that I need have no fear of any one of them looking round; therefore, slyly disengaging myself from the cart-rope by aid of my peculiarly sharp teeth, I tied it round a large stone, that luckily lay by the roadside, then filling my capacious cocked hat with gold and jewels from the bag of booty which the robber dragged after him, and which of course I had ripped open with my four-bladed clasp knife, I ran hastily back, round the corner, over the mountain, through the wood, and up the road, clean out of sight, and glad in my heart to have robbed the robbers.

THE ROBBING OF THE ROBBERS.

"Many were the dangers through which I had passed, before I again had a chance of exercising my powers of escape. Battles, sports, travels, earthquakes, and honours, I had shared in them all; when, having liberated Italy for Garibaldi, I, hastily carrying a message from that noble general to Victor Emanuel, was set upon by a regiment of Austrian soldiers, and captured, but not without a desperate struggle, you may suppose. Basely they threw me in prison, into a dark cell, far removed from the haunts of man; they thought to break my spirit, but they little knew Munchausen.

LIBERATES ITALY.

"I *will* escape," said I; "so the next morning, as soon as the door of my cell was opened, I—I—escaped in my BOOTS.

"You look surprised. *How did I escape in my boots?* I could not well escape without them. Simply, I kicked nine sentries, three gaolers, and the governor's mother-in-law's aunt right down stairs, and *in my boots* ran for the river, on the banks of which my terrible prison was built. I reached the water, I made one plunge, under I went, and there I stopped for five hours and three-quarters, until, in fact, I hardly think I could have stopped any longer, yet when I came to the surface for a breath of air, I found at once that I had acted imprudently; the aunt, the three gaolers, and the nineteen sentries, having had time to recover from my violent attack, all saw me at the same moment, and all seized me together; before I had even time to draw a breath, they hauled me back to another and a darker cell.

ESCAPE IN BOOTS.

"Try again! This time it was the chimney. I climbed it successfully, after having wrenched out all the nine hundred and ninety-nine iron cross-bars that had been so strongly built in to the stone-work. I was on the top of the castle, looking out at the far distant country; why did I not get clear away at one jump? Alas, an infirmity of temper, which sometimes interferes with my best laid schemes, now stood in my way. Up the prison steps came the governor, heading that execrable regiment, which had been the miserable means of capturing *me*. Of course, I might have thrown myself into the river, and swam far, far away; but, thought I, if I but throw myself on to the governor, I shall break my fall and his head at the same time, getting away with equal speed. I had reckoned without my host. On to the governor's fat head I fell, down he went, and as he fell back on them, down went the whole regiment, all—all into the river, and perished miserably, but I, while I was picking myself up, and preparing for one of my long runs, the aunt, the gaolers, and the ninety-nine sentries, who were on the look out, all fell on me again, and back I was borne to a darker cell even than before.

ESCAPE UP CHIMNEY.

THE GOVERNOR'S FATE.

"From here, thinks I, no one could escape; but still I will try. Perseverance is always rewarded in some way. I filed the bars, and tried getting out of window; but the gaolers pulled me back by my legs. I slipped into the bag of a Jew old-clothes-man, who came into the prison during the absence of the late governor's mother-in-law's aunt. Even here I was disappointed; the Jew fell over the bridge into the river, and I was recaptured. But one morning, when these and many other disappointments had been preying upon me for a long time, I happened to look into a three-cornered bit of looking-glass, the last remnant of long-vanished prosperity. I started! 'O Munchausen!' said I, 'how beautifully thin you have become, escape is no longer impossible, you have tried boots, chimney-pots, windows, and clothes-bags,—try the keyhole.' It was a brilliant thought. So, waiting till the gaolers had all gone to bed, I quietly passed myself through the keyhole, and out of the prison. I was free; but, indeed, at a great cost. The effort to get my right leg through, without pulling off my foot, was so great that I stretched myself a little too much; and it was not until I had been mangled in a 'Baker's patent,' rolled up into a spiral twist, and re-welded under Nasmyth's steam-hammer, that I regained my handsome proportions.

THE WINDOW.

THE BAG.

ESCAPE THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

CURIOUS SURGICAL OPERATION.

Even to this day I feel after a good dinner a great wish to unroll myself; and that unpleasant sensation, I fear, I shall never get rid of.

"Of my many other escapes I can hardly treat so fully; some indeed, for political reasons, I dare not mention at all. I once escaped from a raging fire in a rather curious manner; I jumped, with a countess and her three daughters, into a water-butt, and we all six rolled down three flights of stairs, through the hall, out of the front door, on to the lawn in safety. I mention this, because it was a most fortunate idea to think of such a plan; the water out of the butt (which was full when we started) extinguished all the flames as we tumbled down the three flights of burning stairs, and saved my friend Prince Napoleon, in whose palace the fire occurred, at least five millions of francs.

ESCAPE IN A WATER-BUTT.

"I remember escaping from a whale which had swallowed me, by building a boat, oars, and rudder complete, out of the whalebone which I found inside; and then rowing out on the occasion of her taking a drink of sea water, I had the pleasure of harpooning her with a whalebone harpoon; and afterwards, with some considerable trouble, rowing with the unwieldy monster to the nearest port, where, by great good fortune, I disposed of the blubber for a large sum of money.

FROM A WHALE.

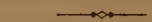
"But my last escape was from the scaffold itself, and is only noticeable for the coolness with which it was carried out. I will not mention the date, for a reason; but it was at the Old Bailey. About, as it seemed, to suffer; but, indeed, for no fault of my own. A trusted friend had, in a hasty moment, killed his tax-collector; — I, who detest tax-collectors, and love my friends, took upon myself the guilt, and trusted to my ready wit for an escape. Mark the result! As we ascended the scaffold, the sheriff walked before me; he had a very short neck. It occurred to me that his neck would better bear stretching than mine. As we reached the drop, I threw the halter that had embraced my throat round his; whipped the long end over the beam, counted Calcraft a 'One, Two, Three' on his eyes and nose, that set him dancing; slipped below, drew the bolt, and the innocent but unwieldy sheriff was playing my part to perfection. Off I ran, out of the Old Bailey, down Ludgate Hill, over Blackfriars Bridge, on to the Crystal Palace; where that afternoon, to allay suspicion, I performed on the low rope, before a select but admiring company."

ESCAPE FROM THE GALLOWS.

MUNCHAUSEN DETESTS TAX-COLLECTORS.

PERFORMANCE ON THE "LOW" ROPE.

YOUNG LADS AND YOUNG LADIES.



THERE was a young lady of York
Much given to scandal and talk;
They said that her tongue
On wires was hung,
And wish'd her in China or Cork!

There was a young lad from the Liffey,
Very touchy, and testy, and tiffey;
Says Papa, "Here's the cane,
You shall taste it again,
If you don't bundle off in a jiffey!"

There was a young springal of Rye
Very vain of a cast in his eye;
He thought that his squint
Great beauty had in't,
And was proud that he look'd like a Guy!

There was a young lady of Wales
Who vow'd that she hated the males;
Asked one, "Is it true
That they say you're a shrew,
And a great deal too sharp with your nails?"

There was a young lad lived at Goole
Who declared he would *not* go to school;
But a rod from the pickle
Just gave him a tickle,
And prevented his proving a fool!

A. P.

A REAL LIVE HERMIT.

BY EDMUND ROUTLEDGE.

ON Saturday, the 31st of October, my friend Tom Chatter, of the Engineering Department of the War Office, and I, went down by the 9 A.M. train to S * * *, a little village thirty miles north of London, to pay a visit to Mr. Mopes, the Hermit.

As soon as we reached the station, we made our way (at the suggestion of Chatter) to the Railway Inn, and there partook of some bread-and-cheese and ale, before we set off to visit the celebrated fuliginous recluse.

Mine host was a capital specimen of the good old country innkeeper, and apparently was pleased to see visitors, rather on account of their company, than from a hope of making a little money out of them. Of course we chatted for some time about Mr. Mopes, with whose doings the host seemed very well acquainted, although he had not set eyes on him since that misguided man was a boy. We learned from him that the hermit's life was as precarious as that of the fishes of the sea, and that if there was any difference between him and a lunatic, they were both alike. Boniface was looked upon by the villagers as a wag in a small way, and this fact will probably account for his last quaint remark.

After settling our little score, and promising to pay him a second visit on our return, we set off in the direction of the Hermit's domicile.

It was one of those lovely autumn mornings, when Nature seems so fresh and to be in such good humour as to cause her to impart some of her cheerfulness to people who may feel inclined to enjoy themselves. The delightful change from crowded, dusty, pavemented London to the soft grass of the country, and the pleasure of being able to walk in the road, had such an exhilarating effect on us both, that almost every minute we slapped each other on the back with perfect glee, and before we had walked half a mile, we joined in singing the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust," so loudly and with such vehement enjoyment as to startle the geese that were lazily feeding by the roadside, and also to bring three buxom wenches to the doors of their cottages with amazement plainly depicted on their red, cheery, jolly-looking faces.

Suddenly, as we reached a red-brick house, situate at about a mile and a half from the village, Chatter struck me smartly on the back, and in a sepulchral voice exclaimed,—

"Now we are on his property."

"What, the Hermit's?" said I.

"To be sure; he owns, so I am told, at least a thousand acres about here."

"But if he never leaves his house, how can he get any rent from his land?"

"Ah, I never thought of that," replied Chatter. "You see, the last time I was here I didn't like to ask him much about his affairs, or his queer style of living, but I suppose an agent collects his rents, deducting, of course, a very handsome commission."

When we turned a corner of the road, an old farmhouse rose before us; but, on approaching it, we perceived that several portions of the irregularly-shaped roof had fallen in, and that of some of the out-buildings, there remained only the bare brick walls and a few rafters. As we came up to the house, we noticed in a field to our right the remains of two hayricks: circular blackened masses about eight or ten inches high. In vain I looked for a front door as an entrance to this strange house, but Chatter, who seemed to be well acquainted with the bearings of the place, directed my attention to a side entrance. You passed through a narrow gate, which led the way to a small yard, which was crowded by tramps and a few decently dressed people, all of whom seemed concentrating their attention on a small well-barred window, which from where we were standing looked

like the casement of a scullery, and gave us the idea that the people were tradesmen waiting for orders.

"This must be the Hermit's Court," said I. "Come, Chatter, let's wait upon him at once."

"Not so fast," said my companion, catching me by the arm. "We must survey the place first."

We then passed on to the left of the house, and noticed that all the windows were denuded of every atom of glass they had once possessed. The shutters, or their remains, were up, and stout pieces of timber, three or four to each window, were securely fastened across the framework, thus effectually preventing any chance of robbers breaking in to secure the bags of gold which popular report declared Mr. Mopes to possess. The ground was strewn with logs, pieces of iron, leaves, and other rubbish; and, viewed from whatever point you pleased, the whole place had a singularly cheerless and unsightly appearance. After wandering leisurely round the house, and with pardonable (?) curiosity endeavouring fruitlessly to find an eyelet hole in some of the windows or doors, Chatter directed my attention to a dilapidated coach-house, in which were the fast rotting remains of an old-fashioned gig, which had stood there untouched for the last sixteen years—at least so said Chatter, and he ought to know, seeing that this was his third visit to the eccentric anchorite. Having by this time completed the tour of the buildings, we passed the little wicket, and entered the small court-yard where were assembled Mr. Mopes's visitors. We made our way to a window, devoid of glass, but securely crossed by iron bars, at a distance of some three inches one from the other. In the illustration with which the article on the Hermit in *London Society* was adorned, the shutter appears to have been thrown back, and a stream of light floods the miserable apartment in which our anchorite resides. Such, however, was not the case on the occasion of our visit, for a shutter was placed behind the window, leaving only a space of about twelve inches, through which the hermit could see us, or we could gaze into his cell. As we came to the window, we noticed a youth—probably a draper's assistant from the neighbouring town of H . . . .—with his head bent close to the bars of the window, just between which we could see a brown hand pouring a liquid from a black bottle into a wine-glass without a stem. Standing at a little distance from the window, we heard the following conversation between the lad and the mysterious tenant; the former, we should add, was dressed in the most approved gent-style of costume—the most prominent features of which were a strangely shaped collar, printed in two colours and spoiled in the

working, a scarf displaying all the colours of the rainbow, and a white hat, with a narrow black band and rim of the same colour. This individual first took the proffered glass, and after draining its contents, exclaimed :—

"Not bad tipple, Mr. Mopes. Gin was always my favourite beverage."

Then spoke a deep voice from the other side of the window. In its utterance stuttering and eloquent tones were strangely commingled. The voice seemed to belong to a person of joyous mood, for it laughed continually ; and yet it at first cast a deep chill upon the hearts of its hearers, so sepulchral and weirdlike did it sound.

"Ah, ah ! you like gin, then ; and strong, too, I guess ?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Mopes, I don't like my liquors mixed. Your gin seems somewhat strong, too. Do you get it from H . . . . ?"

"Yes, it's sent to me whenever I want some. But, come now, you drink your gin. Wouldn't you like to have it measured by a saccharometer ?"

"Well, I don't know, sir ; can't say as I should mind. But what is a saccharometer, Mr. Mopes ? There's a racehorse of that name, but I never heard of anything else like it."

"Ah, you're not so wise, then, as some people. A saccharometer is an instrument used to indicate the density of the liquid extracted from malt. Do you see ? do you un—— ?" (Mr. Mopes seemed very eager that his audience should understand his remarks, and therefore at the end of almost every sentence he said, "Do you un—?" — understand seemed too long a word for him.)

"Yes, Mr. Mopes, I see what you mean. Now, a little sugar in your gin ain't altogether a bad thing."

"Per—perhaps not, but I don't keep sug—sugar ; do you un—?"

The bibacious youth glancing round, and seeing Chatter and myself apparently waiting for an audience, bowed to the hermit and walked away. It was now Chatter's turn.

"Good morning, Mr. Mopes," said he. "I've come to see you again. Do you recollect me ?"

"No I don't," was the reply, and then followed a deep guffaw, as if expressive of the delight the hermit felt at humbling Chatter.

"Well, never mind. I've brought a friend to see you. Come to the window," said Chatter, addressing me.

I approached, and stared diligently through the small space which the shutter had left. In a little miserable apartment, the walls of which were just visible, I could see a fire burning, and standing erect before it

a tall figure clad in a loose garment, with a stick, which he used as a poker, in his hand. On the floor, all over the room, and on a miserable table, were bottles (some broken) innumerable. Just opposite the window were lying a dozen eggs, several of which were perfectly green, and smelt unpleasantly, while close to them I could perceive two rolls, mildewed and falling to pieces. Near the fire was a small heap of faggots, and just behind the table, which stood, by-the-by, in the centre of the apartment, was a black-looking cloth, which probably covered the soot and cinders spoken of by Mr. Traveller in *All the Year Round.* As soon as my eyes had traversed the room, and I had mentally taken a note of its contents, I bowed, and said, "Good morning; I hope you are well, Mr. Mopes."

"Yes, I'm pret—pretty well, although I have ra—rather a bad cold. I gen—generally enjoy good health, but occa—occasionally catch cold through infection. Do you un—?"

"I can't say that I do."

"Well, then, you see I'm very fond of chil—children, and when—whenever they come to see me, I give them sweets. Do you see them in those bot—bottles?"

I looked in the direction of the hand, and saw several large bottles full of bulls' eyes and other sweetstuff.

"Well, then, the chil—children that come to see me oft—often have colds, and I thin—think I catch it from them. Do you see, do you un—?"

All this time the hermit had kept by his fire, and as his hovel was filled with smoke, I could not make out his features at all.

Chatter then took up the gauntlet, and opened the conversation by asking the hermit if he still disapproved of engineering as much as he did the last time they had had a conversation on the subject. This suddenly recalled to the hermit's mind the previous visit of Chatter, and he began a long disquisition about the disadvantages we had derived from the many inventions and discoveries which had come to light. He objected to every change which had taken place during the last two hundred years, except the discoveries in medical science, and yet these had not been productive of much good, for, through the effects of our boasted civilization, our diseases had increased very rapidly, and far more people died now of diseases than in former times.

"I have got an orbituary (*sic*) of 1680, somewhere about here," said he.

"Indeed! I should like to see it very much," said the astute Chatter, wishing to draw him out of his retirement.

"I can—can't find it now, because my place is in rath—rather a dis—disordered state."

There was certainly no mistake about that.

I am sorry that, as I was unable to take notes, I have now to trust to my memory for this account of our interview with Mr. Mopes. As may be easily imagined, our conversation soon turned on Mr. Dickens's account of him in "Tom Tiddler's Ground."

Poor Mr. Mopes seemed in a great rage about it. He declared that if Mr. Dickens ever came to see him, it was only for a few minutes; and that then he only asked him if he was well, and if his room always smoked. He added that the account published had scarcely a particle of truth in it, and that he had felt very much inclined to bring an action for libel against the author.

"Then perhaps you prefer the account in *London Society?*" suggested I.

"Well, that isn't tr—true either. I rec—recollect that two people came here, and one asked leave to ske—sketch the place—do you un—? and then I had a long ch—chat with them. They both said they were sorry to hear that Mr. Dick—Dickens's account was not cor—correct; and then one said that he hoped I did—didn't imagine that he—he was go—going to write about me; but he did in spi—spite of that. Do you un—?"

"Do you often see the newspapers?" asked Chatter.

"No, not oft—often. Now and then my visitors giv—give me one; but my eyesight is too bad to ena—enable me to read much."

"You have a good many visitors, I suppose?" said I.

"Oh, yes! about twen—twenty thousand each year; so that although I never leave the house, yet nob—nobody can say I'm out of the—the wor—world. Do you see?"

"Oh, here's a man who wants to speak to you, Mr. Mopes," said Chatter, pointing to a tramp who had been standing near us for about five minutes.

The speech had the desired effect, and picking his way between the bottles that were lying about, the hermit at length came to the window, and I was consequently enabled to get a better view of him.

The sole garment that he had on was a large blanket, which he wore after the manner of the Jews in old pictures. His eyes were large, and his nose well formed. The rest of his face was covered with long black hair; while that on his head hung down over his neck, and seemed matted in lumps with grease, giving one a faint idea, as far as regards thickness, of the serpents with which the heads of the Furies were

supposed to be adorned. He seemed a tall man, and as in the act of drawing his blanket well round him I could see the greater part of his person, I observed that he was rather thin, and that his figure was that of a well-made man.

As he came to the window, he squatted down, and began to question the beggar.

"What is your name?"

"Miles Murphy, sir."

"Where do you come from?"

"Chatham, sir, 's my native place, and I'm a good Catholic."

"Good Catholic? Then, you were not born at Chatham!"

"Ah, shure, no, sir; I was born in Roscommon."

"In Ros—Roscommon. What tow—town is next to it? Do you un—?"

"Shure, sir, the next town 's Galway."

"You're telling me a lie, sir! Galway is forty miles off. Now, sir, what are—are you? Do you un—?"

"I've bin a sodger, sir, in the 3rd and the 14th; and I've bin to Thrinidad, the Barbadoes, and Grenada."

"Grenada! What's the cap—capital town there?"

"Shure, sir, they call it Scotland."

"It's an abom—bominable lie, sir! My grandf—grandfather was governor there. So go away, sir! I won—won't give you a far—farthing." The poor fellow slank away; and we resumed our conversation.

"Do you give much money to tramps?" asked Chatter.

"Yes, about two pou—pounds a week," was the reply.

On looking carefully at the floor, I could see that pennies were lying here and there. When the answers given by a tramp to the hermit prove to be correct, he grubs about with his hands; and as soon as he finds a penny, he hands the coin to the beggar

Just then a cat came out of the room, jumped on the window-sill, and took a walk in the country. This circumstance induced me to ask the hermit if he found his cat much company. The fact of such companionship, however, he strongly denied, probably on principle; for I observed that he contradicted every idea we ventured to utter, no matter on what subject. We next chatted on the subject of dogs; and Chatter was soon lost in the mazes of a deep argument as to which was the most faithful kind of dog. Tom, who possessed a retriever, declared that no dog was equal to it in sagacity, whilst our fuliginous friend as stoutly stuck up for the mastiff,

and soon completely discomfited the unfortunate Chatter. The defeat so pleased Mr. Mopes, that he insisted that we should take a glass of sherry; and although the glass was the same stemless utensil which had lately contained the gin, I am bound to say that the sherry was very good indeed. The hermit then told us that a friend of his invented an instrument called a *dunometer;* and as neither of us had ever heard the term, we ventured to ask its meaning. It appeared that his friend lived in chambers, and that in the door he stuck a piece of glass, by means of which he could see any visitor as he approached. If by any chance it happened to be a dun, he was not at home; and from this circumstance he called the instrument a "dunometer." Chatter was so delighted with this anecdote, that he at once produced a field-glass, which was no sooner handed to the hermit than he looked through it at the surrounding country with the greatest pleasure. My friend Tom, who, ever since the argument on engineering, had been longing to have a dig at the recluse, now suggested that at least in this case the hermit must admit the advantage of science; but even this fact the man denied, and declared that the field-glass was an invention in medical science. It was useless arguing this question any further; so, after gratefully accepting the index finger he offered to us, we said good morning, and took our leave.

THE ZIOZOON AND HIS WIFE.

REMARKABLE TRAVELLERS.

BY WILLIAM DALTON,

Author of "The Wolf-Boy of China," "The Tiger Prince."

WILLIAM ADAMS,

THE FIRST ENGLISH TRAVELLER IN JAPAN.

AT the end of the year 1612, some English merchants being at Bantam, in Java, received at the hands of the captain of a Japanese junk a letter bearing a superscription that must have no little surprised them. It ran as follows: —

TO MY UNKNOWN COUNTRYMEN AND FRIENDS.

DESIRING this Letter, by your good means, or a copy of it, or the news it contains, may come into the hands of one of many of my acquaintances in Limehouse, or elsewhere, or in Kent, in Gillingham by Rochester.

The contents of this queerly addressed epistle were sad, gloomy, and despairing, full of longings and yearnings of the writer to hear news of his loved ones in England, to see and hear once more a countryman; and well they might be sad, for the writer had been some ten years detained in that, at that period, *terra incognita*, Japan. How he got to that far Eastern empire, the many adventures he passed through during his long, long detention there, and the great services the good man performed there for his own countrymen, the Dutch, and even his great enemies the Portuguese, it will be the province of this short biography to disclose. I will premise only that his courage, wisdom, patience, and untiring energy, entitle him not only to a place under the above heading, but to a conspicuous niche in the history of English maritime adventure; for as Lord Elgin was the last, so was our hero the first Briton to complete a commercial treaty between the governments of England and Japan.

The first thirty years of Will Adams's career may be briefly told. Born in the town of Gillingham, near Chatham, he was at the early age of twelve years apprenticed to a ship-master, named Nicholas Diggines, at Limehouse. Having served his time, he entered the royal navy of Queen Bess, in which he saw some good hard service, circumnavigating the globe with Frobisher or Drake; and having given to and received

some good hard blows from the Spaniards, in the great and glorious sea-fight with the Armada, that the mighty Philip of Spain sent to uproot the people of these isles, to re-sow the land with Spaniards. In the royal service, Adams attained the rank of master and pilot. But in those days, as in the present, the royal navy, at least to men of humble birth, was more productive of hard knocks than solid pudding, our gallant pilot therefore took service with the Worshipful Company of Barbary Merchants. After twelve years, however, in this service, he seems to have reaped but little profit; for as about this time the English people were going fairly mad with the rumours of the vast wealth being gathered by Portuguese and Dutch in the Indies, Adams, whose great reputation as a navigator had reached the Low Countries, gladly accepted an offer from the Dutch East-India Company, then just formed, to accompany a fleet being fitted out in the Texel, for the South Sea, in the important position of pilot major. From that moment commences that series of adventures which were to result in giving him a place on the roll of European worthies. The fleet consisted of five ships, the largest of which was, in accordance with the custom of the period, called the "Admiral." This was what we should now call the "flag ship," for she carried Jacques Mahay, the commander in chief, who was called the "general," and with whom Adams sailed.

Now comes a catalogue of disasters, a record of misery, that in these days, when ships are something larger than mere tubs,* and cleaner than floating dust-bins, when discipline is applied as much to personal habits and mental culture, as to mere military routine; when steam, by shortening distances, or rather time in reaching them, and colonization, gold-digging, or conquest, has placed a civilized community upon what, in the days of which I am writing, were but barren shores, or perhaps worse, inhabited by cannibals, would be impossible. These sad records, however, serve to immortalize the daring and hardihood of those fathers of European navies, who did so much to alter the face of our modern world.

The destination of the Dutch fleet was the Pacific Ocean, then known as the Great South Sea. Setting sail from the Texel at the end of June, in the year 1598, in August they anchored off the Cape de Verds; but here, finding the climate so unhealthy that a dangerous sickness ran through the whole fleet, they lifted anchor; but, alas! the mischief was already done; in a few days after, the general and many of the men died. By

* Why, it seems but the other day that the writer saw the little cockle-shell of a vessel in which Captain Cook circumnavigated the globe. Not being a sailor, he would as soon have made the voyage in a halfpenny steamboat.

the time they reached the coast of Guinea, they had been six months at sea, the general sickness had increased, and, to add to their misery, they found themselves short of provisions and water. Another month at sea, and they anchored off an island containing about eighty houses. This place they took by force; *i. e.*, in their great extremities they became pirates, and plundered the poor inhabitants. By this barbarity, however, they benefitted but little, for a few days after they had again put to sea, provisions ran so short, that the men's allowance per diem was but one quarter of a pound of bread, with a like small proportion of wine and water. Thus, poor starving wretches, they became so ravenous, that they devoured the very calf-skins with which in those days it was the custom to cover ship's ropes. Nevertheless, stout-heartedly bearing up against all difficulties, these poor sickly fellows went on their way, and in April (the commencement of winter in those latitudes) they reached the newly-discovered Straits of Magellan, where they were rewarded by reaching an island, upon which they found an ample supply of penguins, fire-wood, and water.

In these straits they passed the winter, which lasted from April to August; but the miserable men had but a sorry time of it; suffering from incessant snow, hail, hunger,—for their appetites being whetted by the intense cold, ample as the provisions seemed at first, they had now become short,—losses of anchors and masts, and worse, the lives of more than one hundred of the men.

At the end of August they entered the Pacific; but here they encountered a storm so terrible that the ships parted company. Foreseeing, however, the probability of such an accident, the new "general," who, by the way, had made his own ship, instead of that in which Adams sailed, the "admiral," had named the island of Mocha, on the coast of Chili, as the place of rendezvous. Neither "Admiral" nor the other ships were, however, met with at Mocha; so Adams bent his sails for the island of Santa Maria. Being once more in a state of starvation, and observing a number of men upon the land a couple of leagues from the island, they determined to land, and barter with these people for the necessities of life. For this purpose, a party went ashore, and were so well received, that, a few days after, the captain of the ship, with twenty-three men, among whom was the brother of Adams, again landed, and were all slain by the savages, at the instigation of the Spaniards, who, it appeared, were among them.

After this disaster, Adams made for the island of Santa Maria. At that place they fell in with the "Admiral," at which they were overjoyed. Their joy, however, was soon changed to bitter grief, when,

going on board, they found that the sufferings of the crew exceeded their own, that in fact the flag-ship having reached Mocha some days before them, the "General" and all his officers, with a large party of men, being induced to go ashore, had been treacherously set upon and murdered, at the instigation of the Spaniards.

The brave fellows, however, having thus found some little consolation in their meeting once more, next began to consider the interests of the merchants, their employers. Somewhat curiously, it was only now that they began to understand that their merchandise, which consisted chiefly of woollen cloths, would be unsaleable in hot places, like the Moluccas and the Indies, where the people wore little clothing; and thus the honest fellows were at their wits' ends to know what course to take to make the remnant of their disastrous voyage profitable to their "owners." At this juncture, a certain Dutchman, who had been in Japan with the Portuguese, told them that in the latter empire woollen cloths were in demand. Hence it was resolved at once to proceed thither; but the expedition seemed to have been doomed from the first. Of the fleet of five, three of which bore the auspicious names of "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity," which left the Texel, but the two last remained. A few days after they left Santa Maria, the "Hope" went down in a great storm: thus the "Charity," in which sailed Adams, was left to proceed on her course alone. For four long months and twenty days more, this brave vessel beat about those unknown seas. Great must have been the sufferings of the men during that period; for towards the end of that time, when they came in sight of land, of the whole crew, but William Adams and five others could stand upon their feet, and those sustained themselves rather by their mental vigour than physical strength. The master mind among these was Adams. Under Providence, he "willed" to pull his shipmates through these great straits, and he did so. On the night of the 10th of April, 1600, there happened a terrible storm; but more terrible were the swearings of the captain, and his incessant prayer that God would deliver him from his misery by death; the mutinous moanings of the starving, dying men, several of whom, wailing and gnashing their teeth, crawled down the hatchway, and would have fired the powder-magazine, but for Adams, who shamed the wretched fellows by a speech, somewhat as follows:—

"Cowards, infidels, back to your posts, and do your duty as best you may. My men, your miseries have been great, but your rewards are to come. Would you, then, at the last hour lose all hope of that heaven to which even now, in this dire misery, you are as near as if treading the land of your birth."

Such were the words of this brave pupil of Drake and Frobisher and they had the desired effect. The cowed wretches, ashamed of their despair, once more put their shoulders to the wheel; and as Adams had promised, they were rewarded; for the next morning they sighted the land of Japan.

So came to an end, perhaps, the most disastrous expedition ever sent forth by the wealthy merchant adventurers of Holland. Of the five magnificently appointed ships that had sailed from the Texel in 1598, after a voyage of two years and ten months, but one came to a safe anchorage, and that with a crew of twenty-four men, so sick and wasted by want that, but for the one master mind among them, they would never have set foot on *terra firma* again.

At that time Japan was open to the whole world, although the Portuguese were the only Europeans who had settled and opened up a trade there with the natives; thus our miserable ocean wanderers were well received by the Prince Bungo, who had them brought ashore, and comfortably housed.

So far all went well with our adventurers; but three days after their landing, Adams, who had, in consequence of the sickness of his captain, for some time been acting chief, became alarmed at the sight of a Portuguese Jesuit who was introduced in the capacity of interpreter between him and the Japanese; and with reason, for he knew that Portuguese and Spaniards were the mortal enemies of the English and the Dutch.

The Ziozoon* (Tycoon he is now called) hearing of the arrival of the Dutchmen, sent for them to court, which he then held at Osaca, the third great city of Japan. To Adams alone, however, would the potentate grant an audience. The result was extremely galling to the bold sailor; but here is an account of the interview in his own quaint language.

"I came to the great King's city, who caused me to be brought into the court, being a wonderfully costly house, gilded with gold in abundance. Coming before his highness, he viewed me well, and seemed to be wonderful favourable. He made signs to me, some of which I understood, and some I did not. In the end, there came one that could speak Portuguese; by him the king (Ziozoon) demanded of what land I was, and what made us come to his far-off land. I showed him the name of our country, and told him that my people had sought out the East Indies, and desired friendship with all kings and potentates in way

* Ziozoon literally means lieutenant-general, or military chief of the empire, and subordinate to the Mikado, or real emperor of Japan.

of merchandizing, having in our land many commodities which Japan had not, and also to buy such merchandize which our country had not. Then his highness asked whether our country had wars, and I answered yes, with the Spaniards and Portuguese, being at peace with all other nations. Further, he asked me in what I did believe; I said in God, that made heaven and earth. His highness asked me divers other questions of religion, and many other things, as what way we came to Japan. Having a chart of the world, I showed him,—through the Straits of Magellan, at which he wondered, and told me I lied."

Being thus kindly received and questioned, Adams, forgetful of all personal danger, at once demanded of the Ziozoon that his employers the Dutch, and his own countrymen, might at once be permitted to trade with the Japanese, as did the Spaniards and Portuguese. To this, however, the Prince made no reply, but, greatly to the bold sailor's chagrin, ordered him to be sent to prison.

Two days after, the Ziozoon again sent for Adams, and questioned him as to the wars between the English and the Spaniards; the sailor's reply seemed to please his highness; "but," grimly writes Adams, "in the end I was commanded to prison again."

For thirty-nine days Adams was kept in durance, and in ignorance of the fate of his shipmates, moreover each day expecting to be led forth to execution on the cross,—crucifixion being the mode of putting malefactors to death. But what act of roguery had Adams committed to deserve death? asks my reader.

Well, not one; but nevertheless, as he afterwards discovered, during his incarceration the Jesuits declared to the prince that the new comers were thieves and robbers of all nations, who, if suffered to live, would injure his highness's people. "If, however," they argued, "your highness slay this Adams and his companions, henceforth their countrymen will be afraid to come to Japan." "But God," says Adams "that is always merciful at need, showed mercy unto us; for nothwithstanding our enemies' incessant intrigues to get us crucified, the Ziozoon in the end answered them that as we had as yet done no harm to him, the land, or people, their request was against all reason and justice; because the Spaniards and the Dutch or English had wars, that was no cause *he* should put us to death; this put our enemies out of heart."

In all probability, the Ziozoon had discovered the intrigues of the Portuguese, for he now became the fast friend of the bold English seaman. True that, for reasons which will be obvious hereafter, his highness would not permit Adams, or even his shipmates, to depart from Japan; but he set them at liberty, compelled the natives to restore

to them all the goods they had stolen from the vessel, and distributed among them a large sum of ready money.

It would appear, however, that the crew, now restored to health and liberty, showed but little gratitude to the single-hearted fellow who had done them such signal service; for, says he, "three or four rebelled against the captain and myself, and made a mutiny with the rest of the men, so that we had much trouble with them, for every one would be a commander, and desire to have more than his share of the money granted by the Ziozoon. This state of affairs being reported to the prince by Adams, his highness settled the matter by giving every man two pounds of rice a day, and ordering that they should be paid a sum annually, sufficient to keep them from starving. After this, the crew broke up, each man going to that part of the empire that suited him best. Adams, who was retained at court, now grew in the favour of the Ziozoon. His first great advance in fortune, however, arose in the following manner:—

One day after he had sojourned in Japan about four years and a half, the Ziozoon, who by the way had received lessons in geometry and the mathematics generally from the English sailor, desired that the latter would build him a ship after the English model. "I answered," says he, "that I am no carpenter, and have no knowledge of ship-building." "Well, do your endeavour," replied his highness, "and if it be not good, it is no matter." Adams obeyed, and having the mechanical resources of the empire at his command, the result was the production of two fine ships. This so pleased the Ziozoon that his highness not only at once made him a kind of minister for foreign affairs, but bestowed upon him "a living like unto a lordship in England, with eighty or ninety husbandmen as his servants and slaves."

This was a great reward; but the poor fellow pined after his poor wife and children in England, the more so that about this time he heard from some Japanese traders that some Dutch merchants had recently established themselvees in Molucca and Java. Thus he prayed of the Ziozoon to permit him to leave the empire; that prince, however, wise in his own interest, refused his prayer, and would only give permission to Adams's old captain to quit the land. This was some consolation to our hero; for now, at least, his wife, children, and friends would hear that he still lived. But, alas! the captain was killed on the voyage home; so it was not until long after that the letter, the superscription in which I have placed at the commencement of this article, reached the merchants at Bantam.

Yearning to return to England, but finding it impossible, at least with

honour, Adams now devoted himself to the service of the Ziozoon, but especially in all matters connected with Europeans ; and so great did his influence become, that Spaniards, Dutch, and Portuguese offered him large sums of money for his interest in their behalf exclusively ; but, although, like a good Christian, he returned good for evil in from time to time using his influence to help the Spaniards and Portuguese who had sought to work his ruin, and obtained a commercial treaty for the Dutch, who, jealous of the English coming to Japan, had, even after he had obtained for them their footing, intercepted the letters sent to his family and friends in England, he remained steadfast to his great object, that of causing a treaty to be entered into between Japan and England. This object he ultimately effected ; an English captain was introduced to the supreme ruler of the empire, and was received, through Adams's influence, with all due state, pomp, and ceremony. The treaty was signed between James of England and Ogosho-Sama of Japan ; an English company established a factory, and Adams, despite the large sums offered to him for a similar service by the other Europeans, undertook to protect the interests of the English company at the trifling stipend, even in those days, for such services, of one hundred pounds a year. By the following, however, it appears that the English company's agent, Captain, or "General," John Saris, drove a very hard bargain with the old sailor. As, at the signing of the treaty, Adams had been in Japan about thirteen years, he once more appealed to the Ziozoon to permit him to return to England with Saris.

The prince, grateful for his faithful services, gave his consent. The old pilot-major, however, remained in Japan till the last. His reasons for so doing appear from his own letters to have been three. First, that besides his wife and daughter in England, he had also a wife and daughter in Japan. Secondly, that although he had the estate, mentioned as given to him by the Ziozoon, in which were now nearly a hundred households, his vassals, over whom he had power of life and death, yet he had little money, and did not like to return home with an empty purse. Lastly, perhaps chiefly, he had quarrelled with Saris, who had endeavoured to drive too hard a bargain with the old sailor. But be all this as it may, William Adams remained in the English company's service till the year 1620, when he died, loved and respected by Europeans and natives. The same year his will was brought to England. In this he divided the whole of his property between his English and his Japanese family. Such is the outline of one of the least known, but not least remarkable, of the grand old Elizabethan ship-men, the fathers of our glorious English Navy.

CONJURING.

BY GEORGE FORREST, M.A.

TRICKS WITH STRING.

THE Editor having requested me to furnish a few descriptions of easy conjuring tricks, it is my intention to present in the following pages a series of simple tricks which are in the power of every boy to execute, and which have the advantage of requiring scarcely any apparatus, and for the most part of needing no apparatus at all.

No one who has the slightest appreciation of the many methods by which the eye can be deceived, or effects produced to which the means are apparently inadequate, cares in the least for the complicated and expensive apparatus which is so largely advertised by toymen.

When a conjurer exhibits his performances while standing in his "Temple of Mystery," his "Magic Cave," or his "Bower of Prestidigitation," he is so evidently attempting to distract the attention by the tinselled glitter of his apparatus, that he scarcely earns the credit which he deserves for his real proficiency in sleight of hand. The general public has learned to look with the greatest suspicion upon all such showy paraphernalia, and to distrust any object of unaccustomed shape or abnormal brilliancy. Now-a-days the British public has become so marvellously wise in its own conceit that a conjurer cannot produce a cloth-covered table, or a highly ornamented screen, or a massively folded curtain, without evoking dire suspicions of concealed confederates, and even if none are present, they are equally suspected.

Moreoever, the conjurer must not stand aloof from his audience and remain behind a table if he has the least respect for his own reputation, but must walk about among the spectators, so that they can see for themselves, and make sure that the delusions are strictly produced by personal dexterity and not by machinery or collusion.

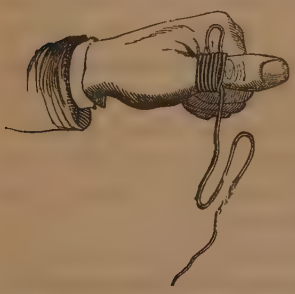
Again, no one who has any acquaintance with the art of legerdemain has the slightest reverence for tricks which are manifestly due to the apparatus; and, as a general fact, the public is not satisfied until it can touch and handle the objects which are used by the conjurer. The spectators in a drawing-room are on a miniature scale the audience of a theatre, and the same precautions must be taken in the one case as in the other.

We all remember the great success of Herr Frikell, solely because he abjured Temples of Mystery, glittering apparatus, and other accessories, and simply placed himself before his audience with nothing but an ordinary chair in which he might sit when fatigued. Of course he really employed apparatus of wonderful ingenuity, but he took as much precautions to hide his machinery as others take in order to exhibit theirs. I shall therefore endeavour to follow the same plan as that which has been adopted with so much success, and show my readers how to perform their feats without any apparent aid from machinery. A good conjurer ought to permit the objects which he uses to be inspected, and if he manages rightly, he will find that his audience will respect his dexterity of hand, as exhibited by his performance, more than his affluence of purse as exhibited by his machinery.

Our first attempts at conjuring will be performed simply by means of a few feet of string.

THREADING THE NEEDLE.

This is a very old but very excellent delusion, and although it has been known as long as the art of conjuring has been in existence, it is so simple in practice and so astonishing in result that scarcely one in ten of the spectators can tell how it is done.



You take a moderately long piece of string, and hang it over your left thumb, letting the longer end be *outside*. With the right hand take hold of this longer end, and wind it round the thumb six or seven times, taking care to wind it towards the body. Then make a loop with the same string, hold it tightly between the thumb and fore-finger, and drop the end. Now take up the other end, which has been hanging loosely, and draw it towards the point of the thumb, so that the string looks as is represented in the accompanying figure.

You may then assert that you will thread the end through the loop and catch it again so quickly that no one can see how it is done. Or, you may tie the end of the string to the stalk of an apple, to a big knife, or anything which is evidently too large to pass through the loop, and make the same assertion. You then take several shots at the loop as if really intending to pass the apple through it, and must be sure to express disappointment at each failure. When you see the spectators off their guard and inclined to ridicule you for your ill success, make another

effort, and with the little finger of the right hand slip the string round the thumb of the left. It will then rise into the loop, and look exactly as if the apple had passed fairly through it.

Be very careful to wind the string at least six times round the thumb, as one of the coils is necessarily unwound while the trick is being performed, and would betray the delusion to spectators of arithmetical natures. Practise it well before exhibiting it, and be sure *not* to make a circular movement of the right hand while passing the string over the thumb. The extended little finger of the left hand will bring it into its proper place without exciting the least suspicion.

THE CUT STRING RESTORED.

There are two modes of performing this feat, one very simple, and the other rather complicated. The second plan, however, is well worthy the trouble of learning, because it is exceedingly effective and looks so perfectly fair.

The first mode is as follows:—Take a piece of string and join the ends, hang it over the hands, give it a single twist, double it, and draw it through the fingers of the left hand until the loop is caught between the finger and thumb of the right hand. Keep the loop concealed between the thumb and finger; hold the string as at Fig. 2. Ask any one to cut the string between the hands, let the severed ends drop from the left hand, and the string will appear as if it had been cut in two pieces of equal length, whereas the knife has only cut off a little loop comprising an inch or so of string.

Then say that you are able to beat even the best sailors, who can only splice ropes with their hands, while you can do it with your teeth. Gather up the string, put all the four ends in your mouth, and with your tongue or teeth remove the little loop and tuck it away under your lip. Then say that you have failed with one end, because the string was not cut at a proper angle, and then produce the string and show that it has been reunited. Fig. 1 shows the appearance of the string when twisted, and Fig. 2 the method of holding it so as to conceal the loop.

Fig. 1.

The second method is as follows:—Take a long piece of string, the longer the better, and hold one end in each hand. Keeping the ends between the finger and thumb of each hand, gather up the string so as to form two loops, measure them, and let them fall again several times, as if attempting to get them exactly even. Then, when you see that suspicion is allayed, take up the loops again; but instead of

holding them as before, pass the fingers of the right hand through the first loop, catch it up and change the strings, so that you have it as shown in the illustration. Of course the points *a* and *b* are hidden by the finger and thumb; and the spectators think that the spot marked by the dotted line is the centre of the string.

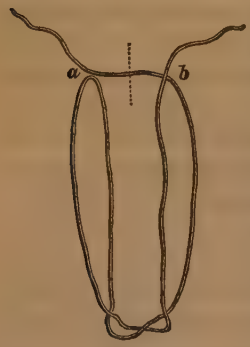


Fig. 2.

If any one has the least suspicion, drop the loops and take them up again, for the length of string will cause them to mingle together so completely as to prevent the eye from following their course.

Then ask any one to cut the string at the dotted line, and immediately drop the ends out of the right hand. The spectators naturally think that the string is equally severed in two, whereas only a very small piece has been cut off. Then twist the ends of the short piece round the loop and make a sham knot, so as to hide its real character, give the two hanging ends to two persons to hold, and stand in the middle with your hand over the knot. Pretend to be engaged in splicing the apparently cut string, but in reality disengage the short portion and hide it at the roots of the fingers. Then raise your hand with a flourish, announce that the string is mended, and while the spectators are examining it get rid of the little piece concealed in the hand.

A new piece of tape is better than string for this trick, because the audience can see that it has not been tampered with beforehand.

There are several methods of disposing of the string, but the principle is the same in all. Practise the trick so as to get the short end in either hand, and thus puzzle the spectators if they demand an encore.

THE MAGIC RING.

Take a piece of string and tie the ends together. Here let me recommend the weaver's knot as the best method of joining the ends of string. The knot is smaller than the usual "granny," it slips easier through the fingers, it will stand any amount of strain, and can be undone with perfect ease.

Borrow a ring, or a key, or a pair of scissors; pass the string through the ring and hang it over the two thumbs of some spectator, just as a lady hangs a skein of silk which she is about to unwind. Now slip the ring well towards your right hand and leave it there. Take hold of the upper string with the left hand and of the lower with the right, pull the upper down over the lower, and hitch the lower over the right

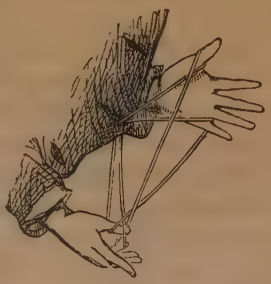
thumb of the person who holds the string. Retain the hold of your left hand, shift the ring to the left as far as it can go, draw the upper string to the left, and hitch that also over the thumb.

Take the ring with the right hand, and draw it smartly downwards, at the same time letting go the loop which the left hand has been holding, and directing your friend to separate his hand as far as possible. If these movements have been strictly followed, the ring will be immediately disengaged and come off the string.

Merely in print, these directions seem very obscure, and are scarcely intelligible, but if the reader will go through them *seriatim*, and practise them once or twice with a string and a couple of nails in place of thumbs, he will soon learn the process and never forget it again.

THE MAGIC BUTTON-HOLE.

This trick is achieved on precisely the same principle as the last. Take the doubled string, pass it through a button-hole of your coat, and hitch both your thumbs in the ends. Take care that the string does not cross or you will entangle it. Hook the little finger of the right hand and hitch it under the upper left-hand string. Draw it well to the right, then pass the left hand *upwards* through the triangle which will be formed; hitch its little finger in the upper right-hand string, and draw it back. The string will now look as in the illustration, except that the little fingers ought to be bent and not straight.



If you look well at your string you will see that you have now formed it into two triangles, the lesser inside the larger, and that if you let go the right thumb and left little finger, which support the lesser triangle, it will run through the button-hole with perfect ease. Of course, in practice, you will cross the strings so as to prevent the spectators from seeing the peculiar form of the triangles.

Then drop the loops off the thumb and finger, separate your hands smartly, at the same time slipping the string from your right little finger on the thumb of the same hand, and out flies the string, just as if it had cut through the button-hole. As it will then appear upon both thumbs, the spectators will be quite misled, and even if they succeed in arranging

the string on their hands properly, they will always get caught in the button-holes.

The reader may depend upon the accuracy of all these directions, as I have written them down immediately after performing each feat.

THE MAGIC BOND.

The principle of a loose loop is the foundation of most string tricks. Here is another, which I call, for want of a better name, the Magic Bond.

Take the same piece of string, turn your left hand with the palm upwards, and the fingers spread as widely as possible, and hang the string over the hand, *not* including the thumb.

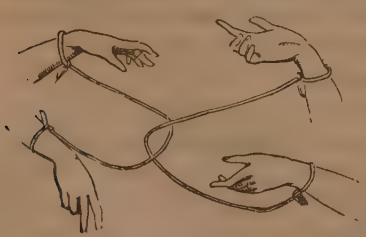
With the right hand take hold of the loop below, and draw it over to the front, passing the string over the hand so that one side of the loop passes between the first and second fingers, and the other between the ring and little fingers.

Turn the left hand so as to pass the thumb beneath both strings. Cross the strings from right to left, and hitch the loop over the little finger; cross them back again from left to right, and hitch the loop over the fore-finger. The hand and string will now look as in the illustration.

Take the two loops off the thumb, draw them forward until all is tight, turn them back between the second and ring fingers, and let them drop. Take hold of the string that crosses the roots of the fingers, pull it smartly, and the string comes off in a very surprising manner. The cross string can be seen in the illustration, lying beneath the loops of the thumb.

THE MAGIC HANDCUFFS.

Although apparently a very difficult trick, the curious delusion which is known as the "Magic Handcuffs" is managed on the same principles as the last two or three tricks.



Take two long pieces of string, the longer the better, and tie them upon the wrists of two persons, as shown in the illustration. For convenience of description, we will call these persons A and B. The trick consists in separating the two without untying the string, and

allowing the prisoners to pass their hands through the knots. If you tie together two persons unacquainted with the manner of performing the feat, they never fail to afford much amusement to the company by their vain endeavours. They slip the loops over their heads, they step through them, they try to creep through them, and only find themselves worse entangled than before.

When they have exhausted all their powers, you may set them free in a moment. All you have to do is to gather up the loop that hangs from B's wrists, pass it under the string that binds either of A's hands, slip it over the hand, and off comes the string. These movements may be made so rapidly that even the two prisoners cannot see how the feat is performed. On pretence of showing the spectators how the prisoners are released, you may then reverse the process, and of course, will tie them together again.

There are many other string tricks, but as we shall require our space for other tricks without apparatus, the reader must be referred to "Every Boy's Book," published by Messrs. Routledge, where may be seen illustrated descriptions of several other feats.

THE MAGIC SHILLINGS.

We now come to a few tricks which are performed with handkerchiefs.

The young conjuror should always keep by him a little piece of beeswax; it is of great use in the following and other tricks.

Stick a little bit of wax on a shilling, and keep it neatly concealed in the palm of your hand. Borrow two large coloured silk handkerchiefs from the company (or if you use your own it is perhaps preferable), make a great parade of them. Some incredulous person is sure to protest against the use of them, and to say that they have been prepared for the purpose. You can then hand them round, and make great capital out of their fair appearance. While they are examining the handkerchiefs, borrow two shillings, and let them be marked so that they may be identified.

Take one of the handkerchiefs, and place *both* shillings neatly in a corner, so that the spectators fancy that you have only folded up *one* shilling, and at the same time drop into the hand the waxed shilling, which the audience think to be the second coin. Place the handkerchief in a hat, leaving one corner hanging out, cover it carefully with a book or other article, and carry it to the further end of the room. You may place it in a cupboard if you like, or on the top of a high shelf.

Now take the waxed shilling, wrap it carefully in a corner of the

second handkerchief, and give it to some one to hold, so that he may be sure that you are playing no tricks. Tell him to hold it tightly, in order that it may not escape, and then the warmth of his hand, together with the pressure, will soften the wax and make the shilling adhere to the handkerchief. Let him place it on the table, and cover it with a hat, a glass, or anything of similar form. When he has done so, strike the handkerchief smartly with your wand, say, "Hey! Presto! Prestissimo! Pass!" Remove the hat, lift up the handkerchief to which the shilling is adhering, slip the coin neatly into your hand, and give the handkerchief a hearty shake, so as to convince the audience that there is nothing in it.

Then, send some one to fetch the other hat, and tell him to take hold of the loose end of the handkerchief, and draw it gently out of the hat. As he does so, the shillings will be heard to jingle together, and, covered by the excitement caused by the sound, remove the waxed shilling out of the handkerchief which you are holding, and conceal it in your pocket, or any other convenient place. Call upon the spectators to notice that the shillings are really those which are marked, and send round the shillings, the hats, and the handkerchiefs for inspection.

This trick can be varied in many ways, which will doubtlessly be suggested by the ingenuity of the performer. It is a rather imposing feat, and never fails to excite admiration. In all probability, you may be requested to repeat a trick; never accede to the demand, but excuse yourself by saying that time is precious, or something to the same effect.

THE MULTIPLYING HANDKERCHIEFS.

This is a very simple but rather effective performance.

Previous to entering the room, take two cambric handkerchiefs, roll them up *tightly*, and put one under each arm, so that they are held in their places by the arm-holes of the waistcoat. When you face your audience, take out of your pocket a clean cambric handkerchief, shake it out, and show the spectators that it is all fair. Roll it up very *loosely*, hold it in your right hand, and say that you have no wish to delude your audience by any machinery, that all is fair and above board with you, and that your dress precludes any concealment. Here, suiting the action to the words, turn up your sleeves, throw open your coat, and while so doing, take the two handkerchiefs from under your arms, crumpling them up so that the three do not occupy more than the space of the one which you exhibited.

Then, after a little preliminary flourish, you may begin to shake out your handkerchief, and express great astonishment at seeing a second

handkerchief fall on the table. You wonder audibly how such a phenomenon could have occurred, and then interrupt yourself by the appearance of the third. You suppose that there must be something magical in the atmosphere, and cut several similar jokes before you begin your next feat.

I once failed ignominiously in this trick, through forgetfulness of attire. One winter's morning, I was showing a few feats to some friends, and among the rest introduced the multiplying handkerchiefs. To my great surprise, I was instantly detected, and found too late that I had been wearing a scarlet flannel shirt, which of course betrayed the presence of the white handkerchiefs.

THE TRAVELLING RING.

Get two brass rings of precisely similar appearance. Cut one of them through with a chisel, or a wire-nipper, and sharpen the severed ends.

Keep the cut ring in the palm of the hand, and send the entire one to be examined, while you borrow a handkerchief. Hold the entire ring between your finger and thumb, so as to be visible, and ask some one to throw the handkerchief over it. As he does so, substitute the cut ring for the entire one, and give it to some one to hold. Then tell him to tie a piece of string tightly above the ring, so as to prevent it from being abstracted.

Leave handkerchief and ring in his charge, take up your wand in your left hand, and pass it into your right, slipping it adroitly through the entire ring, which you are holding in the palm. Grasp the centre of the wand with both hands, give each end to some one to hold, and order the handkerchief to be laid over them. Under cover of the handkerchief, unbend the cut ring, push it through the handkerchief, and rub the place through which it came, so as to obliterate all marks of its passage. Conceal the sham ring by sticking it into the inside of your cuff, and then withdraw your hands, spreading them and showing that they are quite empty.

Direct the handkerchief to be removed, when it will be found empty, and the ring will be seen upon the wand. Of course, in this, as in other tricks, the young conjuror must be prepared with plenty of talk, so as to distract the attention of the spectators.

THE MAGIC KNOT.

Take a very large coloured silk handkerchief, seat yourself in a chair, pass the handkerchief twice round your leg, tie it in a double bow, and say that you will pull it off your leg without untying the

knot. Take off the handkerchief; and if any one wishes to see it, pass it round for examination.

When the handkerchief is returned, take it in both hands, grasping it in the right hand, and holding it between the first and second fingers of the left. Pretend to cross the ends under your leg; but instead of doing so, catch the right end with the fore-finger and thumb of the left hand, do the same with the right hand to the left end, cross the loops, tuck the right-hand loop under the left, pull them tight, bring the ends back again, and tie them in the ordinary bow above. With a little practice, you will be able to make this sham tie as rapidly as if the ends had been fairly crossed; the loops will stand a hard pull, and if made small and neatly tucked away, they will be quite invisible to the spectators. The accompanying illustration shows the appearance of the handkerchief, the loop being purposely exaggerated, in order to show its form and position. When the handkerchief is well and firmly tied, you may give it three or four smart tugs, in order to show that the tie is fairly made, and then you can insert your hand under the bow, give it a quick twist and a sharp pull, and off comes the handkerchief. As soon as you have pulled it off, throw it among the spectators for inspection.

THE KNOT LOOSENED.

This pretty trick will require some patience before the young conjurer can expect success, as, even when he has learned the method of tying the knot, he will be obliged to practise it sedulously before he can be certain of making it properly. At first, he is nearly sure to fail, but after a few trials he will find the knot slip when he does not expect it. Whenever this happens, let him examine the knot to see its structure. The art will soon be attained, and then may be exhibited publicly.

Take a handkerchief, and tie two of the corners in a double knot after the following fashion:—Make the first tie in the usual fashion, but keep the end *a* tightly stretched and horizontal. Do not put that end out of your right hand, but tie *b* round it, and draw it tight. If this has been done properly, the end *a* will be easily slipped out of *b*, though the knot looks quite hard and stiff.

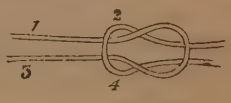
Then throw the middle of the handkerchief over the knot, and as

soon as your hand is covered draw out *a* with the thumb and finger. The rest of the knot will still preserve its form, and to the touch is as hard as when first made. Give the knot to some one to hold, and tell him to let it drop at the word of command. Make him feel that the knot is really present, and get him to say so openly. Then take one corner of the handkerchief in your hand, give the word of command, and as the handkerchief is dropped, flap it smartly in the air, when the remains of the knot will vanish.

THE MAGIC BEADS.

I was at first rather doubtful whether this neat little deception ought not to be inserted among the string tricks, but as the beads form a necessary element, I have placed it in its present position.

Get three, five, or seven large wooden beads; cut two pieces of string about a yard and a half or two yards in length, and arrange them as follows: — Double the strings, slip the loop of one just inside that of the other, and twist them together. Now thread one of the beads upon the strings, taking care to get the junction of the strings in the middle of the bead. String the other beads on both sides of the first, and you are ready for the performance. The appearance of the beads and strings is shown in the accompanying illustration.



Now tie together the ends of the string marked 1 and 2, and do the same by 3 and 4. Give the tied ends to two persons to hold. They may drag as hard as they like without any danger, for the pull is transverse, and its force is wasted on the outside beads. Now, gather up all the beads in your hands, cover them well over, and slip the central bead aside. The strings instantly come apart and release the beads, which will remain in your hand. Rub your hands smartly together, so as to smooth out the twisted loops, and then exhibit the beads to the spectators. This is always a telling trick.

THE DETECTED COIN.

Here is a very simple yet effective trick. Take three or four large coins of equal value and similar appearance, say half-crowns, pence, or even crown-pieces, and throw them into a hat. Let any one blindfold you and make sure that you really cannot see. Then tell the spectators to take out one of the coins, to mark it carefully and neatly, and to put it back again. Then, without using your eyes, you try one

coin after another, weigh them, rattle them, and then produce the very one which was marked.

I have seen this trick produce quite a sensation, and yet it is a very simple one. There is no doubt as to the identity of the marked coin as the hand of the marker makes it *warm;* while all those which have been untouched are cold. In order to insure the requisite warmth, you beg of the audience to be quite sure of the mark, not to make it so large as to be sensible to the touch, &c., &c., &c. You must be sure to put your hand into the hat immediately after the coin is returned, lest it should become too cold to be distinguished; but as soon as you have found it by the warmth, keep it in your hand while pretending to weigh the coins, and so throw the spectators off their guard.

In order to perform any of these tricks well and neatly, the young conjurer must not only practise them carefully in private, but must lay in a plentiful stock of talk, which will be of extreme use in diverting the attention of the spectators, and throwing their suspicions on the wrong objects. Practising before a glass is a good method of attaining a neat and finished style, as any defect will be easily seen, and may be corrected.

There are, of course, many more tricks without apparatus, but those which have been described will be found sufficient for most purposes, and will enable the young conjurer to learn fresh feats without difficulty. Our next paper will describe a series of tricks which require a special apparatus.

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UNCLE BOZ;

OR, HOW WE SPENT OUR CHRISTMAS-DAY, LONG, LONG, AGO.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

Author of "Marmaduke Merry," "Digby Heathcote," &c.

THOSE were some of the pleasantest days of my boyhood which my brother Jack and I spent with Uncle Boz in his curious-looking abode on the shore of the loud roaring, tumultuous German Ocean, or North Sea, as it is more frequently called. On the English shore, I should have said; for Uncle Boz would not willingly have lived out of our snug little, tight little island, had the wealth of the Indies been offered him to do so.

"It's unique, ain't it?" Uncle Boz used to say as he pointed with a complacent air at his domicile. How Uncle Boz came to pick up that word *unique*, I do not know; had he been aware of its Gallic derivation, he would never have admitted it into his vocabulary—of that I am sure. Singular it certainly was; I doubt if any other edifice could have been found at all like it in the three kingdoms. It had been originally, when Uncle Boz first became its owner, a two-roomed cottage, strongly built of roughly-hewn stone, and a coarse slate roof calculated to defy the raging storms which swept over it. It stood on a level space in a gap between cliffs, the gap opening on the sea with a descent of some twenty feet or so to the sands.

Uncle Boz having made his purchase, and settled himself and his belongings in his new abode, forthwith began to build and improve; but as he was his own architect and builder, the expense was not so great as some folks find it, while the result was highly satisfactory to himself, whatever the rest of the world might have thought about the matter. First he added a wing; but as the room within it, though suited to his height, was not calculated for that of a tall shipmate who occasionally came to see him, he built another on the opposite side of the mansion, of the proper dimensions, observing that, should honest Dick Porpoise, another old shipmate, come that way, the first would exactly suit him; the said Dick amply making up in width for what he wanted in height.

Uncle Boz then found out that, though he could grill a chop before his dining-room fire, the same style of cooking would not suit a number of people; and so he erected what he called the Caboose, at the rear of

his mansion. It certainly would not have been taken for what it was, had it not been for the iron flue which projected from the roof.

The greatest work Uncle Boz ever undertook with respect to his abode, was what he called "putting another deck on the craft." I think he must have summoned assistance, and that, relying on the sagacity of others, he did not, as he was wont, employ his own; for when the walls were up, the roof on, and the floors laid, it was discovered that there was no staircase. He was in no way disconcerted, but he had no fancy for pulling down; and so he built a tower outside, near the back door, to contain the staircase; and having got it flush with the roof, he said that it was a pity not to have a good look-out, and so ran it up a dozen feet or so higher, with a platform and a flagstaff at the summit. Several other rooms of different dimensions were added on after this, and numerous little excrescences wherever by any ingenuity they could be run out,—some to hold a bed, and others only a washhand-stand, a trunk or two, or a chest of drawers. No materials seemed to come amiss. A small craft laden with bricks was cast ashore, just as he was about to begin one of his rooms. This was therefore built with her cargo, as were several of the excrescences run out from the ground-floor, while rough stones, and especially wood cast on shore from wrecks, had been chiefly employed. Then his paint-brush was seldom idle; and as he remarked, "variety is pleasant," he coloured differently every room both inside and out, increasing thereby the gay appearance, if not the tasteful elegance, of the structure.

"Isn't it unique?" he asked for the hundredth time, as with paint-brush in hand, he stood on the lawn in front, surveying the work he had just completed. There was something, however, much more unique present,—not the garden, nor the rock-work, nor the summer-house, nor the seats, nor the fountain, nor the fish-pond, nor the big full-rigged ship in front, nor the weathercocks on the chimneys, but Uncle Boz himself, and his factotum and follower, Tom Bambo.

How can I describe Uncle Boz—that is to say, to do him justice? I'll try. He was short, and he was round, and he had lost a leg and wore a wooden one instead, and his face was full of the most extraordinary krinklums and kranklums—wrinkles and furrows they might by some have been called, but all beaming with the most unbounded good nature; and his little eyes and his big mouth betokened kindness itself. As to how they did this I cannot tell. I know the fact, at all events. His head was bald, the hair, he used to affirm, having been blown off in a heavy gale of wind off Cape Horn, excepting a few stumps, which he managed to keep on by clapping both hands to the side of his head, to

save the rim of his hat when the crown was carried away. But his nose—foes, if by possibility he could have any, might have called it a snub, or a button; supposing it was either one or the other, or both, it was full of expression,—the best of snubs, the best of button noses, all that expression betokening fun and humour, and kindness and benevolence. Yes, that dear nose of Uncle Boz's was a jewel, though unadorned by a carbuncle. And Tom Bambo—whereas Uncle Boz was white (at least, I suppose he once had been, for he was now red, if not ruddy and brown, with not a few other weather-stained hues), Tom Bambo was the colour he had ever been since he first saw the light on the coast of Africa,—jet black. In other respects there was a strong similarity. Uncle Boz had lost his left leg, Tom his right. In height and figure they were wonderfully alike. Bambo's mouth was probably wider, and his eyes rounder, and his teeth whiter, and his nose snubbier, but there was the same goodnatured benevolent expression, the same love of fun and humour, and, indeed, it was impossible but to acknowledge that the same nature of soul dwelt within, and that the only difference between the white man and the black was in the colour of their skin. Yes, there was a difference: Uncle Boz had lost his hair, while Bambo had retained, in its woolly integrity, a fine black fleece, which served to keep his cranium cool in summer and warm in winter. Bambo used to be called the shadow of Uncle Boz. A jolly, fat noonday shadow he might have been. He had followed him, I believe, round and round the world, and when at length Uncle Boz went into port, and was laid up in ordinary, Bambo, as a matter of course, did the same.

I have said what Uncle Boz was like, and the sort of house he lived in; but "who was this Uncle Boz?" will be asked. Uncle Boz was not our uncle really, nor was he really the uncle of a very considerable number of boys and girls who called him uncle. I am not certain, indeed, that he was anybody's uncle: at least, I am very confident that dear old Aunt Deborah, who occasionally came to stay with him, and was his counterpart, barring the wooden leg, had no family, seeing that she was always addressed with the greatest respect as Miss Deborah. The real state of the case is this. Uncle Boz was beloved by all his shipmates, and his kind heart made him look upon all his brother officers as brothers indeed. One of them, shot down fighting for his country, as he lay on the deck in the agonies of death, entreated Uncle Boz, who knelt over him, to look after his two orphan boys.

"That I will, that I will, dear brother. There's One above hears me, and you'll soon meet Him, and know that I speak the truth."

"Boz, you have always spoken the truth," whispered the dying lieutenant. "I trust in Him ; I die happy."

The action was still raging. Another round-shot took off Uncle Boz's leg.

"I don't mind," he observed, as the surgeon finished the job for him ; "there's the pension to come, and that'll help keep poor Graham's children."

It's my belief that he did look after those children, as if he felt that God was watching every thing he did for them, or said to them; and the best of fathers could not have managed them better. They both entered the Navy, and were an honour to the service. They naturally called him uncle, and so their friends and other children of old shipmates came to call him so, we among others ; and as we were always talking of what Uncle Boz had said and done, he became generally known by that name. His name wasn't Boz, though. His real name was Boswell. He was no relation, however, to Dr. Johnson's famous biographer, and he was a very different sort of person, I have an idea. I never saw him angry except once, when some one asked him the question.

"No, sir; I have the privilege, and I take it to be a great one, of being in no way connected with the dirty little lickspittle, there!" he replied, as if with a feeling of relief at having thus delivered himself.

Miss Deborah Boswell was shorter and more feminine than her brother, seeing that icy gales, and salt water, and hot suns had not played havoc with her countenance, but she was fully as round and jolly.

Uncle Boz was, as may have been surmised, a lieutenant in the Navy. He got no promotion for losing his leg, and though he went to sea for some time after that, a lieutenant he remained, and, what was extraordinary, a perfectly contented and happy one. Not a grumble at his ill-fortune did I ever hear. Not a word of abuse hurled at the bigwigs at the head of affairs. And Tom Bambo,—Tom Bambo had followed Uncle Boz for many long years over the salt ocean. Tom had been picked up (the only survivor of some hundreds) from a sunken slave-ship off the coast of Africa. Uncle Boz had on that occasion hauled him with his own hands into the boat. He was grateful then. Falling overboard afterwards during a heavy gale, in the same locality, where sharks abounded, when all hope of being saved had abandoned him, Uncle Boz from the topsail of the ship saw him struggling.

"I cannot let that poor negro perish," he cried. "Pass me that grating." Grating in hand, he plunged overboard, swam to Bambo with it, and a boat being lowered, both were picked up. Bambo well understood the risk the brave lieutenant had run for his sake.

"Ah, Massa Boz, me lub you as my own soul," he exclaimed, coming up to him with tears in his eyes.

Uncle Boz had taught him that he had a soul.

Such were Uncle Boz, Aunt Deborah, Tom Bambo, and the house they lived in. I again repeat I have spent the happiest days of my life with them. Holidays they really were. He seldom had less than five or six boys at a time with him stowed away in the before-mentioned little excrescences of the mansion. Summer or winter we liked both equally well. There was always a hearty, chirruping welcome for us, and even now I see before me those three honest, round, kind faces in the porch, Uncle Boz and Aunt Deborah in front, and Bambo in the rear, for being generally employed in the back premises, he was last on the scene, and it was physically impossible for him to pass his master and mistress.

The Christmas holidays arrived. A jolly journey we had of it; our pea-shooters were not inactive. There were Jack and I, and big Ned Hollis, and David Flower, and Tom and Harry King; Ned was older than any of us, and had been at sea, and we all looked up to him greatly. The friends of Uncle Boz were mostly commanders and lieutenants, surgeons, pursers, and marine officers. Now and then he entered on his list a merchant he might have met abroad, whose sons had no home to go to. By this time the Grahams were at sea, fitted out by Uncle Boz. Uncle Boz had had a good deal of money come to him, and it's my belief that he could have lived ten times better than he did, had he spent it all upon himself, instead of thinking only how he could do most good with it. The wheels of the chaise which contained us youngsters rolled so noiselessly over the snow, that not till the wicket opened, and a secret bell which communicated with the interior rung, did the tableau I have described appear in the porch. There it was though, in all its attractive freshness, by the time we had tumbled, some of us, head foremost out of the chaise.

There was a blazing fire and a plentiful dinner, and we were all soon as merry as crickets, telling our adventures, Uncle Boz listening as if they were important matters of state. It was bitterly cold outside, or the snow would not have remained as it did so close to the sea. We were looking forward to skating the next day on a piece of water a mile or so inland, and we were to build a snow man, and a snow castle, which Uncle Boz undertook to defend with Bambo against all assailants. Aunt Deborah not being a combatant, was to be employed in the heroinine occupation of making ammunition for both sides, in the shape of snow-balls. It was decided that we would in the first place build a castle,

and we were to commence early the next morning; our only fear was that the snow might melt, but as there was a very satisfactory biting, black, northerly wind blowing, there was not much chance of that.

Our conversation all the evening was about saps and counter saps, of which Uncle Boz remarked that the red coats ought to know far more than he did; and this led him to talk of some of the scenes in which he had taken part, and Bambo was sent for to assist his memory, and together they enthusiastically fought their battles over again. They were like Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, except that the ocean was their field of glory, and that the cut of the two old seamen's jibs was strongly in contrast to the figures of their brother red coats. It was a pleasant evening, that it was. How their tongues wagged. How they flourished their legs of wood. Bambo seemed to be sitting on quicksilver, on the top of the wooden stool which he had brought in and placed near the door. His exclamations and gesticulations kept us in hearty roars of laughter, as he became interested in the account of any gallant deeds thus brought by Uncle Boz to his recollection. It is impossible, however, for me now to repeat any of their accounts. I may do so by and by, when I have got on a little more with my story, for story I have, and a very interesting one it ought to prove.

Breakfast over the next morning, having put all wheel-barrows, hand-barrows, and baskets we could find into requisition, we set to work to rear the strong hold to be defended. Such a castle as was the result never was seen before or since. Uncle Boz declared that he should be proud to defend it to the last gasp, Bambo echoing the sentiment. It was built on the side of the hill, with a perpendicular rock six feet high at least below it, and we all pronounced the fortress equal to those of Gibraltar, Ehrenbreitstein, San Sebastian, or any others of like celebrity. Both defenders were armed with shields—tops of saucepans—while, standing back to back, they with them defended their heads, or bravely bobbed as the snowy missiles flew towards them. We made our attacks now on one side, now on the other, they spinning round on their wooden legs with astonishing rapidity, to meet them. At length our general resolved to storm. The most difficult side was chosen—where the cliff was steepest. A feint was made on the opposite side, towards which the defenders turned all their attention. We had reached the summit. Our friends on the opposite side pushed so vehemently against the walls, that an impetus was given to the whole fabric. Thundering over the cliff it came, with defenders and assailants, and all together were buried in the ruins. Uncle Boz soon scrambled out, but where was Bambo? At length a brown stump was seen wagging faintly. "That's his leg,

haul away, boys," shouted Uncle Boz. We hauled, and dug with might and main, for we had no small fear lest our black friend should be smothered outright; but the body followed the leg, as we hauled, and happily there was not only life, but activity in him, and jumping up, before we were aware what he was about to do, he began to pelt us so vehemently, that, amid shouts of laughter, we were compelled to take to flight, and scamper down the hill, Uncle Boz aiding him in following up the victory.

That evening Uncle Boz showed us an apparatus for sending a line on board a stranded ship, whether invented or improved by him I am not prepared to say, nor whether the projectile was a rocket or a shot, or both, fired from a gun. Hollis, the eldest of our party, who had considerable mechanical talent, seemed clearly to understand its use I remember.

Great preparations had been made for Christmas-day. Such a turkey, such a piece of beef, and such a plum pudding. We went to church in the morning in spite of the distance, and a heavy gale blowing in our teeth coming back. Fine old English holly, with many a scarlet berry on it, adorned the church, and the instruments,—violin, violoncello, flageolet, &c., &c., with the voices, were in great tune and wind,—and the sermon was appropriate,—"Love, goodwill towards all men," just long enough to send us away in a happy temper, with its leading idea or principle in the heads, and may be in the hearts of some hearers. Our appetites, too, were sharpened by our walk, and the keen wind and the recollection of the appearance of our destined viands as we saw them displayed in Miss Deborah's larder. The wind was blowing strong on shore, not softened by its passage across the North Sea; the snow began to fall; thickly and more thickly it came down. "Stop," cried Uncle Boz, as we neared the cliff, "There's a gun!" We listened. The low dull sound of a gun came across the seething, tossing ocean, but the ship from which it was fired was unseen. "She's a large ship, dismasted, possibly lost her anchors, or has no confidence in our holding ground. She is right. It is bad," he remarked; "Firing to warn us to be on the look out for her. We'll do that same at all events, poor souls. Where will she drive ashore, though? Stooping down, he listened attentively for some time, then standing up he exclaimed, "She'll strike not far from this to the south'ard. Bambo, we must try to help them."

"Ay, ay, Sir. Dat we will," cried Bambo.

"Then find out Dick Hawker, Sam Swattridge, and the rest. Tell them if they'll go I'll command them, and if they won't, that they're a

set of cowardly ————. No, no, don't say that, they'll go fast enough."

While Bambo hobbled off to the neighbouring fishing village, where there was a small harbour, we accompanied Uncle Boz home. Near the harbour a fine boat was kept ready to launch, which, though not a professed life-boat, from her having been fitted up by Uncle Boz, she possessed many of the necessary qualifications for dangerous service. As soon as we reached the house, Uncle Boz got out the apparatus I have described, and gave it in charge of Ned Hollis, with Tom King as his lieutenant, and the rest of us as crew. He directed us all to obey Hollis implicitly. Hollis had not only been at sea, but had already superior scientific attainments.

"Remember men's lives may depend on the way you manage that affair, lads. Now bear it along with you to the beach, to the spot where the ship is likely to come ashore. Deb, we'll be back for dinner I hope, and shall not have worse appetites. Perhaps we may have a guest or two," he added, as we went out.

We had not gone far before we met two of the coast-guard men, who had heard the firing. The head station, where the lieutenant resided, was at a considerable distance, and it was feared that he had gone in an opposite direction. Though the coast-guard men would be of great assistance, Hollis was still to have charge of the apparatus. Uncle Boz having speedily made his arrangements, hurried off to the village, while we continued our course along the beach. Behind us was a lofty sand-hill, and Hollis ordered King and me to climb up to try and discover the ship. It was bitter work, even on the beach, much worse for the poor fellows wet through and through at sea. At first, on reaching the top of the sand-hill, we could see nothing, but soon the snow fell less densely, and through it we discovered the dim outline of a large ship, now almost buried in the trough of the sea, now lifted to the foaming summit of a wave as she drove onward towards the beach. Her masts were gone, though her bowsprit remained. The tide was carrying her somewhat along the beach, so that it seemed as if she would drift not far from the harbour itself. While we were watching, the snow ceased falling, and our interest was now turned towards the boat with Uncle Boz and Bambo in her. She had just reached the mouth of the harbour. It was perilous work. Huge seas were rolling in. A lull was waited for. Out dashed the boat. It seemed as if it were impossible she could live amid those troubled waters. How we held our breath as we watched her progress. Now it seemed as if she was overwhelmed by the curling, foaming seas; then again she emerged and

struggled on, buoyantly floating on their summits. To save the ship was beyond human power, but the wish of Uncle Boz was evidently to try and pilot her in between two rocks, where her crew might perhaps reach the shore. Lives are more generally lost when a ship drives on an open beach than when among rocks. In one instance the people may cling to the rocks, but the undertow from the beach sweeps them out as often as they struggle towards it, till their strength fails and they sink beneath the waves. With a glass King had brought, we could see the people on the deck of the hapless craft. King handed it to me. "What do you see now?" he asked.

"Women as well as men, two or three at least," I exclaimed, almost breathless. "Poor creatures! Oh King, suppose there were children among them!"

The ship rolled fearfully, while the seas meeting with the resistance of her already water-logged hull broke over it in showers of foam, which must have frozen as they fell on her deck. Her crew were huddled together, some forward and some with the passengers aft. For her size there appeared to be very few seamen. We told Hollis.

"When the masts went many of them likely enough went also," was his answer.

Hitherto they had not observed the boat. We saw Uncle Boz waving to them. There was a movement among the men. They saw him; an attempt was made to hoist a sail on the stump of the foremast. It was blown away in an instant.

"No anchor would hold; yet it is their only chance," said Hollis. The coast-guard men agreed.

The attempt was made. We saw the crew cutting the stoppers. It was a moment of breathless anxiety. "Yes, it holds," was shouted. The ship brought up head to wind. The boat was making way towards her.

"It will never hold," cried Hollis.

Now was the opportunity for the boat to get alongside. Should the cable part, three minutes would see the ship amid the cruel breakers. The boat seemed almost stationary; the people on deck stretched out their hands to her imploringly. Our eyes ached with gazing on her. We thought not of the biting wind, the piercing cold.

"She is driving," cried Hollis. "But—but—see! see! Uncle Boz is alongside. Heaven protect him!"

There was a rush to the side. Several persons were lowered into the boat. We saw others descending by ropes: whether they all got in we could not tell. Some remained on deck. The boat suddenly appeared at a distance from the ship.

"The cable has parted!" cried Hollis. "No hope for them now!"

We hurried along to where we saw the ship must strike. A huge roller seemed to lift her, and with a terrific crash down she came on the sand, the foaming sea instantly dashing over her, making every timber in her tremble, and tearing off large fragments of her upper works.

"The stoutest ship ever built could'nt stand those shocks many minutes," observed one of the coast-guard men.

Hollis had planted his apparatus. A shot was fired, and the line fell over the wreck as the sea took one poor fellow who had let go his hold to clutch it. In vain he lifted up his hands to grasp some part of the wreck. He was borne helplessly into the seething cauldron below. Now he was carried towards us. We could see his straining eye-balls, and his arms stretched out. In vain, in vain. The hissing roller, as it receded, swept him far away; a shriek reached our ears and we saw him no more. Such has been many a brave seaman's lot. Another seaman was more successful, the line was secured, and now we signalled to those on board to secure a stouter line that we might haul it on shore. One was found, and we began hauling away, but our united strength could only just do it. How should we ever get a cable taut enough to allow of the people passing safely along it? Happily at that moment several fishermen arrived with stout poles, boats' masts, and oars, and began planting them in the sand. Then taking the rope in hand, they hauled it in with ease. A hawser had been made fast to the rope. That in the same way was got in, and the end secured to the poles. A traveller had been wisely placed on the hawser. The first man securing himself to it worked his way along, carrying a line with him. He was one of the mates. There were six more people on board alive, including the captain, he told us. The rest had been lowered into the boat, with the women and children. "Children out in such weather as this!" more than one of us exclaimed. But the boat; where was that? Now, for the first time, while the line which the brave mate had brought on shore was being hauled back, we had time to look out for her. I ran up the sand-hill. In vain I turned my eyes over the angry foaming sea. Not a glimpse of the boat could I obtain. Down came the snow again. My heart sank within me. "Haul away!" I heard shouted. I ran to take my part. The big tears sprang to my eyes. I could'nt tell my companions what I feared. At last I could refrain no longer. "Oh Hollis! Oh King! the boat has gone," I cried out, bursting into tears. "Uncle Boz! dear Uncle Boz and Bambo!" sobbed more than one of us.

"No fear, masters—no fear," exclaimed one of the fishermen. "The boat is in long ago, and the lieutenant and those he has saved from a watery grave are safe on shore, and on their way up to the house by this time."

How our hearts felt relieved, and if we did'nt shout for joy it was because they were too full for that. Well, I must cut my story short. Three more men came on shore safe, a fourth attempting to get along, trusting to his own strength without the traveller, was washed off, and in spite of a rush made into the water to save him was carried back and lost. The brave captain was the last man to leave the ship, and scarcely had he reached the strand than a huge sea, like some great monster, with a terrific roar struck the wreck, and literally dashed her into a thousand fragments. I must not stop either to describe the appearance of the beach strewn with fragments of wreck, with cargo and luggage, or how the people from far and near collected to appropriate what they could, eager to secure a large booty before the proper authorities arrived to take possession of the property. Bambo, who appeared to invite all those we had rescued up to the house, satisfied us that Uncle Boz was safe. We hurried on with our companions, for we were all wet through and bitterly cold. The house was hot enough when we got inside, for there were blazing fires in each room, Uncle Boz presiding over one, Bambo over the other, with saucepans and spoons, and a strong smell of port-wine negus pervading the atmosphere. In the dining-room, into which Miss Deborah did not venture, were five or six rolls of rugs, with rough human heads sticking out of them. In the drawing-room, the dear lady's own domain, was a large basket, serving as a cradle in one corner, and two big chairs forming a bed in another; one occupied by an infant, the other by a little creature with a beautiful blue-eyed face, which would look up with bewildered gaze to watch what was going forward. Aunt Deb was deeply busied in grating nutmeg, squeezing lemons, and stirring up sugar.

"Oh, dear boys, run and change your clothes, you'll all catch your death of cold," she exclaimed.

Up we went, but soon discovered that she had forgotten to warn us that most of our rooms were occupied. However, she recollected very quickly, and hurrying, panting after us, brought us all dry garments into Hollis's room.

The captain had followed us, and arrived as we came back. Uncle Boz was about to make another jorum of negus. He looked up, spoon in hand. "Welcome on shore, 'tis no time for ceremony," he cried out. "Always glad to receive a seaman in distress. There, turn into my

bed in the room through there. Your men shall have rugs in the other room there, till their clothes are dry.

Where was our Christmas dinner all this time? That had the Caboose to itself, and Bambo every now and then stumped off to see how it was going on, Miss Deborah also occasionally looking in for the same purpose. By the time the dinner was cooked, the seamen's clothes were dried, and then the table was spread in the dining room, and Uncle Boz, standing up, asked a blessing on the food, and told the shipwrecked seamen to fall to. Miss Deborah carried off certain portions of the turkey and ham upstairs, and Uncle Boz, in like manner, took some into his best guest-chamber, the one built for his late shipmate. All I know is that every scrap had disappeared before he found out that neither he nor any of us had eaten a morsel. He winked to us to say nothing about the matter, and Bambo soon after placed on the drawing-room table some bread and cheese, and a huge pile of gigantic mince-pies. We demolished them, and I may honestly say that I never more thoroughly enjoyed a Christmas dinner, at least seeing one eaten.

I have a good deal more to say about that pair of blue eyes, now closed by sleep in the arm-chair, and those upstairs to whom the little owner belonged; but I must cry avast for the present. Well! there *is* a satisfaction in toiling, and denying ourselves to do good to others, and to make them happy, and that is the reason why I have an idea that that same day I have been describing was one of the most satisfactory Christmas days I ever spent.

I have not narrated this adventure of my early days without an object. I want to draw the attention of my readers, who are enjoying an abundance of the good things of life at this happy Christmas holiday time, and have comfortable churches and chapels to go to, where they may be taught their duty, to the moral and physical condition of our brave seamen. Let us think for a moment what a hard life at the best they lead, and how any moment they may be hurried, totally unprepared, into eternity. Can none of you help them? I am sure that all of you can. I happen to know of four excellent institutions for their benefit:—The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, Hibernia Chambers, London, Bridge; The Life Boat Institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.; The Missions to Seamen, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.; The Thames Church Mission Society, King William Street, City, E.C.

Whenever you have a few shillings burning in your pockets, just send them to one or the other of these. I may have my predilections, but I plead for the seamen and not for the society.

MR. SUDBERRY AT BREAKFAST.

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

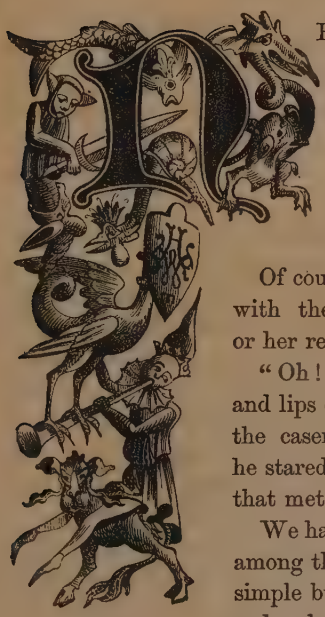
OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

Chapter III.—First Impressions.



NEXT morning the Sudberrys were awakened to a sense of the peculiar circumstances into which they had plunged by the lowing of cattle, the crowing of cocks, and the furious barking of collie dogs, as the household of Donald McAllister commenced the labours of a new day.

Of course every member of the Sudberry family, with the exception of "mamma," rushed to his or her respective window.

"Oh! how beautiful!" gushed from the heart and lips of Lucy, as she gazed in wonder through the casement; and a shriek burst from Jacky as he stared in wild delight upon the gorgeous scene that met his view.

We have said that the White House was embedded among the blue hills. It was an old and extremely simple building, having an oblong front, two sides, and a back; two stories, six windows, and one door; which last, imbued, apparently, with a dislike to being shut, was always open. The house appeared to have an insatiable thirst for mountain air, and it was well supplied with this fresh and exhilarating beverage; for it stood in an elevated position on the slope of a mountain, and overlooked a wide tract of flood and fell, on which latter there was little wood but a luxuriant carpet of grass and heather.

The weather had evidently resolved to make amends for its surly

reception of the strangers on the previous evening, by greeting them with one of its sweetest Highland smiles in the morning.

When Mr. Sudberry, in the exuberance of his delight, ran without hat or coat to a neighbouring knoll, accompanied by all his children, the scene that met his eye was one of surpassing grandeur and beauty. The mists of early morning were rolling up from the loch in white fleecy clouds, which floated over and partly concealed the sides of the mountains. The upper wreaths of these clouds, and the crags and peaks that pierced through them, were set on fire by the rising sun. Great fissures and gorges in the hills, which at other times lay concealed in the blue haze of distance, were revealed by the mists and the slanting rays of the sun, and the incumbent cliffs, bluff promontories, and capes, were in some places sharply defined, in others luminously softened, so that the mountains displayed at once that appearance of solid reality, mingled with melting mystery, which is seen at no period of the day but early morning. The whole scene—water, earth, and sky—was so involved, that no lines of demarcation could be traced anywhere; only bold startling points, melting into blue and white masses that mingled with each other in golden and pearly greys of every conceivable variety. Having said thus much, we need scarcely add that the scene cannot be adequately described.

A light fragrant air met the stout Englishman as he crested the hill, and filled his unaccustomed nostrils with sensations that could not have been excelled had he been greeted by one of "Afric's spicy gales." The same air, with telegraphic speed, conveyed to the collie dogs of the place the information that the Sudberrys were abroad; whereupon the whole pack—nine in number—bounded open-mouthed up the hill, with noise and ferocity enough to have alarmed the bravest of the brave. No wonder, then, that poor Jacky rushed into his father's knees, being too small to run into his arms. But these seemingly ferocious dogs were in reality the gentlest and meekest of animals.

"Down, Topper, down! Down, Lively, lass; come into heel, Swancy," cried Donald McAllister. as he approached his tenants. "Good mornin', miss; mornin' gentlemen. The Ben has on its nightcap, but I'm thinkin' it'll soon take it off."

Donald McAllister's English was excellent, but he spoke in a slow deliberate manner, and with a slightly nasal drawl, which sounded very peculiar in the ears of the Sudberrys,—just as peculiar, in fact, as their speech sounded in the ears of McAllister.

"Ah! you call the white cloud on the mountain-top a nightcap?—good, very good," cried Mr. Sudberry, rubbing his hands. "What a

charming place this is, a paradisaical place, so to speak. The dogs won't bite, will they?" said he, patting the alarmed Jacky on the head.

"No fear o' the dogs, Sir," returned McAllister; "they're like lambs. It's just their way. Ye'll be for a row on the loch the day, no doot." The Highlander addressed this remark to George and Fred.

"What!" exclaimed the former, "is there a boat that we can have the use of?"

"'Deed is there, a good safe boat too, that can hold the whole of ye. I'll show you where the oars lie after breakfast."

"Capital," cried Mr. Sudberry, rubbing his hands.

"Charming," exclaimed Lucy, with sparkling eyes.

Master Jacky expressed his glee with a characteristic cheer or yell, that at once set fire to the easily inflamed spirits of the dogs, causing them to resume their excited gambols and furious barking. This effectually stopped the conversation for five minutes.

"I delight in boating," observed Fred, when McAllister had quelled the disturbance.

"So do I," said his father; "but fishing is the thing for me. There's nothing like fishing. You have fine trout in the lake, I believe?"

"Ay, an' salmon too," answered McAllister.

"So I've heard, so I've heard," said Mr. Sudberry, with a glow of excitement and pleasure on his round visage. "We must get our rods and tackle unpacked at once, George. You are a great fisher, no doubt, Mr. McAllister?"

"Well, not just that, but I do manage to fill a basket now and then, an' whiles to land a g'ilse."

"A gilse!" cried George in surprise, "what is that?"

"It's a small salmon ——."

"Oh! you mean a grilse," interposed Mr. Sudberry.

"Yes, I mean that, an' I said that," returned McAllister, slowly and with emphasis. "Scienteefic men are not agreed whether the g'ilse is a small salmon or not, I'm of opeenion that it is. But whether or not, it's a famous fish on the table, and lively enough on the line to delight the heart of every true disciple of Isaac Walton."

"What, you have read that charming book?" exclaimed Mr. Sudberry, looking at the rugged Highlander in some surprise.

"Yes," replied the other, in the grave quiet manner that was peculiar to him; "I took to it one winter as a sort o' recreation, after readin' through 'Paley's Evidences.'"

"What!" cried Mr. Sudberry, "whose Evidences did you say?"

"Paley's; ye've heard o' him, dootless."

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Sudberry, "I have heard of him, but I—I must confess that I have not read him."

At this point, Jacky's eye fell on a shaggy little cow which had strayed near to the party, and stood regarding him with a stern inquisitive glance. Remembering the fright he had received so recently from a similar creature, he uttered a tremendous roar, and again sought refuge in his father's knees. The discussion on Paley was thus cut short; for the dogs—whose chief delight was to bark, though *not* to bite, as has been libellously asserted of all dogs by Dr. Watts—sprang to their feet, divided their forces, and, while two of the oldest kept frisking round and leaping upon the party in a promiscuous manner, as if to assure them of protection in the event of danger, the remainder ran open-mouthed and howling at the cow. That curly-headed, long-horned creature received them at first with a defiant look and an elevated tail, but ultimately took to her heels, to the immense delight of Jacky, whose soul was imbued with a deep and altogether unutterable horror of cattle, especially black cows.

The service which the dogs rendered to him on this occasion induced the boy to make advances of a friendly nature, which were met more than half way, and the result was the establishment of a good understanding between the Sudberrys and the collie dogs, which ultimately ripened into a lasting friendship, insomuch that when the family quitted the place, Lucy carried away with her a lock of Lively's hair, cut from the pendent tip of her right ear.

Presently Mr. Sudberry pulled out his watch, and, exclaiming that it was breakfast-time, trotted down the hill, followed by his family and escorted by the dogs.

We will pause here to describe Mr. Sudberry's family briefly.

George was the merchant's eldest son. He was bold, stout, active, middle-sized, and seventeen years of age; full of energy and life, a crack rower, a first-rate cricketer, and generally a clever fellow. George was always jolly.

Fred was about the same height as his brother, two years younger, slender in form, and gentle in disposition, but active, too, when occasion required it. His forte was drawing and painting. Fred was generally quiet and grave. Both brothers were musical.

Lucy had reached the interesting age of sixteen. She was plain, decidedly, but sweet-tempered in the extreme. Her mouth was good, and her eyes were good, and her colour was good, but her nose was a snub,—an undeniable and incurable snub. Her mother had tried to

amend it from the earliest hours of Lucy's existence by pulling the point gently downwards and pinching up the bridge,—or, rather, the hollow where the bridge ought to have been,—but all in vain ; the infant turned up its eyes when the operation was going on, and still turned up its nose when it was over. Yes, although there were many of the elements of beauty about Lucy, she was plain—but sweet ; always bear that in mind. She was funny too. Not that she made fun of her own free will ; but she appreciated fun in others so intensely that she looked funny herself, and she giggled. This was her only fault, she giggled. When the spirit of fun was roused, nothing could stop her. But don't suppose that she was always giggling ; by no means. She was always good and amiable, often grave, and sometimes deeply serious.

Matilda, commonly called Tilly, was a meek, delicate, pretty little girl of eight years old. She was charmingly innocent and ignorant. In the last respect she resembled her mother, who was the only other stupid member of Mr. Sudberry's family. Being deeply impressed with the fact of her ignorance and stupidity, Mrs. Sudberry went on the tack of boldly admitting the same, and holding, or affecting to hold, ability and general acquirements in contempt.

Mrs. Brown was a female dragon, nurse to Master Jacky and Miss Tilly ; she tormented the former, whom she disliked, and spoiled the latter, whom she loved.

Hobbs was the man servant of the family. He was characterized chiefly by a tendency to drop his h's in conversation, out of words to which they naturally belonged, and to pick them up and insert them in the most contradictory manner in words with which they had no connection whatever. He was also marked by the strong regard and esteem which he had for his master and family ; the stronger regard and esteem which he had for himself, and the easy, good-humoured way in which he regarded the remainder of the world at large as an inferior order of beings.

As for Peter, he has already been described as the timid clerk of humble origin, whose chief duties, while in London, were to wipe up ink and clear away *débris*. He had been taken with the family to act the part of a page in buttons—without the buttons—and to make himself generally useful. Hitherto the page's bosom had, since leaving London, been a chamber of indescribable terrors. Truly, if, as is said, the anticipation of death is worse than the reality, poor Peter must have suffered a prolonged and continuous death during the last few days. Never having been on a railway before, the first shriek of the

whistle pierced him like a knife, the shock of starting rent him (figuratively) like a thunderbolt. Thereafter, every passing train was an excruciating arrow in his quivering heart, every tunnel was a plunge into the horrible anticipation that "here it was coming at last!" But Peter's trials were now, for a time, he fondly hoped, at an end. Poor boy! he little knew what was in store for him.

Chapter IV.—First Comers served First, &c.

When Mr. Sudberry reached the breakfast parlour, and put his head in at the door to see whether his faithful wife were there, he was struck absolutely dumb by the amazing *tableau vivant* that met his vision.

There was nothing in the aspect of the room itself to surprise him. It was homely and neat. The table was spread with a clean white cloth, on which the breakfast equipage was displayed with a degree of care and precision that betrayed the master-hand of Hobbs; but on the edge of the table sat a large black cat, calmly breakfasting off a pat of delicious fresh butter. Beside the table, with its fore-legs thereon and its hind legs on the floor, stood a large nanny-goat, which was either looking in vain for something suited to its own particular taste, or admiring with disinterested complacency the energy with which two hens and a bantam cock pecked out the crumb of a wheaten loaf. If the latter were the goat's occupation, it must have been charmed beyond expression; for the half of the loaf had been devoured by the audacious trio, and, just at the moment of Mr. Sudberry's appearance, the bantam's body was buried over the shoulders, and nothing of it was visible to the horrified master of the house save its tail, appearing over the edge of the loaf.

"She—ee—w!" roared Mr. Sudberry, rushing into the room and whirling his arms like the sails of a windmill. The cat vanished through the window like a black vision galvanized and made awfully real. The poultry, thrown into convulsions of terror, flew screaming round the room in blind haste, searching for a door or window of escape; while the goat, true to its nature, ran at the enemy on its hind legs, and, with its head down, attempted to punch him on the stomach. By an active leap to one side, the enemy escaped this charge; but the goat, nothing daunted, turned to renew the attack; next moment George, Fred, and Hobbs rushing into the room, diverted its attention. Intimidated by overwhelming numbers, the animal darted through the doorway, along the passage and out at the front door, where it met Peter

unexpectedly, and wreaked its disappointed vengeance on him by planting on his chest the punch which had been intended for his master. By this means that timid and hapless youth was laid flat on the green grass.

"Is Jacky safe?" cried Mrs. Sudberry, running into the room with terror on her countenance, and falling down on the sofa in a semi-swoon on being informed that he was. She was followed by Lucy and Tilly, with scent-bottles, and by nurse, who exhibited a tendency to go off into hysterics; but who, in consequence of a look from her master, postponed that luxury to a more convenient season.

Thus the "expatriated" family assembled to morning prayers, and to partake of their first Highland breakfast.

Of course that day, being their first, was spent in an excited and rambling endeavour to master the localities and ascertain the most interesting points about their new home.

Mrs. S. and her daughters examined the interior accommodation of the White House minutely, and, with the assistance of Mrs. Brown, Hobbs, and the page, disposed their goods and chattels to the best advantage; while her husband and sons went out to introduce themselves to the farmer and his family. They lived in a small cottage, or off-shoot, at the back of the principal dwelling, in close proximity to which were the byre, stable, and barns.

It would occupy too much space to relate in detail all the things and sights that called forth the delight and surprise of the excitable Mr. Sudberry. How he found to his amazement that the byre was under the same roof with the farmer's kitchen, and only separated therefrom by a wooden partition with a door in it. How he was assailed by the nine collie dogs the moment he entered the kitchen with threats of being torn to pieces; yet was suffered to pass unscathed. How he and his sons were introduced by Mr. McAllister to his mother, a grave, mild old woman who puzzled them beyond measure; because, although clad in homely and unfashionable garments, and dwelling in a hut little better than the habitation of the cattle, except in point of cleanliness, she conversed and conducted herself towards them with a degree of unaffected ease and urbanity that might have graced any lady in the land. How this old lady astonished them with the amount of general knowledge that leaked out in the course of a few minutes' talk. How she introduced the dogs by name, one by one, to Jacky, which delighted him immensely; and how, soon after that, Jacky attempted to explore out-of-the-way corners of the farm-yard, and stepped suddenly up to the knees in a mud-hole, out of which he emerged with a pair of tight-fitting

Wellington boots, which filled him with ecstasy and his father with disgust.

All this and a great deal more might be dilated on largely; but we are compelled to dismiss it summarily, without further remark.

In the course of that day Mr. Sudberry and his boys learned a great deal about their new home from McAllister, whom they found intelligent, shrewd, and well-informed on any topic they chose to broach; even although he was, as Mrs. Sudberry said in surprise, "quite a common man, who wore corduroy and wrought in his fields like a mere labourer." After dinner they all walked out together, and had a row on the lake under his guidance; and in the evening they unexpectedly met Mr. Hector Macdonald, who was proprietor of the estate on which the White House stood, and who dwelt in another white house of much larger size at the head of the loch, distant about two miles. Mrs. Sudberry had expected to find this Highland gentleman a very poor and proud sort of man, with a rough aspect, a superabundance of red hair, and, possibly, a kilt. Judge then her surprise when she found him to be a young gentleman of refined mind, prepossessing manners, elegant though sturdy appearance, and clad in grey tweed shooting-coat, vest, and trousers; the cut of which could not have been excelled by her own George's tailor, and George was particular in respect of cut.

Mr. Macdonald, who carried a fishing-rod, introduced himself, and accompanied his new friends part of the way home; and then, saying that he was about to take a cast in the river before sunset, offered to show the gentlemen the best pools. "The gentlemen" leaped at the offer more eagerly than ever trout leaped at an artificial fly; for they were profoundly ignorant of the gentle art except as it is practised on the Thames, seated on a chair in a punt, and with bait and float.

Hector Macdonald not only showed his friends where to fish, but *how* to fish; and the whole thing appeared so easy as practised and explained by him, that father and sons turned their steps homeward about dusk, convinced that they could "do it" easily, and anticipating triumph on the morrow.

On the way home, after parting from Hector, they passed a solitary hut of the rudest description, which might have escaped observation had not a bright stream of light issued from the low doorway and crossed their path.

"I would like to peep into this cottage, father," said Fred, who cherished strong sympathies with poor people.

"Come, then," cried Mr. Sudberry, "let us explore."

Jacky, who was with them, felt timid and objected; but being told that he might hang about outside, he gave in.

They had to bend low on entering the hovel, which was mean and uncomfortable in appearance. The walls were built of unhewn stones, gathered from the bed of the river hard by; the interstices were filled up with mud and straw. Nothing graced these walls in the shape of ornament; but a few mugs and tin pots and several culinary implements hung from rusty nails and wooden pegs. The floor was of hard mud. There was no ceiling, and the rafters were stained black by the smoke of the peat fire which burned in the middle of the floor, and the only chimney for which was a small hole in the roof. A stool, a broken chair, and a crooked table, constituted the entire furniture of the miserable place; unless we may include a heap of straw and rags in a corner which served for a bed.

Seated on the stool, and bending over the fire, was an old woman, so wild and shrivelled in her appearance that a much less superstitious urchin than Jacky might have believed her to be a witch. Her clothing may be described as a bundle of rags, with the exception of a shepherd's plaid on her shoulders, the spotless purity of which contrasted strangely with the dirtiness of everything else around. The old creature was moaning and moping over the fire, and drawing the plaid close round her as if she were cold, although the weather was extremely warm. At first she took no notice whatever of the entrance of her visitors, but kept muttering to herself in the Gaelic tongue.

"A fine evening, my good woman," said Fred, laying his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Hoo do ye know I'm good?" she cried, turning her gleaming eyes sharply on her questioner.

"Don't be angry, granny," put in Mr. Sudberry, in a conciliatory tone.

The effect of this remark on the old woman was the reverse of what had been expected.

"Granny! granny!" she shrieked fiercely, holding up her skinny right arm and shaking her fist at Mr. Sudberry, "who dares to ca' me granny?"

"My dear woman, I meant no offence," said the latter, much distressed at having unwittingly roused the anger of this strange creature, who continued to glare furiously at the trio.

Jacky kept well in the background, and contented himself with peeping round the door-post.

"No offence! no offence! an' you dare to ca' me granny! Go! go! *go!*"

As she uttered these three words with increasing vehemence, the last syllable was delivered in a piercing scream. Rising suddenly from her stool, she pointed to the door with an air of command that would have well become the queen of the witches.

Not wishing to agitate the poor woman, whom he now regarded as a lunatic, Mr. Sudberry turned to go; but a wonderful change in the expression of her face arrested him. Her eye had fallen on the round visage of Jacky, and a beaming smile now lighted up and beautified the countenance which had so recently been distorted with passion. Uttering some unintelligible phrase in Gaelic, she held out her skinny arms towards the child, as if entreating him to come to her. Strange to say, Jacky did not run away or scream with fright as she approached him and took him in her arms. Whether it was that he was too much petrified with horror to offer any resistance, or that he understood the smile of affection and reciprocated it, we cannot tell; but certain it is that Jacky suffered her to place him on her knee, stroke his hair, and press him to her old breast, as unresistingly and silently as if she had been his own mother, instead of a mad old woman.

Fred availed himself of this improved state of things to again attempt to open an amicable conversation; but the old woman appeared to have turned stone deaf, for she would neither look at nor reply to him. Her whole attention was devoted to Jacky, into whose wondering ears she poured a stream of Gaelic, without either waiting for or apparently expecting a reply.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, she pushed Jacky away from her, and began to wring her hands and moan as she bent over the fire. Mr. Sudberry seized the opportunity to decamp. He led Jacky quietly out of the hut and made for the White House at as rapid a pace as the darkness of the night would allow. As they walked home, father and sons felt as if they had recently held familiar converse with a ghost or an evil spirit.

But that feeling passed away when they were all seated at tea in the snug parlour, relating and listening to the adventure; and Jacky swelled to double his size, figuratively, on finding himself invested with sudden and singular importance as the darling of an "old witch." Soon, however, matters of greater interest claimed the attention of Mr. Sudberry and his sons; for their bosoms were inflamed with a desire to emulate the dexterous Hector Macdonald.

Rods and tackle were overhauled, and every preparation made for a serious expedition on the morrow. That night Mr. Sudberry dreamed of fishing.

(*To be continued.*)

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE SECOND—OF DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

"ONE thing I have never yet conquered—
"The sea!

"I have sailed on it till I have been wrecked, swam in it till I have been drowned, fished in it till I have been swallowed, starved on it, till——, but no matter. Enough that *I* am afraid to tell you half my 'dangers,' you must put up with the least alarming.

"I shall never forget the night of the eighteenth of September, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two; I had just returned from sea, my dear relations sat round me with their mouths open, greedily taking in the vivid story of my perils. Eager to tell my plain unvarnished tale, I did not notice its terrible effect upon them, till struck by a great wonder at the brilliant manner in which the room was suddenly lit up, I cast my eyes around. All their hair was turned grey, or say rather, snowy white; and each particular head was acting as a reflector to the moderator lamp on the table, in the midst of the room. All their hair grey, and all their jaws locked past picking. I need not say, that I am now rather unwilling to narrate the *best* of my stories.

STRANGE REFLECTION.

"Talking of grey hairs, reminds me of a skipper, a mate, and a bo'sun, all grey haired, and all three obstinate men. I was sailing in their ship, a passenger to Melbourne.

"'Skipper,' said I, one morning, pointing to a white line of foam, about half a mile ahead—'skipper, beware of the sunken rocks of the Pacific.' He laughed at me, and I said no more; but in five minutes we had struck upon these very rocks, of whose existence no one but myself was aware. All was confusion; no one knew what was to be

done ; we were off the rocks indeed, but with a great hole in the ship's bottom, and the water pouring in.

"'The hole is three foot square,' shrieked the obstinate skipper.

STOPPING A LEAK.

"'So are you!' I replied, and shoved him in feet foremost ; he fitted exactly.

"'Starboard!' I cried to the mate, who had taken the command.

"'Larboard!' he roared ; we struck again. Another hole.

"'Two foot nine,' whispered the mate.

"'So are you,' I cried, and shoved him in by the side of the skipper. The bo'sun was now captain.

"'Larboard!' I shouted.

"'Starboard!' yelled the bo'sun ; we struck a third time.

"'Two foot six,' screamed the bo'sun.

"'So are you,' I cried, and the bo'sun was shoved in beside the mate. I then took command, made for a friendly port, released the three grey-headed officers from their uncomfortable berths, and explained to the agents, that they were not much to blame, and would never do so any more.

"But a worse calamity than this happened on my next voyage, in sight of land ; the ship struck, and at once went in two ; this was a great trouble, neither half of the ship could sail by itself ; so I spliced them together with the mainbrace, rigged a flying jib-boom, and with that and a gaff-topsail, steered her safely into harbour.

"I was once in a ship, on my way to the North Pole, when a cry of "Fire" was raised ; too truly, indeed ; our cargo of paraffin, train oil, turpentine, and rough towelling, was in a blaze. Three hundred and nine barrels of gunpowder lay in the next bulk. The crew were paralyzed ; the captain fainted away ; I, the only person capable of giving help, looked round in despair ; nothing likely to assist us met my eye, save and except a whale, which lay off on our weather bow, gaily spouting huge streams of water through her blow holes ; a forlorn hope, indeed, yet I steered the burning ship up to the monster, and laying alongside, managed to harpoon her cleverly, a little overhanded, so that the strain of the rope drew her on one side ; her spouts of water coming fairly on to the vessel, put out the flames, brought the captain to his senses, and filled our barrels—which were getting empty—with the sweetest fresh water you ever tasted. This accident gave me a great fright, and has made me very careful about fire ever since.

A NEW FIRE-ENGINE.

I have taken my spermaceti, my whalebone, and my right whales ; indeed, when captain of a whaler, I found myself on the high road to

fortune, but I met with an adventure once, that fairly drove me from the trade, hazardous as it is.

"We were out in the boat, pulling towards as fine a fish as ever you saw (we used to call them fish, you know), when, to my amazement, the huge monster up with her fins, and began spelling out the dumb alphabet—

A TALKING WHALE.

'HOWWOULDYOULIKEITYOURSELF?'

she motioned.

"'Not at all,' I answered. She followed on with

"'Consider my poor children.' It was too much for us, we had never expected to fall in with a whale, learned enough to have feelings, so we rowed back without a word.

"I was once out swimming for a wager. Five leagues in the hour, for five hundred dollars, and had just done my fourteenth mile within forty minutes, and was barely a mile from our ship, when suddenly I found myself surrounded by white sharks; here was a bother, one came up with me, I pushed my boot down his throat, and left it there, tried the same plan with number two, luckily choking them both, the third snapped at my head, but went off with my hat. I did not for a moment know what to do next, till I caught sight and caught hold of the fine long tail of the oldest shark there; round he flew in a rage at this indignity, carrying me with him; together we waltzed through the water, until we not only puzzled the rest of the shoal, who did not know what to make of it, but we twisted and twirled and tumbled about, until we tumbled on deck just within the hour; so that I not only won my wager, but after having slaughtered the old shark, made me a nice shagreen purse out of his skin, to keep it in.

WALTZ WITH A SHARK.

"Worse than sharks, however, and more trying than swimming wagers, are sailors in a state of mutiny; it was but once my fate to quell a rising of this sort, but for all that I should not like it to happen again. She was a good ship, the *Arethusa*, iron-plated and copper-bottomed, with every improvement; and, moreover, loaded with gold, on her way home from Frazer River; her cargo worth about ten million pounds sterling, but her captain was a poor spiritless fellow, named Tubbs, who had not energy enough to command a crew, and hardly seamanship enough for the navigation of his ship.

"One night I was asleep on deck under a tarpauling, when I was aroused by the chief mate and the captain of the fore-top leaning over me and speaking in suppressed voices; they were planning a mutiny,

hoping to gain possession of the ship and its valuable cargo, but little thinking that Munchausen was within hearing; such, however, was the case, and when in the morning they began by throwing the captain overboard, they found ME, revolver in each hand, and drawn sword between my teeth, prepared to suppress them at once. I made a dash! my six shooters brought down one hundred and forty-three men, not counting the captain of the fore-top, when a marling spike, thrown at me by the blood-thirsty mate, shivered the sword from between my teeth, and sent me backward stunned and bleeding. Now was the time for presence of mind; there was one half of the crew untouched, and the terrible first mate at their head. My case seemed hopeless, at me they came with cutlasses, blunderbusses, pistols, mainbraces, halliards, oaths, and execrations. Ah, the MAINMAST! I made but one rush for it. With a strength for which I had never yet given even myself credit, I dragged the mast out of its socket, brought it down to a horizontal position, and running a tilt with it, as if it were Sir Launcelot's spear, spitted them all like so many larks, and in this uncomfortable condition left them. With the greatest difficulty, for want of the mainmast, which I had not strength enough to lift a second time, I steered into port, cargo safe, and was well rewarded, as you may suppose. My 3 per cents—I always invest in government securities—produced exactly fifteen hundred a year, but I could not remain rich and idle: the poor wives and children of the discomfited mutineers were in such distress that I sold out at once and divided my fifty thousand pounds amongst them,—an act of charity that I am proud to say I have never yet regretted.

THE MUTINY AND THE MAINMAST.

"But you will hardly guess the means by which I replenished my purse in my next voyage.

"We were crossing the line, and of course were preparing to carry out the usual pranks; we had plenty of iron hooping for razors, warm tar for lather, buckets of salt water for baths; down drops the bo'sun from the larboard side, thinking to row quietly round to starboard and hail the ship, as though he were Neptune rising from the sea; but somehow Neptune himself hearing of it, came on board in a great passion, carrying poor Bo'sun by the scruff of his neck, having as a punishment turned him into a merman. What had become of his legs I don't know; there he was, half a fish, and as old Nep. gave him to me when he left the vessel, and I really did not know what to do with a bo'sun who could not walk,

NEPTUNE AND THE MERMAN.

I just sold him in Japan for six thousand obangs—gold obangs—and what became of him after is more than I can tell.

"This is not the only time that I have met with mer-folk. Once, when I was captain of the *Great Eastern*, and on my way to New York, I gave an evening party to all the mermen and mermaids that I could find off Cape Race; they sang beautiful songs, and were indeed very happy, until I happened to insult them by asking them to join in a quadrille, when they all jumped overboard in a great rage at having been asked to dance out of water.

"But, however, one mermaid took a great fancy to me, although I really don't know what she could see in me to admire, and on our voyage home, as I was swimming back to take a message to Abe Lincoln, which I had somehow forgotten, I felt quite worn out, lost my senses, went down like a stone and was as near drowning as ever was skipper before or since, but who should turn up but my pretty mermaid; she, after stealing a few kisses, called her father and brothers to her assistance, and together they lifted me gently on to the back of a fine young dolphin, who carried me back to my ship, leaving the president to wait until the next mail.

THE MERMAID'S LOVE.

"I have often seen my dear mermaid since; the last time, she taught me to dive, and showed me how easy it was, after a little practice, to live as her people do, without breath. I was under water once for four days; I could have stopped longer, but I wanted food. However, even in that short space of time, I rescued no end of treasure. It was I that laid the foundations of Westminster Bridge: of course my name was kept a profound secret. I do not wish to disgrace the name I bear; nor did I accept any pay.

THE ART OF DIVING.

"By the by, talking of disgrace to the name of Munchausen, I am reminded of a trick that I am almost ashamed to recall. We were out in the South-Sea Islands when, making for shore, a whole tribe of savages attacked us, swarmed the decks, overpowered the crew; in fact, rendered us helpless: worst of all, they took from us our sack of glass beads and our bag of old nails, and posted the chief's favourite squaw by herself in the chief cabin with them, to keep watch and ward. Now beads and nails were the things of all others that the savages wanted; could we give them more beads and nails we might be off and welcome.

A MEAN TRICK.

"'Aggery pikkeri wak chik,' cried their chief, a man of honour; which, I am sorry to say, on this occasion I was not. The speech translated meant, 'More nails, more beads; let you go.' I knew what

he wanted: I saw my way. Down the hatchway I sprang, into the chief cabin, brained the favourite squaw with the iron heel of my jack-boot; and, while she lay insensible from the effects of this unexpected blow, I presented the chief with the sack of beads and the bag of nails which she had been watching so earnestly, and which the chief took for a second instalment. The savages sheered off at once. We were free.

"Perhaps you will be glad to hear that the owners never rewarded me for this dishonourable artifice; nay, even dismissed me from my command. They said they could no longer have confidence in one who would dare to deceive the artless chief of a savage tribe. This same ship was infested by rats, and I can assure you we were in great straits from the effect of their depredations; they ate up all our stores,—they devoured the cat. What did I do? Being an R.A. as well as a captain, I painted another cat so awfully like life that the first time it cried 'Merow—w!' it was in such a terrible voice that the whole community of rats jumped out of their skins into the sea, and were drowned. I sold the rat-skins to a furrier in Regent Street on my return, and by that means reimbursed myself for the loss of my commission. It was a wonder that I got them safely home, for we were nearly run ashore in a fog; which reminds me that when first I went to sea I was mastheaded in a fog. I forget my offence, but I remember the punishment, because it was the means of saving the ship.

A GOOD RIDDANCE.

"I could not see a yard before me; we were driving on in the fog: suddenly I smelt fresh meat roasting, and at the same moment heard the tumultuous boiling of a pudding. I was on deck in half a minute, kicking the man at the wheel down the main hatchway. I then steered the vessel away from the smell of roast beef; and when the fog lifted we put in to shore in safety, and in time to help eat the fortunate roast beef and plum-pudding for our Christmas dinner.

ACUTE SENSE OF SMELL.

"I remember a time though when we longed for beef, and no beef came. We were wrecked out of sight of land. We lashed together a raft, and were on it without food for fifty-four days. At last, unable any longer to resist the cravings of hunger we——

STARVATION.

"I dare not tell the rest: my feelings overpower me. Here let me finish my dangers of the deep; else could I tell how, after these doleful days, we discovered an island of roast beef, where horseradish hung ready scraped in neat festoons, where mustard ran ready mixed, and plum-puddings were dug up like potatoes.

RELIEF.

SLIDING.

WHAT can be jollier or more enjoyable than sliding for an hour upon a crisp wintery morning, when the snow is lying three inches deep on the ground? You may say what you please about the pleasures of skating, but if you talk for an hour you'll never convince me that there's more fun in it than in sliding. I confess I gaze with admiration at a man twisting about on the ice like a teetotum on a ricketty tea-tray, and that when, like a crab, he goes backwards or waltzes round on one foot, while the other is gracefully poised in the air, I feel a pleasure in looking at him; but then, after watching a party of skaters for a short time, I begin to wonder how it is that they all look so solemn, as if each man were engaged on such an important task that he could not speak a word to his neighbour, and then I come to the conclusion that there is more display than real jolly pleasure in skating, and that the highly-trained skater goes through his evolutions rather in the hope of affording satisfaction to the spectators than of deriving enjoyment himself, for I defy any jolly-tempered fellow to feel jovial on a winter morning in company without laughing and shouting with glee at any person he comes across.

Therefore, when on turning from the mystic movements of a troup of skaters to a party of sliders, I hear them laugh and shout at each other, "now, then, keep the pot boiling," and other choice sentences, and when I see a broad grin of pleasure plainly depicted on their rosy faces, I cannot but think that the enjoyment of sliding shows itself in a far more demonstrative manner than skating, and that more pleasure is derived from looking at a crowd of merry urchins going gaily down a slide than in seeing quadrilles danced, or names cut on the ice, by a band of skilled *pâtineurs*.

I also like sliding on account of its simplicity. All that its devotees require is a good sharp frost. What care they for ice? The hobnails in London boys' boots soon produce a shiny slippery surface, and in a short time a respectable slide is made out of the drippings from a watercan, which a servant may have filled at the pump the day before.

There are, I am sure, few English lads who do not know how to slide. It seems to come as a matter of course to most boys; but still, lest

there be some benighted youth to whom the pleasures of the slide are still unknown, I must insert a few hints on the subject.

Take a sharp run of about ten yards, and as soon as you feel that you are upon the slide, push the sole of the left foot as far along as you can, making the weight of the body rest almost upon it. You will then slide away, the right foot following without any effort on your part. I say advisedly do not push your foot until you feel well upon the slide, for if you are not very careful about this point you will endeavour to slide on that part of the earth which is not slippery, and although the momentum may impel you as far as the slippery portion, yet your progress will not be very great, as the force which was required to carry you along the whole length of the slide is partly wasted by the resistance which, at the start off, the hard earth offers to your foot. Then, I have seen many boys in their first attempts to slide, place the heel upon the slide before the toe. The consequence is that they either fall over, or else only slip along a few yards, for a moment's reflection will show that much greater force can be exerted by pushing the sole along than is exerted when the heel takes its place, and in the latter case, instead of the weight of the body assisting one's progress, it probably causes the youthful tyro to fall backwards upon Mother Earth, and to wonder how it happens that he does not get on so well at first as other boys.

And now surmising that the slider is proficient in the first rudiments of the art, let me enumerate a few of the feats which a slider may perform while on the glassy track.

Foremost amongst these stands the postman's knock, in which a boy slides upon one foot only, while with the other he gives double taps quickly upon the ice, in imitation of the noise made by the red-coated messenger at our street doors. This, however, should not be attempted until the performer is well on the slide, or the result will probably be that he'll measure his length upon the ground. This is also known as "knocking at the cobbler's door."

Then comes the "carambole," which consists in the slider sinking down two or three times during his journey, and rising as he reaches its termination; unless, however, he is very careful the weight of his body will drag him down altogether, and he will continue his journey on another portion of his frame, rather than on his feet; but the best accomplishment to be performed on a slide is the game known as "turnpikes." Two stones or bricks are placed on the slide, with sufficient distance between them for a boy's foot to pass through. The turnpike, thus roughly made, is to be kept by one of the party. Off start the sliders, taking care to pass through the pike, without displacing

or even touching its walls. Woe betide the unlucky wight whose foot infringes this rule! He is instantly turned off the slide, and has to wait until some other incautious player commits a like offence, and is thus compelled to take his place.

Such are a few of the feats performed by adepts in this graceful art. Most lads, however, will be able to invent many more for themselves, and numerous are the sports that can be indulged in. I recollect a capital game, which was a great favourite at our school. The boy who first fell down upon the slide was compelled to go over the course by himself, whilst the others, standing at a convenient distance, ruthlessly pelted snow balls at the "poor pigeon," as we used to call him.

At my school there was a funny boy, a jolly good-tempered lad, very much addicted to such practical jokes as had no harm in them, or were unproductive of pain to his comrades. This lad would often, when the other schoolboys and he were keeping the pot boiling, suddenly fall across the slide. In an instant, before they could help themselves, the rest fell down too, and lay for a short time in an inglorious heap, spread in all directions. The author of this mischief vowed that it was unintentional, and as nobody could reasonably deny his statement, that accidents would happen in the best regulated families, the victims contented themselves with laughing merrily at the mishap. After rubbing the snow off their clothes, down the slide they went again as happy and as merry as any boys could wish to be. The fun we boys enjoyed in the sliding season, is one of the most agreeable reminiscences of my school life, and as each winter returns, I watch with pleasure the movements of a group of sliders, and regret that my old bones are too stiff to allow me to indulge now in such a delightful recreation.

THE SMUGGLER'S REVENGE.

A ROMANCE OF THE MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

MORE than a year had passed away since those Christmas holidays when the wreck happened, and my brother and I were again to become inmates of Uncle Boz's unique abode. It was midsummer: the trees were green, the air warm and balmy, the wind blew gently, and the broad blue sea sparkled brightly and seemed joyously to welcome our return. A somewhat poetical notion; the fact being, that we were so happy to get back to the dear old spot and the dearer old people, that we could not help feeling that all the objects, inanimate as well as animate, on which our eyes rested were equally delighted to see us. Yes, I am certain of it. The yellow sand looked cleaner and yellower; the sun shone and the wide ocean glittered more brightly; and the blue sky looked bluer, with the bold cliffs standing up into it; and the gulls' wings whiter, as they darted through the glowing atmosphere, than we had ever seen them before. At all events there were certain animate objects who were delighted to see us, or we must have been very bad decipherers of the human countenance. There stood Uncle Boz, Aunt Deborah, and Bambo, and another personage who presented a very great contrast in personal appearance to any one of the three. Not from being very tall, or very thin, or very grave, or very sour-looking, or very white, or very ugly. The personage in question had none of these peculiarities. Who said that Uncle Boz was ugly? He wasn't! nor was Aunt Deborah, nor was Bambo. They were all beautiful in their way; at least, I thought so then and do now. Well, but about this personage. There was a pair of large blue eyes—the sky wasn't bluer, nor the sea more sparkling when they laughed—and there was a face round them very fair, with a delicate colour on the cheeks and lips. I should like to see the coral which could surpass them, polished ever so much. There was hair in ringlets, adorning the face; not flaxen exactly, though light with a tinge from the lips or the sun, or something which gave it a bright glow. This head belonged to a little girl—very little and fairy-like and beautiful. A different sort of beauty to Bambo's or Uncle Boz's, or even to Aunt Deborah's. I don't indeed think that Aunt Deb.

ever could have been like Katty Brand, even in her childhood's days ; or if she had she was very considerably altered since then. The blue eyes opened wider than ever with astonishment, and the lips parted as, jumping out of the carriage, we were kissed by Aunt Deb., and had our hands wrung in the cordial grasp, first of Uncle Boz and then of jolly old Bambo. It was evidently a matter of consideration in that little head of Katty's how she should receive us. We settled the point by each of us giving her some hearty busses, which I don't think offended her much, though she did wipe her cheeks after the operation, and we very soon became fast friends.

"She is a beauty," whispered Jack to Aunt Deb. ; on which Aunt Deb. nodded and smiled, as much as to say, "Indeed she is."

We were soon discussing with Uncle Boz the programme for our summer amusements. We were to have salt-water fishing and fresh-water fishing, and wild duck shooting and boating, and shells and other curiosities were to be looked for on the sea-shore, and long walks were to be taken ; and then we were to have bathing, and to learn to knot and splice, and to cut out and rig a ship ; indeed, every moment of our time would be fully occupied.

Somebody wishes to know about the owner of those blue eyes. I first saw them on the evening of the wreck, watching Aunt Deb. performing certain culinary operations at the drawing-room fire. There is a sad story connected with the beautiful little owner of which I have not liked before to speak. I mentioned a lady in one room and a gentleman in another, and a little baby in a basket. They all now lay at rest in the burying ground of the church we went to that memorable Christmas morning.

We little thought at the time that there would be soon so many fresh occupants. The lady soon sank under the effects of her exposure on the stormy ocean, that bitter winter's day. Her baby followed, and her husband did not survive many days. Katty alone of the family remained. She was too young to know the extent of her loss, or feel it long, and had Aunt Deborah been her mother's dearest friend instead of a total stranger, she could not possibly have more tenderly cared for the little orphan. This event formed a melancholy termination to those Christmas holidays, and excited the warmest sympathy in our hearts for Katty Brand. We knew well, however, that she was in good hands while Uncle Boz and Aunt Deborah had charge of her. We were not disappointed. Hers was a happy life, and a brighter or sweeter little rosebud never was seen.

It may easily be supposed that she was a pet among us boys in the

holidays, and each one of us would have gone through fire and water to serve her. Jack, who was somewhat emphatic in his assertions, declared that he would swim through hot pitch and burning sulphur, or sit on the top of an iceberg in the coldest day of an arctic winter, if so doing would give her a particle of pleasure. He was very safe in making the offer, for as she was the most sensible, amiable little creature in existence, it was not likely that she would ever thus test his regard. I must say that Miss Katty ran a very great chance of being spoiled between Uncle Boz and Aunt Deborah, and Bambo, in spite of the wise saws about training children, to which Uncle Boz continually gave utterance. "The little lady must'nt have her way, or must'nt do that thing," he was continually saying, but the little lady notwithstanding had her way, and did the very thing she wished. However, Aunt Deborah, with her watchful care, though loving the little creature as much as any one, managed quietly to correct the faults, which would undoubtedly otherwise have sprung up in her character, and deeply grateful some one is to her for so doing. However, of that more anon. She was of course rather a pet than a playmate of us youngsters, but even the least sentimental among us considered her infinitely superior to any dog, even though he could have danced a hornpipe, or monkey, however full of tricks, or parrot, however talkative, which could have been provided for that purpose. As Aunt Deborah was not much addicted to rapid locomotion, nor accustomed to walk to any distance, Katty was her constant companion. Indeed, as we were out all day shooting, or fishing, or boating, with Uncle Boz or Bambo, we saw her, except on Sundays, only in the morning and evening. When by any chance Aunt Deborah was unable to go out with her, my brother Jack was always ready to take her place, and certainly no mother could have watched over the little creature with more gentle care. It happened that Aunt Deborah had caught a cold, and was compelled to keep the house, the rest of us were going out trout fishing with Uncle Boz, but Jack made excuses for remaining behind, wishing in fact to offer his services to take Katty a walk, or perhaps a row in our boat, if Bambo could be spared to accompany him; if not, he proposed asking one of the fishermen from the village, should any be found sauntering about on the beach. As it happened, Bambo could not go, but Jack did not mind that, as he knew that Bill Cockle would be ready to accompany him. We left him working away at a vessel he was rigging, and waiting patiently till the afternoon, when Aunt Deborah would let Katty go out with him. We had a capital day's sport. Uncle Boz caught ten brace of trout, I killed five, and the rest not many less. We took our dinner with us, and discussed it sitting on a green bank,

under the shade of a willow, with the rapid stream flashing and sparkling by over its pebbly bed at our feet. It would be a memorable day, we all agreed, as it was a most pleasant one. What trout fisher cannot recall some such to his memory, not to be surpassed by others in subsequent years.

When we got back we found Aunt Deb. in a state of agitation at the non-appearance of Katty and Jack. Bambo had gone out to look for them and had not returned. We, of course, ran off immediately to the beach, expecting to find them there. Neither up nor down on the beach were they to be seen. We ran to where our boat was moored in the little harbour; she was not there. We cast our eyes over the sea; there were several specks in the distance, undoubtedly boats, ours might be one of them. There were also white sails in the horizon, vessels sailing to or from Scottish ports. Every fishing-boat had gone out; Uncle Boz's large boat was hauled up undergoing repairs. We saw Bambo up at the village making inquiries. Bill Cockle had gone away early in one of the boats. The women had been busily engaged in their houses, and had not watched the harbour. I did not for one moment believe that Jack would have taken Katty into the boat and pulled out of the harbour by himself, yet how to account for their disappearance? Uncle Boz himself, tired as he was, very soon came down to us. He seemed quite calm, but loving the little girl as he did, I knew how anxious he must have felt. Having first examined the boat, "She'll float," he observed, and he then directed Bambo to get her gear down from the boat-house in the village. The news spread that something was wrong, and women and a few old men collected from all sides to hear about it. The children also came and were seen talking among themselves. They had seen something unusual. We tried to elicit what it was. We, not without difficulty, discovered at last that they had seen some strange people on the beach; that they had come down in a cart or waggon, which had afterwards driven rapidly off; that they had got into a small boat and pulled away for a lugger which stood in to meet them. Uncle Boz inquired where the coast-guard men had been at the time. They had been summoned in different directions, so that none were near at hand.

"I see it all," he exclaimed, "the scoundrels! That is the way they take their revenge on me. They cannot have got far with this breeze; we must be after them."

It may seem surprising that Uncle Boz should have had any enemies, that he could have offended any one, but the fact that he had, is only another proof that men who act uprightly cannot at all times avoid

giving offence to the bad. This part of the coast was occasionally visited by smugglers from Dunkirk, as well as from the coast of Holland. Their vessels were manned by a mixture of Dutch, French, and English, and they were in league with Englishmen of various grades who took charge of the goods they brought over. During the previous winter, a young man struck down by sickness, and brought to repentance, sent, just as he was dying, to Uncle Boz, and revealed to him a plot, in which he was concerned, to run a large cargo, in doing which there was great risk that the lives, both of coast-guard men and smugglers, would be sacrificed. Uncle Boz instantly went off himself to the Inspecting-Commander of the district, and so strong a force was sent down to the spot, and so sharp a look out kept up along the coast, that the smugglers found their design impracticable, and were compelled to abandon it. Had the young smuggler survived, they would have wreaked their vengeance on him, but he was safe from them in his grave. Their rage, therefore, was turned towards Uncle Boz, as they had discovered that he had given the information and assisted to make the arrangements which had defeated their plans. Although not wishing to act the part of a volunteer coast-guard man, Uncle Boz had always set his face against the smugglers, and spoke of their proceedings as lawless and wicked. "Black is black, and white is white, and it is because people will persist in calling black white that the ignorant are left in their ignorance and unable to discern right from wrong," he used to observe when speaking on the subject. It seemed almost incredible, however, that the smugglers, bad as they might be, would maliciously injure a young boy and a little child, even though they might suppose, as they probably did, that they were the children of the man who had offended them. Still such things had been done before. There was no other way of accounting for the disappearance of Jack and Katty; Jack would never have put off in the boat by himself. Had he done so she would still be visible, and there had been no wind to upset her. He would certainly not have remained out so long willingly; besides, the account given by the children, who had seen the strangers come down to the beach and push off in a boat seemed to settle the question.

We had still to wait for a crew. Uncle Boz sent up to the house for his tools, and an old carpenter in the village lent a hand, and they, with Bambo, worked away to get the boat ready for sea. We, meantime, hunted among the rocks along the shore, for any traces of the missing ones, not without a feeling of fear and dread, that we might discover some; then we searched the cliffs, and every cave and cranny we could think of. Poor Aunt Deborah came down, when at length her fears

had been aroused to ascertain what had become of her little darling. I never saw her so grieved and agitated before. I was afraid that she would blame Jack, but not a word against him did she utter. On the contrary, she could only say, "Poor, poor fellow, I know that he would die sooner than let the sweet angel be injured, and if she has gone so has he." Before I heard her say that, I had not realized what might have happened, and I burst into tears. While we were waiting, in the hopes that some of the men for whom Uncle Boz had sent might be found, one of the specks in the distance, which we knew to be boats, was seen approaching. Slowly she drew nearer and nearer the shore. We watched her anxiously. She might bring us some information. At length she was seen to be a fishing boat. We hurried down to the beach, as with a light breeze she came skimming in over the calm sea. The first person who jumped out of her was Bill Cockle.

"Have you seen Jack? Have you seen Katty Brand?" I eagerly cried out.

Bill pulled off his hat, scratched his head, and with a look of astonishment, turning round his head as if some one had hit him, exclaimed, "No! Why what's happened?"

We told him. On which, giving a slap on his thigh, and a hitch to his waistband, with a forcible expression, which I need not repeat, he exclaimed, "The 'tarnal villains. That's what we saw, then. We couldn't make it out. Well, I didn't——"

"What was it you saw? What happened? Say, say!" we all exclaimed in one breath.

Cockle's explanation was somewhat long, and sorely tried our patience. He and his mates had hauled in about half of one of their long nets, when a large lugger, they had not before seen, passed them, very nearly running them down. She stood close in, and exchanged signals with the shore. A boat in a little time was seen to come off with several people in her, and Cockle declared that he had seen a boy handed up the side of the lugger, and he was nearly certain a baby or little child. The lugger then hoisted in the boat, and made sail to the southward. As, however, there had been either a calm, or but a slight breeze ever since, from the southward, she could not have got far. This seemed to settle the question. We had now collected enough men to form a crew. We required arms and authority for boarding the lugger. Edward Grahame was with us, but though a midshipman, dressed in his uniform, with a dirk by his side, he could scarcely in his own person answer all our requirements. He was of course to go, and, to my great satisfaction, Uncle Boz gave me leave to be of the party, in consideration that it was

my brother who was lost. The rest went back somewhat unwillingly to attend on Aunt Deborah. In spite of her grief, Aunt Deborah recollected that we could not live without eating, and had gone home to provide as large a store of provisions as the house could furnish. The men, meantime, got some kegs with water, and several loaves of bread and a cheese. We all ran backwards and forwards bringing provisions Aunt Deborah had provided. We were not likely to starve, even though we might have had a chase of many days, before we should overtake the lugger.

Though we had collected all the weapons to be found, we were not over well armed. "Never mind, lads," cried Uncle Boz, "we have the boat's stretchers, stout hearts, and a right cause, and if we can once get alongside the villains, there's no fear but that we'll win back our little jewel, and give them some broken heads for the trouble of heart and body they've caused us."

"Yes, dat we will," echoed Bambo, flourishing a heavy handspike over his head, with a vehemence which showed that age had not impaired his vigour. "We will treat dem as we did dem picarooning villains in de Vest Indies, ven you led de boarders, massa Boz, eh!"

"And you followed close at my side, and saved my life, Bambo," cried Uncle Boz. "Shove away boys, lift her handsomely, she'll be afloat directly."

We were running the heavy boat down the beach into the water. Just as we were about to shove off, who should appear but Lieutenant Kelson, of the Coast Guard, with two of his men?

"There's not much chance that he'll ever set the Thames on fire," I heard Uncle Boz once remark of him, from which I conclude that he was not a very bright genius. However, he was now cordially welcomed. He possessed the authority we wanted. His men were well armed, and would help us in fighting, of which I had a secret hope that we should enjoy a fair amount. I did not know what fighting was in those days. I had never seen blood drawn—human beings in the pride of manhood, shot down, and mangled and torn by shot and shell and langrage, fired by brethren's hands, writhing and shrieking in their death agony. Fighting may be a necessary evil, but an evil it is, and a dreadful one too. Mr. Kelson hearing what had occurred, agreed to come, and he jumping in with his men, off we shoved amid the cheers of all who remained on shore, and their good wishes for our success. The men let fall their oars. Bob Grahame and I had one between us, and Uncle Boz steered; Kelson sitting like an admiral in his barge, and doing nothing. The little wind there had been fell completely,

that was just what we wanted. If the calm continued, we should be nearly certain to come up with the lugger. Though the days were long, the sun was sinking down over the land, amid a rich orange glow which suffused the whole western sky. We were anxious before daylight had gone to catch sight of the lugger, lest we might pass her during the night. Fast as she was, however, with the light breeze which had been blowing for a short time, she might have slipped along through the water for a considerable distance. Cockle reported that she had edged off from the coast, and so having no other course to choose, we steered in the same direction, at the same time keeping a bright look out inshore, lest she might have afterwards kept in again, in the hopes of a chance of running some contraband. Several of the revenue cutters in the station had gone to Harwich to refit, and the smugglers were just now indulging themselves, as do mice when the cat's away. Numerous vessels were seen in the offing, but none of them like the lugger. We pulled steadily on. It was not likely that the smugglers would have gone much to the eastward, as she was probably bound for the coast of Holland, or France. We should be certain, therefore, to come up with her. Twilight lessened, and darkness was gathering round us, when the moon, a vast globe of golden hue, rose out of the water, and as she shot upwards, cast a brilliant sparkling pathway of light athwart its surface. Never was I out in a more glorious night. Had we not had serious work before us, it was one to engross all our thoughts. Even the fish seemed to enjoy it, as we could see them leaping up on either hand. Many of them must have been big fellows, by the loud splash they made. On, on we pulled. "If we don't soon come up with her, it will make our fellows very savage," observed Kelson to Uncle Boz.

"Yes, we eat 'um," cried out Bambo, who was a privileged joker.

The remark was appreciated by the other men.

"Yes, Bambo, a jolly good supper we'll make of them, the waggabonds," sung out one of the other men.

It was time, however, for real supper, so we knocked off rowing, and provisions, with grog, were served out, and not sorry I was to rest my arms. A capital supper was made, and the crew seemed to enjoy it much. Once more, with renewed strength, we took to our oars. To pull all night long, with the chance of a fight at the end of it, is not so pleasant as lying snugly in bed; but, under the circumstances, I infinitely preferred being where I was—eagerness gave strength to our arms. We could not go on much longer without falling in with her it was thought.

"It depends whether she is full or empty," observed the lieutenant. "If

the latter, she'll be making the best of her way across to the continent; but if she is full she'll be hovering about the coast for the chance of running her cargo. She'll probably just now have her canvass lowered on deck, so that it will be a hard job to make her out."

There seemed wisdom in this remark, but as she could have run some of her cargo when she stood in in the afternoon if she had had any on board, the general opinion was that she was steering a course for Dunkirk, to which a smuggling lugger frequenting the coast was known to belong, and it was thought that she must be that same lugger. All we hoped for was that the calm would continue. We were pulling steadily on, the men chatting with each other, when Mr. Kelson sung out, "Silence! a sail a-head!" I could not help looking anxiously over my shoulder to ascertain what she was. I could just discern a dark object no great height out of the water.

"She's the lugger, I really think," observed Mr. Kelson. "I hope she may have some tubs aboard."

"I pray that she may have the dear children safe," said Uncle Boz.

"Yes, she's a lugger, there's no doubt about that," remarked the lieutenant.

Everyone was now on the alert, and I saw the men feeling that their weapons were ready for use. My heart beat considerably quicker than usual. We neared the stranger.

"Pull out of stroke, lads," said Uncle Boz. "They'll take us for some merchant-man's crew."

There were several men we could see on the deck of the lugger. It was very difficult to prevent ourselves from dashing up alongside in the way our feelings would have dictated. It seemed strange, however, that they did not exhibit any alarm at our approach. Uncle Boz steered as if going to pass her, then suddenly shearing in the boat alongside, we jumped on board.

"Well, what is all this about?" exclaimed a man standing aft, no one offering a show of resistance.

"That we are in His Majesty's revenue service, and that you are our prisoners," cried Lieutenant Kelson.

"That we have contraband on board, or that you have a right to detain us, must be proved, said the master calmly. Step below, you will find my papers correct; there is some mistake, I suspect."

The lieutenant went down into the little cabin and I followed, half hoping to find Jack and Katty; not a sign of them. Uncle Boz now came below; when the mate saw him he exclaimed, "Ah, Sir, I know you, I was second-mate of the *Rosamond*, wrecked near your house,

when you saved our lives and treated us all so kindly. What has happened?" Uncle Boz told him.

"Then I'll help you if I can," said the master. "A lugger with sweeps passed us not an hour ago, quite close. I had an idea I knew the fellow, and but little honesty is there in him. Do you pull on as before, and I will follow if there comes a breeze, and lend a hand should you want me."

There was no time for talking, and as the vessel was evidently honest, we tumbled into our boat and pulled on as lustily as before.

We soon caught sight of another vessel. "Hurra! there she is," cried Uncle Boz. "The fellows won't baulk you this time, but we must go alongside as we did the other."

The lugger had taken in her sweeps, having got well off from the land. As we drew near we began to pull carelessly as before. The people on her deck evidently did not know what to make of us. They seemed, however, satisfied, for several continued to walk up and down the deck, as they had at first been doing, hands in pockets. We quickly made them draw them out though. The boat in another instant was alongside, and we were leaping on deck. Oaths in Dutch, French, and English burst from the lips of the crew.

"We are betrayed," shouted the captain of the lugger. "But cheer up, lads! Overboard with the fellows!"

As he began to show fight, a knock on the head silenced him, and the crew on deck quickly succumbed. The lieutenant and his men jumped below, and secured several of the men in their berths. Uncle Boz and I meantime made our way into the cabin. A bright lamp hung from a beam above. On a locker was seated my brother Jack, Katty resting on one arm, while with his other hand he was feeding her with gruel from a basin held by a tall thin old Frenchman, dressed in a faded suit of ancient cut, and a white nightcap on his bald head. I should have said had been feeding, for the process was arrested by the noise on deck. They all looked up as we entered, and Katty in her eagerness upset the basin as she sprang foremost to throw herself into Uncle Boz's arms. She instantly ran back and took Jack by the hand, crying out, "Dear Jack couldn't help it. If he bigger, he wouldn't let naughty smuggler carry me away."

They had not been ill-treated; the old Frenchman especially had been very kind to them.

"Ah! yes, I have von littel grandchild lik dat at home," he remarked.

So sudden had been our attack, that we found plenty of things on board to condemn the vessel; while, of course, those concerned would be

tried for the abduction of Jack and Katty. As the old Frenchman was clearly only a passenger, he was put on board the lugger we had previously boarded. I was glad that he escaped, on account of his kindness to sweet Katty and Jack, though I suspect that he was an absconding debtor. I should think, however, that his creditors might as well have tried to skin a flint as him. We carried the lugger in off the coastguard station, where more hands were put on board. Before noon we had placed sweet Katty in Aunt Deb's loving arms, not much the worse for her excursion.

Jack went to sea, and Katty's cabinet was adorned with numberless articles strange and beautiful from all parts of the world. Jack, of course, wherever he could get a run on shore, had to come and inspect them. By many a gallant deed he won his commander's commission, and then Katty became his fond, devoted wife.

In that old churchyard high above the German Ocean are three small monuments placed by some loving friends of those who lie beneath. To no one more truly can the epitaph be applied than that which is cut on each tomb—that of the brother, of the sister, and of the faithful African—*Hic jacet in pace.*

HARRY UPTON AND DICK.

HARRY UPTON'S "LARK."

By ANNE BOWMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Harry and Dick set out on a Lark.

WHO would ever have thought that Harry Upton and Dick Meadows could have been such staunch friends? They were not in the least alike, except that they were nearly the same age, and were both honest fellows.

Harry was a smart, well-dressed, well-mannered boy, just fourteen when our story begins; Dick was six months older, very much taller and stouter, rather awkward and bashful, and provincial in dialect. Harry's father was the Squire of the parish,—a dashing, extravagant man of fashion, much addicted to gambling, and always unsuccessful. Dick's father was a farmer,—a thrifty man, but sordid, stern, and harsh, and a notorious money-hoarder.

The boys were both only children, both motherless, and until they were twelve years old had been schoolfellows under Mr. Birch, the village schoolmaster, who, though pedantic, had some knowledge and skill in teaching. Harry and Dick were his best scholars: they were classed together, and their attainments were pretty nearly equal,—Dick's perseverance toiling after Harry's quicker apprehension until they generally came in together; but in the playground, where they were constant companions, Dick's powerful arm saved his less robust friend from many a *licking*.

Mr. Upton was utterly careless about the progress or the conduct of his son. When he was down at the Manor, which was seldom, he saw the boy once a day, usually at the hour after dinner, and in the presence of company made him drink wine, and if he was in good humour gave him a shilling or two. But the life of Mr. Upton was chiefly spent in town society, or at races. The old groom taught the boy to ride well; the gamekeeper taught him to shoot; for every other acquisition he was indebted to Mr. Birch, except that he shared in the instruction given to the schoolboys once a week by the Rector, to whose house he was forbidden to go after Mr. Upton had quarrelled with him on parish matters.

When the boys had reached their twelfth year, to their great sorrow they were separated. It happened one day that Mr. Upton was out shooting with one of his sporting friends, Mr. Chetham, and they met with Harry in the midst of his shabby, rustic schoolfellows, engaged in the useful occupation of gathering in potatoes for Mr. Birch, who had given the boys a special holiday for the purpose. Harry's personal appearance was not improved by his labour; and when he came up to speak to Mr. Chetham, whom he knew, that gentleman said,—

"What are you about, Upton? Send off this lad without delay to a first-rate school, or you will have him turn out an irreclaimable clod-hopper."

Somewhat ashamed of his neglect, Mr. Upton immediately ordered his son to be fitted out, and despatched him to Elm-hill school, celebrated for its aristocratic class of pupils, giving directions that he should remain there until the raw material should be modelled into the gentleman of the day.

Dick was removed from the school at the same time, and compelled by his hard father to labour on the farm like a servant, never having the opportunity to look into a book except by stealth.

During the next two years the boys rarely met; but it was always with mutual gladness. Harry had certainly imbibed some of the prejudices of rank and station; but his heart was too good to despise his old friend. It was at the Midsummer vacation, at the end of these two years, that one of these meetings took place, and Harry said to his friend,—

"You little know, Dick, how much I've had to put up with from some of our fellows. Last month, papa wrote to me to say I must draw in, for he had been cleaned out at the Derby, and hadn't a sovereign to spare. So I couldn't fork out my subscription to the cricket club, and I told them how it was. When, would you believe it, the cads taunted and chaffed me to that length that I had to thrash two of them, and to be licked three times by three hulking snobs, just for speaking out my mind about them! You're awfully sat upon, Dick, if you're not flush of money. I'd rather not go back to Elm-hill, if the governor doesn't come down handsomely."

Dick was unable to sympathize with the affliction of his friend, for he had never himself possessed more than an occasional shilling, the gift of some benevolent friend; but he strongly advised Harry to return to school, for there could be no doubt the squire would give him the money he needed.

But "the governor" did not come down handsomely; and at the end

of the vacation Harry still remained penniless. At length he received this letter from his father: —

"DEAR HARRY,—The Doctor writes to me that he cannot receive you again until that vexatious bill of his be paid. Now, it happens I am hard up: I cannot spare a hundred for a beggarly school bill until after the Leger; when that comes off, I must either be a man, or a mouse. You can keep at the Manor for another month or so. Can't write more, for I'm very shaky: up all night. R. U."

Harry was appalled by this letter. He confided his sorrow to Dick, who merely observed that he was afraid the squire had been betting.

"It's far worse than anything you can know, Dick," said Harry. "Old Will, the groom, has just told me that every stone and stick on the estate is mortgaged, and the whole may be sold any day. He says that now his master drinks to drown care, until he is nearly mad; the servants want their wages, and are insolent and saucy. Look at that, Dick; what can I do?"

Dick could hardly feel pity for Harry, whose position he had ever regarded as enviable. His own father had never in his life addressed him as "dear Dick;" never given him the happy freedom of the house, the stable, and the woods, unchecked and unreproved. Dick's experience of home life was made up of hard work, hard words, and too often hard blows. How could he feel compassion for Harry? He loved him much; and when he could steal an hour from his labour, he ran off to Harry, regardless of the wrath it might bring on him, that he might listen to his school tales, read, shoot, or fish with him, or, above all, plan the roving life of adventure which is ever the desire of youth.

So the days passed until the Doncaster races,— the important event which was to decide Harry's fate. At the end of the week he received from his father an almost illegible scrawl, enclosing three ten-pound notes, with these words: —

"Make the best of the cash enclosed, my boy. I'm gone to the dogs. Everything will be sold, and all will not cover half my responsibilities. I'm off from England for good. Old Chetham has had thousands from me; you tackle him, boy, and he may put you up to something. I shall have enough to do to take care of myself."

This was the farewell of a father to his only son! Such are the debasing consequences of a life of gambling. Poor Harry had now not a friend in the world except Dick Meadows, and Will the groom, who was less incensed at the loss of his wages than the rest, because he had already made money under the Squire. But the other servants, seizing

on such spoil as lay in their way, decamped before the officers of the law took possession. Harry was, however, allowed to remain for a few days in the house, until he could find a home; and by Will's advice he wrote, as his father had directed him, to Mr. Chetham, to ask his advice and assistance. In a few days he received the following answer from the successful gambler: —

"Your father was a fool, and everybody saw he must come to grief. But this is a total smash, and there's no chance that he'll ever be able to hark back. I make it a practice never to give money — it only encourages beggars and swindlers; but for once I break my rule, and enclose you a five-pound note, the last you'll ever get from me. I know a man that is in want of a lad in the stables, and send you his address. You can apply to him, and I'm willing to speak for your honesty and that sort of thing. If this place doesn't suit, you must give some other friend a benefit. I've closed with you."

When Harry, in a state of great indignation, read this letter to Will, the man exclaimed,—

"Nay, nay, Master Harry, that horse 'll niver start. Better you try the diggings than that dodge."

"I'd like nothing better than the diggings," replied Harry. "I'd set out to-morrow if I could meet with company. You'd not like to go, would you, Will?"

"I'se a bit over old for that lark, Master Harry," said the groom; "and you see I niver feel right mysel' but when I have a horse under me. I'd tire at digging-work afore half a day was over; and then there's the mistress and the bairns, as would niver hear of me leaving when I'se not that ill off, and sartain any day of a good place."

"I wonder if Dick would go," said Harry.

"He's your chap, Master Harry," said Will. "Yon auld rogue leads him the life of a dog, and begrudges him every bite he eats; and he's a strong lad of his age. He'll do, Master Harry, and be all as one as your servant."

"Dick wouldn't stand that," answered Harry; "and then, how could I set up a servant with thirty pounds for my whole fortune, out of which I shall have to pay my passage to California or to Melbourne? I know Dick is ploughing; I'll go and talk to him as he works."

He ran off to the field, and cried out, "Halloo, old man, are you up to a lark?"

"You're riling me now, Harry," answered Dick. "I ought to say Master Harry now, but I cannot frame rightly. I've known little of larking since we used to come over old Birch. What's set you on now?"

"That rogue Chetham, that bagged all my father's money, offers to make a stable-lad of me," answered he; "or yon auctioneer at the Manor would take me as his clerk, to write down biddings at auctions, and be chaffed by the mob. I won't have them, Dick. I want to be off to the gold diggings, and you must go with me. We'll each get a pickaxe and a spade, be off to Liverpool, and make up our minds on the road where we mean to sail. Don't look so scared, old fellow; but just speak your mind."

"But about father, Harry?" said the astonished lad; "he'd flay me alive if I named such a plan to him."

"Of course he would," replied Harry, "if you were such a fool as to blab. Who ever thought of you going to halloo it in his ear? Has the old curmudgeon ever given you any money?"

"Never a farthing," said Dick; "but now, Master Harry, hear you, I'll never bide to hear you call father names, though he be a hard man to me. It's true that oft and oft he tells me to get out of his house, for I eat more than I earn, and that my craving stomach will bring him to the parish; but he'd never hear of my going over sea. And how's I ever to do it, without a penny of my own, barring a gold sovereign the Squire gave me two years gone Christmas?"

"Every little helps," answered Harry. "Just pack your bundle, and come to me to-night. Will offers to get us the horses for a few miles to start us; and then we'll walk like bricks, to save the money for our voyage. I'll get the bailiff to give me some information before night. Then I'll look out for you; and mind you don't turn spooney, old fellow."

It is to be feared that the ploughing was far from perfect that day, and in fact there were several furrows so irregular that Dick knew his father would be furious when he saw them. This was one strong argument for his flight. He then considered the comparative advantages of California and Australia; and probably the kangaroos decided the question in his mind.

"I reckon California may be a bit shorter voyage," he thought; "but then there'd be a weary tramp cross country, and they say the Californian diggers are a bad lot for murder and robbery; and none such a new and curious place as Australia, our antipodes, as I read in that book Harry lent me out of the library."

With a beating heart and a consciousness of wrong-doing, Dick stole in to eat his supper, and endure the usual upbraidings of his father.

"Thou useless good-to-nought! me spending money on schuling for

nought but to make thee a plague and a clog to me ; eating me out of house and harbour ! Get out of my house, thou big lout, and addle thy own living ! I want nane on thee."

"I can't go without money, father," said the lad. "If you'll put down a pound or two, I'll start and seek my fortune."

"What ! thou wants to rob me, dost thou," cried the miser ; "where is I to get punds ? Take thy duds, and make thyself scarce, and addle punds if thou can."

Dick made no delay in packing his Sunday clothes, his Bible and Prayer-book, the gift of the Rector, and a few more books given by Harry ; then having concealed his sovereign securely under his vest, he carried his whole fortune about him, and as soon as his father slept he stepped from a low window and set out to the Manor, not without a sorrowful look at the old farmhouse ; for though he had spent few happy days in it, he had a warm heart, and would even have loved his gruff old father if he would have allowed him.

At the entrance of the courtyard he met Harry and Will, and accompanied them to Will's own apartment, the saddle-room, where the boys made a hearty supper on cold beef, bread, and ale, while Will saddled the horses.

"We shall have to keep moving some hours before we rest," said Harry. "Nobody will care to follow me ; but your crusty old governor may set the police on your trail, and one wouldn't like to be pulled up before a magistrate. And I say, Dick, Australia it is ; the bailiff says a Melbourne clipper is the thing, and we needn't bother to take spades and picks—we can buy them as cheap there. He is wide-awake to the dodge, and has helped heaps of fellows off. Look here what a clever table service he has made up for us."

Then Harry showed his friend a courier's bag, slung over his shoulder, containing two wooden platters, two forks, two spoons, a drinking horn, and a flask of brandy. Dick looked at it with astonishment.

"You see, old fellow," continued Harry, "we shall have to find ourselves on the voyage, for we can't spring cabin fares. So, at Liverpool, we must lay in a stock of tea and sugar, buy a tea-kettle, and a can and basin for washing."

"But what are we to eat ?" asked the bewildered Dick.

"We must buy food of the steward, and cook it ourselves," replied Harry. "Jolly fun, rather ! I'm game for that. I was cook to our mess in the bedrooms at school ; I can toast bacon, and broil a chop cleverly, and I did once make a pigeon-pie, but it wasn't a hit. Somehow the pastry all ran to slush among the pigeons ; then we had to bake

it on the shovel over the fire, and when the shovel got red-hot the dish cracked, and pigeons and gravy and all went into the fire, and made such a smell that I came to grief, and we never tried a pie again."

"I think I could make a pie," said Dick, solemnly, "if we could come at the stuff; but I reckon we'd hardly light on that aboard a ship."

"We'll see to that," answered Harry. "Now you roll up the rest of the beef and bread in the cloth, and pocket it for breakfast to-morrow, and let's make a start."

With all their property secured about them, they mounted and rode off with Will, in a pleasant September night, lighted by the bright harvest moon, and for about fifteen miles they went on cheerfully, while Will continued to offer good advice.

"Now, you hear me, Master Harry; mind you keep a tight hand on that money—you're given to be free, I know; but you'll mind that when that's gone, there's niver a bank yonner as ye can dror more, and gold's not that easy to come at in them holes as it will lope into your pockets. And don't ye be over free wi' them as ye'll be sorted with—more's the pity; but keep a close mouth, and if ye hit on a good piece of gold, say nought to nane, but bury it in some lone place, till ye gether mair to put to it. Ye've gotten your gun, seeing it luckily had your name on't, and a real good revolver it is; see that ye always keep it loaded. And here you, Dick, ye hannel a gun fairly, and I'se len' ye this till ye come back. Ye'll luik after powder and shot at Liverpool, and see ye're not cheated. Choose out a fair good shop; them poor ones has bad stuff."

The first experience the boys had of sadness and desolation was the parting with faithful Will, who stood to watch them plod slowly along the high road until they were out of sight; then he returned with the horses, which were to be sold in a few days.

It was many days before their journey was ended, and they made their way through busy, noisy Liverpool to the place to which Will had directed them. There they heard a favourable account of a passenger vessel about to sail the next day; and Harry paid for two forecastle berths, with a certain amount of uncooked meat for the voyage. This reduced his purse to five sovereigns, part of which was expended in the town in ammunition, a tea-kettle, and other necessaries.

Then they went on board at once, and were shown their berths in the *Kangaroo*, the very name of the ship being a great attraction to them. In the very inconvenient cupboards which were to form their lodgings they placed their scanty property, and then strolled round to inspect their fellow-passengers.

With few exceptions all were poor emigrants, many of them with

large families; and Harry, in his fashionable paletôt and kid gloves, found himself regarded as an intruder or a spy; while Dick, in his working dress, with his honest open face, was welcomed as an equal.

"Will ye be all alone by yerself, and ye no more than a gossoon?" said a poor woman with one baby in her arms and two small boys clinging to her, while a third boy, who appeared about twelve years of age, carried another baby.

"It's just the pair of twins they are, ye see," continued she, seeing Dick's attention attracted to the babes, "and he that owns them niver once settin' his blessed eyes upon them till we rache land, plase the Lord, and he lookin' out for us there, where they grow the gowld, but sorra a taste of the pratee at all, at all. Musha! and what will be in them! will it be the gowld we're 'atin' at all? Sure, thin, isn't it Teddy that will be settin' us out a pratee ground, and me bringin' him the sade, a blessin' for that same new land! Thin, won't we have all, barrin' it can niver be the ould land. Ochone! isn't it the bitter grafe to be lavin' Ballinag berr'in' yard, where his mother and my mother mane to be,—the Lord presarve them livin' to that day when we set our foot on our own soil, to wake them like Christians—and won't we be doin' that same, seein' we havin' gowld galore."

Then looking curiously at Harry, the woman continued her observations to Dick:—

"And will he, his honner there, as kapes his hands kivered, seeing the cowld might be chillin' and the dirt might be sullyin' them,—will he nade to be diggin' for gowld? Arrah, thin, won't he be tied to be strippin' his gloves, and he niver the worse for that same. Would it be the dirt that's hurtin' the childer? Sure, see to the twins, as is sent in pairs, and in course nades a thrifle more care! The beauties of the world! and we niver mindin' the dirt."

"They are fine babies," said Dick, "and your little man is careful of one of them."

"Will it be Terence, the boy?" replied the woman; "sure and isn't he the glory of my life. And he arnin' sixpence a day; and the agent he sayin', quite parlite, 'Sure, Mrs. Byrne, it's niver the boy Terry ye'll be wantin', and he makin' his fortin undher me and the lord:' and didn't he, Terence, the boy, spake up and say, would he be desartin' his own born mother and the pair of twins, and he lavin' the riches of the world, sixpence a day!"

"And pratees, mother," added the boy, proudly.

Dick took the baby from the grave elfish boy, and tossed it, to the admiration of the mother; and Harry, ashamed of his outward dis-

tinctions, took off his paletôt and gloves, and played with the two younger boys, Dan and Rory, until a perfect familiarity arose; and Ellen Byrnes heard all the plans of the two youths, and offered to boil their potatoes, and make their "tay wather," with so much earnestness, that they agreed to mess together. They gave into Mrs. Byrne's possession the tea and loaf sugar they had bought, greatly to her enjoyment.

And thus, in the first month of their voyage, the truant boys became fast friends with the Irish emigrants; and Terence amused them with his foresight and prudence, though he retained all his pride in the sacrifice he had made to filial piety.

"Mother, dare," he said, "sure, haven't I seen myself big cracks in the ship, and the wather comin' in; and what will we be doin' if we be all wracked entirely? Sure, it's not runnin' away we'd be on the say itself! Worra, mother! what will we be doing with the pair of twins, Mary and Marta?"

"Isn't it the boat we'd be gettin', Terry, dear?" said his mother, "and you kapin' Marta, the darlin'."

"Sure, wouldn't it be a cask, mother?" replied Terry. "Wasn't it Dennis O'Reilly himself as was wracked, and Peggy and the childer; and he tyin' them up in a cask, and it empty, barrin' the childer; and them tied and towed behind it, the boat; and niver a sowl a taste the worse; and comin' safe to land?"

"And sure, won't we empty the cask this very day," said Ellen, "seein' the male is nigh out, and my big shawl in it ready to be tying the pair of twins, praise the Lord!"

They calmly discussed the events of a shipwreck with very little thought of the probability of such a catastrophe; but when they nad sailed some time in the stormy Indian Ocean, and were hoping soon to make port, a terrific gale came on, lasting many days, and driving the ship with a S.W. wind beyond all control of the experienced seamen, who were irritated and distracted by the cries, the reproaches, and the threats of the passengers.

"Hear ye!" said Mackenzie, a cabin passenger, "just land me and my share of the freight safe, and its nae muckle I heed for your crazy auld ship. Dinna ye ken, mon, there's goods in your hold, valley £15,000, if the Lord please to send me a gude roup for them. What were your inspectors and underwriters about to pass sic nae a feckless vessel, ane that gangs doon in a bit gale like to this? A loss, a clean loss to the heirs of my body, forbye my ain life, of £15,000, and na accoonts balanced for body or for soul!"

"Be silent, I beg, Mr. Mackenzie!" replied the captain. "What are you, that you dare rail before God's own awful voice in the storm, and question His wisdom? By His help I may yet save the ship; but I cannot have my passengers mutiny."

But the passengers were decidedly mutinous, and were greatly more numerous than the crew, and when, after many days of storm, a rocky coast appeared not more than two miles from them, and when the water was hourly gaining in the leaky ship, the despairing people insisted on being landed. The captain vainly prayed them to rely on him: they seized and lowered the boats; then, rather than see them perish from utter inexperience, he spared two men to row the jolly-boat, into which most of the cabin passengers had already crowded, refusing to admit the chests and bales which Mackenzie had, with his own hands, brought from the hold. But the long-boat being launched, he flung them in, only to see them cast into the sea by the crowd which rapidly filled the boat; then, in despair, he leaped in with his papers, that he might at all events recover his insurance.

Harry and Dick would have consented to remain with the captain, who assured them the ship was safe; but the Irish people, who had taken to the last small boat, were crying out for help, and they could not suffer them to go alone. They placed their property in the boat, shook hands with the captain and the brave crew left in the ship, and with one man to row, assisted by Harry, they ventured over the perilous sea towards the equally perilous land. One of the boats was swamped, and they momentarily expected the same fate. The mighty waves, the screaming children, and the prayers of the distracted mothers, almost overcame the two boys.

Dick was silent and thoughtful, but Harry said, "This is all my doing, Dick; I did not think a lark would have cost so much."

They rowed far from the shrieks of the drowning, lest they also should strike on some hidden rock, and at last drew near the rocky, barren, and desolate coast, which they regarded as a paradise. Finally they came to shallow water. Then the sailor ordered the youths to carry the rest to shore, with all their property, for he must hasten to return to the distressed ship; and no sooner had they with difficulty struggled with their property to the strand, than he rowed off, and left them wet and bruised on that dark unknown shore.

(*To be continued.*)

CONJURING.

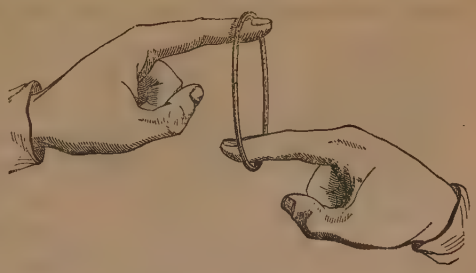
By GEORGE FORREST, M.A.

AFTER the last paper on the Art of Conjuring had been forwarded to the Editor, it was suggested to me by several of my young friends, that before giving an account of those tricks which require special attention for their performance, I should confer a favour on many readers of this publication by describing the method of performing several simple artifices, which are quite as effectual in deceiving the eye as those of more pretentious appearance.

The first of these minor tricks is almost absurdly simple, but enjoys great success in skilful hands. We will call it

THE MAGIC RING.

Get a large curtain ring, or any ring of convenient size; hang it on the forefinger of the left hand, and push the forefinger of the right hand also through the ring in an opposite direction, so that they shall appear as in Fig. 1. Make the forefingers revolve round each other, join the tips of the opposite thumbs and forefingers together, spread them open, and if you have done it perfectly, off tumbles the ring.



The trick is managed as follows:—The only object in revolving the fingers is to bewilder the gaze of the spectators, and prevent them from seeing the method by which the ring is released. The whole secret consists in the position of the ring. If it is allowed to remain vertical, it cannot be released, but will hang either to a finger or a thumb. The only method of setting it free, is by joining the fingers and thumbs of *each* hand (not of the opposite hands), as seen in Fig. 2.; and then putting all

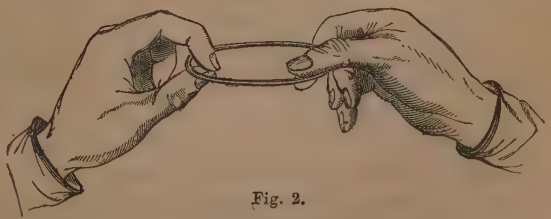


Fig. 2.

four tips together, allowing the ring to rest *horizontally* on the finger of the left hand and the thumb of the right. Now press together the thumb and finger of the opposite hands, spread them as seen in Fig. 3, and the ring, being no longer supported, necessarily drops to the ground.

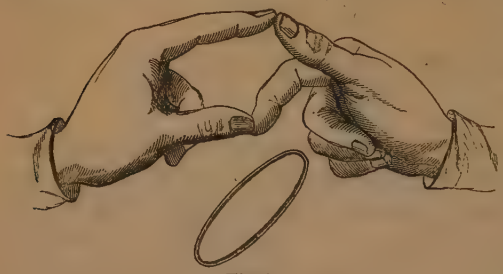


Fig. 3.

Simple as is this little trick, it cheats the eye as much as many a complicated performance, that takes up time to learn and requires elaborate apparatus. You may do it quite slowly, and the secret will not be detected, only provided that you are careful not to keep the ring for more than a moment in the position which it occupies in the illustration.

PRICK IN THE GARTER.

The trick which is so widely known as "Prick in the Garter," is of very great antiquity. It has served to delude many successive generations, and will probably deceive as many more. No apparatus is required for this trick, except a long strap of thin pliant leather and a skewer-shaped wooden stick. The strap is first doubled, and then rolled up spirally, and laid on the ground, as in Fig. 1 or 2. The player then takes the skewer, and sticks it between the layers of the strap into the ground, trying to hit a place where the strap will be retained when unwound, as in Fig. 3, and not be pulled off as in Fig. 4.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Sharpers are very fond of this trick, and may be seen at all public open-air assemblies, such as races, steeple-chases, and reviews. They coil up the leather strap, as at Fig. 1, lay it on the ground, and challenge any one to push the skewer between the coils of the strap, so that it may be held in the loop when the strap is unwound.

At this stage of the proceedings a confederate happens to pass, looks at the strap, vows that any one could do *that*, takes the skewer, sticks it through the strap, bets half a sovereign that he is right, wins the half-sovereign, and walks off, while his antagonist feigns to be disconcerted, and offers to bet double the amount on a second trial. Again the bet is laid, and again he loses, and in this manner the confederates excite the spectators, and make them think that there is nothing in it after all.

Some dupe comes forward, sticks the skewer in exactly the same place that had twice been successful, and loses. Thinking that he must have made some mistake, he tries again, and loses again. Another, who has been closely watching the proceedings, then takes the skewer and pushes it through the loop marked *c*, which is in fact the right place. He loses, and then tries the loop marked *d*, when he loses again. Up comes another confederate, lays a bet and wins it, sticking the skewer in a fresh place, and giving an impetus to the proceedings. Thus they go on until the patience of the spectators is exhausted, when they pocket the strap and skewer, and try another "pitch," as they call the spot on which they perform.

I mention this trick and the manner of performing it, because it may act as a warning to some young reader, and give him a sample of the many methods by which he may be cheated out of his money by the plausible sharpers who frequent public assemblies.

The player cannot win, no matter where he places the stick, and the confederate cannot lose, no matter where he places it.

The trick lies in the method of pulling the two loose ends of the strap, marked *a* and *b* in Fig. 1. Suppose that a player traces incorrectly the course of the coils, and places the stick in the loop *d*, the operator merely takes the end *a* in his right hand, brings it backwards to *b*, joins them, draws them out, and of course the loop *c*, which is the right one, passes *outside* the stick, as at Fig. 3, and the player loses.

But suppose that the player judges rightly, and places the stick in loop *c*, what is to be done then? Nothing simpler. The operator merely takes the end *b* in his right hand, brings it backwards to *a*, joins them, and draws them out; by which means he changes the sides of the strap, and consequently the loop, so that the right place has now become the wrong.

The reader will see that it depends wholly on the operator whether the player is right or wrong; but he may perhaps ask a pertinent question. Suppose that the player pushes the skewer between the folds instead of through either loop, how is the operator to know which end

he is to take so as to force the player to lose? Even this contingency is provided for.

The strap is coloured differently on the two surfaces, the smooth side being slightly blackened and the rough side left plain. When it is doubled, the black sides are left outwards, and this is a guide to the operator. If the player should happen to push the stick so as to be inclosed between two plain surfaces, he has hit on the right spot, and the end *b* must be taken in the hand. On the contrary, if he passes it between two black surfaces, the end *a* is taken.

In order to perplex the eyes of the spectators, and induce them to fancy that the secret lies in the difficulty of following the folds, some operators complicate the coils, by doubling back the strap at two opposite points, as in Fig. 2. This change, however, makes no difference in the management of the ends. By carefully keeping the ends *a* and *b* at opposite sides of the coil, the operator can select either, without betraying the secret. If they were to end at the same point, the operator could not reverse them without being detected. A good soaking in oil will make the strap very pliable.

THE MAGIC SCISSORS.

Take any pair of scissors, the larger the better, stretch out your hands with the palms upwards, hold the fingers quite straight, and hang the scissors on the little fingers, the points of course being downwards. Now close the hands, still keeping them together; turn them towards each other, so that the knuckles meet, and if you have performed these movements properly, the points of the scissors will project forward, and you will be able to open and shut them, by separating and bringing together your hands.

In all probability, you will *not* have succeeded, and will find that when your hands are in the proper attitude, the scissors will obstinately point towards rather than from you.

There is but little secret in this performance, and scarcely any deception.

When you close your hands, give the scissors a little "cant" over, so that only the tips of your fingers are within the handles, and the blades are supported by the inner cushion of the palms. When you have brought the scissors into this attitude, you will find that they will slip neatly round as you turn the closed hands towards each other, and that when the knuckles are brought uppermost, the points of the scissors will be directed forwards.

Be careful, when you hold out your hands again, to allow the

scissors to drop to the roots of the fingers, and then no one will suspect the trick.

THE MAGIC TONGS.

Here is an amusing trick, which is valuable in the long evenings of winter, as it mostly excites great rivalry, and sets as many persons struggling for the mastery as can be supplied with the needful implements.

Take any pair of tongs, open them, hold them with the points upwards, and grasp them fairly by the middle of each arm, doubling the thumb well over the fingers, and keeping the knuckles outside.

N.B.—In order to understand this trick, the reader must take a pair of tongs in his hands, and follow the directions as he reads them.

Now hold the tongs horizontally, the left hand above the right, and the points directed towards the body. Pass the left arm through them, and you will then have your hands crossed, the right wrist being under the left. Turn the tongs upright, so as to bring the points downwards, and the wrists on a level with each other. All this is easy enough, and now comes the difficulty. Hold your arms out in front of you, and force the head of the tongs downwards between the hands and the body, and then pass the right arm through them, just as you previously passed the left.

At first you will find this feat absolutely and hopelessly impossible, for you are not allowed to release the grasp of the hands, and the thumbs must be kept doubled down on the fingers.

The solution of this trick is twofold. In the first place, direct the head of the tongs under your left arm, and not directly in front of you, and in the second place, let the tongs slip round in the right hand.

THE WONDERFUL HALFPENNY.

Take a couple of halfpence, and cover one side of each with black or red paper. Then make two shallow circular boxes of cardboard, just large enough to let the halfpence lie in them, and make the lid just so large that it opens in the centre of the box, so that either the top or bottom of the box can be upwards without betrayal. Line the boxes with the same paper as that which you have fixed on the halfpence.

Before you perform the trick, take care to place one of the prepared halfpence on a side-table, together with the various coins which a conjuror is always wanting, and lay it with the papered side downwards, so that it looks just like the coins with which it is surrounded. Take your two boxes, which you make as gorgeous as you like with scarlet, and azure and gold, and announce that you can make a halfpenny shift

from one to the other at the word of command. Some one is sure to say that the trick lies in the boxes, whereupon you deprecate interference, but end with handing the boxes round.

When they have been given back to you, slip into one of them the second halfpenny, shut the lid, and place the box on a table at one side of the room. The other box is to be set on another table at the opposite side.

Then take up the prepared halfpenny from the table, being careful to hold it with its plain side towards the audience, and drop it into the empty box. Shut the lid, and rattle the coin well, so as to show that it is really in the box. If any one wishes to see it again, take it out and replace it. Stand in the middle of the room, make any gestures that you like, cry "Pass!" and strike the box with your wand. Take up the box, squeeze it tightly so as to hold the coin still, and shake it violently. No rattling sound will be heard, and in order to show that the coin is really gone, you open the box, and show the papered side of the halfpenny, which the spectators think to be the bottom of the box. You then proceed to the other box, shake it, so as to make the second halfpenny rattle, and on opening it, exhibit the plain side of the coin. This may be done once or twice, and the coin passed into either box that the audience may select. When the performance is finished, be sure to pocket the halfpence, but leave the box where it may be seen and handled.

THE MAGIC TUMBLER.

At any of the toyshops of London may be procured one of the ingenious double tumblers, which appear to be filled with porter, while in reality there is scarcely a teaspoonful of that liquid in them. They are in fact double, one tumbler being placed within another, and the space between them nearly filled with porter, in which has been dissolved some sulphate of copper, in order to give it great frothing power.

Fill one of these tumblers with bonbons, rose-leaves, or any similar articles which can be packed closely, and place it on a shelf or table just out of sight. Place a jug of water and a cup near it; after you have performed one or two tricks, pretend to be very much fatigued, and apologize to the audience for taking some refreshment. Step partly behind the curtain or doorway, and pour some water into the cup, making it splash violently, so that the audience may hear it, while at the same time a concealed friend is violently shaking the tumbler, so as to make the porter froth up well.

Take the tumbler, hold it to the light, as if examining the colour of the liquid, being careful to keep it above the eyes of the audience;

pretend to taste it, and with a grimace and an exclamation of "What horribly nasty stuff!" fling the contents of the tumbler towards the audience, being careful to direct it towards any ladies who appear to be more than usually particular about their dress.

Great consternation is always caused by this unexpected movement. The ladies mostly scream, and instinctively gather up their dresses in order to escape the dark shower that they expect to stain their clothes, while every one in the line of fire is sure to display some uneasiness, however trifling.

Amid the excitement caused by the sudden movement, and the amusement which is the natural result of the bonbon shower, exchange the glass for another into which a little porter has been previously poured, apologize for the disturbance, and place the genuine tumbler on the table. None but those who know the trick will see the exchange; for the human eye cannot but wink when danger is threatened, and a moment suffices for the exchange if neatly done.

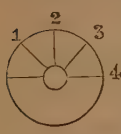
THE MAGIC BOTTLE.

Another deception of a somewhat similar character is always very popular. The conjuror produces an ordinary black bottle, and a trayful of glasses, together with an array of tea and coffee cups. He offers refreshment to the audience, and asks each in succession to choose some liquid, such as port, sherry, claret, maraschino, rosoglio, or any other liquor. He also makes a few jokes about teetotalism, and offers to the followers of Father Mathew tea or coffee. No matter what may be ordered, he produces it from the same bottle. Port, sherry, noyeau, maraschino, hollands, tea, claret, madeira, and coffee follow each other in quick succession. Wearied with continual pouring, the conjuror places the bottle on the table, when fire suddenly issues from its mouth, a fiery fountain plays from its neck, clouds of smoke roll round it, a loud bang is heard, and the bottle has vanished, without leaving a trace of its presence, save the liquid in the glasses, and the volumes of smoke that eddy round the room.

This admirable trick is a combination of several delusions, and is really based upon scientific principles, the twin sciences of chemistry and mechanics being called into action.

The greater part of the secret lies in the construction of the bottle, which is not made of glass, but of metal, carefully painted and varnished so as to look like a real bottle at a little distance. The interior is divided in a rather curious manner, of which a section is shown in the accompanying illustration. Up the centre of the bottle runs a

tube, passing into the neck, and reaching almost as far as the mouth of the bottle. This tube passes completely through the bottle, so that a stick can be pushed quite through the tube, and the bottle slid backwards and forwards. Next comes a partition, marked 4, which divides the interior into two equal portions, and the upper half is again divided by partitions, marked 3, 2, and 1. These partitions do not extend far into the neck, but terminate in tubes, which lead to the mouth of the bottle, but are hidden from the spectator by the shadows of the neck and the inner tube.



When this is all complete, the bottom of the false bottle is soldered in its place, and care taken that every point of junction shall be air-tight. When this point is ascertained, a little hole is bored through the side of the bottle into each partition, four on one side and one on the other, and they are so contrived that when the bottle is held in the right hand, the tips of the four fingers come upon the holes leading into the four small compartments, and the thumb closes that which leads to the single large one.

The reader will now perceive that if the different partitions be filled with liquids, the little holes closed, and the bottle reversed, no fluid will escape, because the pressure of the atmosphere prevents it from doing so, just as water can be raised in a tube by dipping it into water and placing the thumb on the open end. As soon, however, as the fingers are removed, the liquid begins to flow, and it is easy to see that the performer has the instrument quite under control, the liquid in each partition flowing or not just as he presses his fingers on the little holes, or removes them.

One of the small divisions is filled with port, the next with sherry, the next with claret, and the next with madeira. The large division is filled with spirits-of-wine and water, highly sweetened, from which are made the various liqueurs which may be demanded.

Ask the spectators whether they would like a glass of wine, and offer them the choice of the four sorts which are in your bottle. When the answer is given, take a glass from the tray, place it on the table, and pour the wine into the glass, lifting slightly the finger that stops up the hole in the division from which the wine is poured. As all the holes are stopped, no other wine will come out. Your glasses must be small and very thick, so as to contain but a trifling quantity, and you need not fill them more than half full, so that your supply of wine will go a long way.

The liqueurs are managed in a different way. Into the various glasses which you intend for the purpose, you previously put a drop of flavouring essence, which will not be seen by the spectators, but has the effect of converting the mere sweetened spirit and water into a very respectable liqueur. Indeed, half the liqueurs which are purchased are made in no other way. If a coloured liqueur, such as rosoglio should be demanded, a little cochineal in the glass will give the requisite tint, and never be suspected. Be careful not to show either the mouth of or the bottom of the bottle to the spectators, but hold it sideways while pouring.

Before beginning the trick, you must put a common squib into the tube, and run a piece of quick-match from the squib to the mouth of the bottle. When your stock of wines and spirits is nearly exhausted, shake the bottle, and hold it to a candle, so as to look into it, and set it down instantly. The squib then ignites, and sends showers of sparks into the air, while you pretend to be in a desperate fright. As soon as the powder at the end of the squib explodes, a confederate pulls a string, and opens a hidden trap in the table, through which the bottle falls into a padded receptacle, and the trap closes again and leaves no mark. A very convenient way to make this trap is to have a round table with a good stout pillar in the centre, and to hollow out the pillar to some depth, so as to receive the bottle. This part of the trick, however, need not be performed by the young amateur, who must content himself with exchanging the false bottle for a real one, under cover of the smoke. A simple method of attaining this end is to place the table in rather a sloping position, so that when the explosion occurs the bottle upsets and rolls off the table. You seem to catch it, having a real bottle of similar shape about you, and you can then substitute the one for the other without difficulty. Leave the real bottle carelessly on a side-table, and after the performance is over, the spectators are sure to come up and handle it. Put a little wine and flavouring essence into it, and they will be quite deceived.

Coffee and tea are furnished in a different manner, and the young conjuror need not trouble himself about them, as the wines and liqueurs are quite wonderful enough for a drawing-room audience. These liquids do not come out of the bottle at all, but from a double reservoir carried inside the waistcoat, with pipes from it run down the arm and into the palm of the hand. When the performer wishes to produce tea or coffee, he holds his hand low, and then the fluids run down the tubes, and into the cups behind the neck of the bottle, from which they seem to be poured. When he wants wine or liqueurs, he holds his hand high, and then the tea and coffee remain in their receptacles.

This ingenious and really philosophical trick always secures applause and excites wonder.

THE VANISHED RABBITS.

For this trick a very peculiar table is required. It is apparently the fairest of all conjuring tricks, whereas it is in fact one of the most deceptive. A single stout board is brought into the room and placed upon a couple of tressels, so that the audience may be sure that no traps are concealed in it. A slight cloth is then thrown over it that does not hang more than three or four inches over the edge.

A rabbit is taken and allowed to run about on the table. A second rabbit is then produced and also allowed to run on the table. Presently the conjuror throws a handkerchief over them, raises it, strikes it, and one rabbit has vanished. He takes the handkerchief again, throws it over the second rabbit, rolls the animal up, lifts it carefully in both hands, gives a puff, flourishes the handkerchief, and that rabbit has also vanished.

Rabbits are, unfortunately for themselves, very useful in such performances, because they cannot cry out, and they do not scratch or bite.

The whole secret lies in the table, which is as great a deceiver as the conjuror himself. The boards which compose it are double, and very thin, the apparent thickness being merely produced by slips of wood fixed to the edges. The two boards are joined like those of the bellows of an accordion, so that they can be separated some inches from each other. Elastic bands hold them together, and allow them to be separated when needful. The reader will now see that the rabbits are just slipped through a trap into the space between the boards, which recede sufficiently to allow them to pass, and yet are pressed together by the elastic bands, so as to prevent the animals from running about.

P.S.—Owing to a mistake of the printer, the last figure on page 45 of my article, was placed in a wrong position. It ought to have accompanied the figure on page 43. The second end of the string on page 42 has been accidentally omitted.

Answer to No 1.

"Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

"Shakespeare."

REMARKABLE TRAVELLERS.

By WILLIAM DALTON,

Author of "The Wolf-Boy of China," "The Tiger Prince," &c.

CAPTAIN KNOX.

TWENTY YEARS A PRISONER IN CEYLON.

ON Sunday, the 19th of October, 1679, two Englishmen (Robert Knox and Stephen Rutland), with haggard features, barefooted, a few tattered clothes around them, and shoulders bleeding from the effects of bushes and thorns, arrived at the Dutch settlement of Manaar, on the seacoast of the island of Ceylon.

The news of their arrival caused a great commotion among the Hollanders, who flocked from all quarters to see them, as a strange and wonderful sight, for a rumour had spread through the community that the new comers had been for nineteen years and six months prisoners in the interior of the dominions of the ferocious Rajah Singha—*i.e.*, "Lion King" of Candy. Many of the people, however, had deeper motives: they desired to gain information about their husbands, fathers, sons, or brothers, who had for years been slaves to the native sovereign, ever the potent enemy of the Dutch. From Manaar they were taken to Colombo, where the Dutch governor received them hospitably, and then heard from Robert Knox the gist of the following narrative.

In November of 1659, as the East India Company's ship the *Ann*, commanded by Captain Knox, was lading at Fort St. George, on the coast of Coromandel, for her homeward voyage, there happened so terrible a storm that the Captain was compelled to cut away his mainmast. This so disabled the ship that the Company's agent at the fort ordered Knox to run across to Cotiar, on the coast of Ceylon, to refit, and at the same time to take with him as passengers some Indian merchants, who desired to trade with the Cingalese while the ship's repairs were proceeding. What great events from trivial causes spring. The loss of that mast cost the captain his life, the East India Company several good servants, and the captain's son a captivity of nearly twenty years. But I must not anticipate.

Having but little confidence in the honesty of the Cingalese, the captain for several days forbade his men going ashore, and would only

permit them to treat for the materials for the ship's repairs from the boats. The alacrity, however, with which the people supplied his wants, the suavity, nay hospitality, of their manners, and, moreover, his desire to be the first Englishman to open up a trade with the richest island in the world, threw the plain seaman off his guard, and the crew soon were permitted to go to and fro as they pleased.

This state of things lasted twenty-one days, about which time a large body of troops, headed by a Dissuava (General), arrived at Cotiar. Prudence led the captain to recall at once to the ship every man who happened to be ashore. A messenger from the general soon came alongside, and declared that the latter officer was in charge of a letter from the Lion King of Candy to the commander of the ship. Captain Knox prudently declined going ashore in person to receive the royal letter, but in lieu thereof sent his son Robert and a Mr. Loveland. Being introduced to the Dissuava, that officer desired to know *who they were* and *how long* they intended remaining on that coast.

Robert answered, "We are English; and do not intend staying more than twenty or thirty days; but we crave permission to trade with his majesty the Lion King's subjects."

"The king," replied the Dissuava, "knows you are English: he is glad that you have arrived in his dominion. Moreover, his majesty has commanded me to assist you in all you desire; also he has sent a letter, but it must be delivered to *none but the captain himself*."

"We are now twelve miles inland," replied Robert; "the captain cannot leave his ship to come so far; but if your lordship will please to go down to the seaside, my father will wait on you to receive the letter."

To this the Dissuava consented, stipulating only that the journey should be made the next morning, the strangers remaining his guests in the interim. Thus did the wily Cingalese entrap two of the English ship's officers: the third and chief was to be taken as easily. In the evening, the Dissuava sent a present of cattle, fruits, &c., to the captain. The messenger delivering these on board ship the next morning informed him that his two men were then coming down with the Dissuava, who desired to see him on shore to deliver the letter from the king into his own hands. The simple seaman, now distrusting nothing, went ashore with seven men, but seating themselves beneath the branches of a tamarind-tree to await the Dissuava's coming, they were surrounded by native troops and borne into the interior to the presence of that personage. Nor did the success of the treacherous Cingalese end here, for the day after the long-boat's crew coming ashore to look after the captain were

all made captives. The Dissuava had thus seized two boats and eighteen men, but he desired to get the ship. To accomplish this, the rogue told the captain that he and his men were only detained until the king could get ready some letters and presents for the English sovereign; "but," he added, "the Dutch will become jealous of an English ship being so long on the coast, and fire into her, so you had better therefore send a messenger to your officer in command and tell him to bring her *up the river*."

Of course the captain saw through this very shallow scheme. Nevertheless he was compelled to obey, and so he at once sent his son Robert with the desired order. The result was as it should have been—a round robin from the remaining crew, who declared "they would not obey the captain in this instance;" and so they sailed, leaving their commander, his son Robert, and their other shipmates, in the hands of the Dissuava. The good ship having escaped, the native chief returned to Court, leaving orders that the captain and his son should be parted from their countrymen and sent to a town called Bender-Coos-wat, some thirty miles northward of the city of Candy.

At this place the two captives were treated well for about twelve months, when they were unfortunately both seized with the fever of the country, and from which but one recovered—Robert, who now, in addition to captivity, had to mourn the loss of his father.

"Now," to use his own words, "left desolate, sick, and in captivity, having none to comfort him but God, who is the father of the fatherless, and hears the groans of such as are in captivity, his misery became the more acute since he had not the means to bury his parent. In the first instance he sent a little black boy who had become attached to him, and who served as interpreter, to the people of the town to desire their assistance; but they mocked the poor fellow by sending him a rope, with which he might drag the body by the neck into the wood, for no *other* aid would they give unless he would pay for it."

This barbarous answer, he tells us, increased his trouble for his father's death, since now the body was "likely to lie unburied and become a prey to the wild beasts of the wood, for the ground was very hard, and he had not tools to dig with;" but remembering he still possessed a gold coin or two and a ring, he hired a man, who helped him to consign his parent's corpse to earth. Left desolate and destitute, save what food he might gather from the woods or the river, and worn to a mere skeleton by grief and ague, he day by day consoled himself by the perusal of two religious books which he had thoughtfully brought with him from the ship. These he read so frequently that he soon got them by heart, but he says pathetically, though they were good and pious writings, he longed for

the truth from the original fountain, the Bible; yet what but a miracle could bring that holy book to him in the midst of those wild woods? But such a miracle happened, for one day, while fishing, with his black boy, an old man asked the latter if his master could read, because, if so, he was in possession of a book that had been left by the Portuguese in Colombo. At Robert's request, the native fetched the volume, and readily sold it to him for a knitted cap. It was the Bible. Its possession was the first gleam of comfort and happiness he knew in Ceylon. He gratefully tells us that he regarded it as a great miracle that God should bestow upon him such an extraordinary blessing, and bring him a Bible in his own native language in such a remote part of the world, and *where an Englishman had never before set foot.* During his long sojourn in the land, the holy book and he parted neither by night nor day.

Some time after this, Robert met with one of his shipmates, Stephen Rutland, and henceforward they lived together, gaining a livelihood as pedlars—*i.e.*, going from town to town buying and selling tobacco, pepper, garlic, combs, and different kinds of ironware.

This vocation must have been very profitable, for in the course of three or four years we find Knox a prosperous landholder in the capital of Candy, living as finely as any nobleman, and with money enough to lend to others, which he did, according to the custom of the country, at 50 per cent. per annum; still, as he quaintly tells us, he could not so far forget his native country to be content to dwell in a strange land, where there was a famine of God's word and sacrament, the want of which made all things of little value to him.

Of this city he tells us the houses are small low thatched cottages, built with sticks daubed with clay; the walls are smooth, and the king will not permit them to be higher than one story. They employ no carpenters, but each man builds his own dwelling, and that too without using a single nail. Everything which might be nailed is tied with rattans and other strings which grow in the woods. The country being warm, many of them will not take pains to clay their walls, but make them of boughs and leaves of trees. The poorest sort have not above one room in their houses,—few above two, unless they be great men; neither doth the king allow them to build better. They have commonly two buildings, one opposite to the other, joined together on each side with a wall, which makes a square courtyard in the middle. Round about against the walls of their houses are banks of clay to sit on. Their slaves and servants dwell round about without, in other houses, with their wives and children.

No very inviting description of a city wherein to dwell for so many years. While residing in this place, Knox seems ever to have been in fear of the freaks of the king, one of the cruelest of a cruel race; and with reason, as, when tired of tormenting his meaner subjects, his lion majesty would amuse himself by commanding his great nobles to slay each other—a command too readily if not joyfully obeyed, as the executioners thereby hoped to succeed to the wealth or offices of their victims. Of this amiable monarch it is said that once, to try the hearts of his attendants, and to see what they would do, being in the water swimming, he feigned to be near drowning, and cried out for help. Upon which two young men, more adventurous and forward than the rest, immediately went to his aid, and taking hold of his body, brought the king safe ashore—a service for which his majesty seemed grateful, for he commanded them to appear at the palace. The young men, thinking their fortunes made, obeyed; but the tyrant, turning to one of his great officers, said,—"Take both these and cut off their heads, since they dared to presume to lay their vile hands on my person, and did not rather prostrate themselves, that I might lay my hand on them for my relief and safety." A few minutes after the young men were slain.

Now, such freaks being of common occurrence, it is not to be wondered that Knox desired to free himself from such a tiger's den as Candy. Thus he determined to escape at the very first opportunity; but, alas! how sorely was our hero's patience tried, for nine years passed away before that opportunity came. Indeed, escape was no easy matter in a country covered with dense forests and jungle, filled with savage beasts and reptiles, and of the geography of which the friends were in total ignorance. Moreover, all roads and pathways leading to the coasts had been destroyed by the reigning king, to keep the Portuguese and British from the capital. To inquire of the natives the way to the coast would be sheer madness; for, being white, the latter would suspect their design, and send them back to Candy in chains as runaway slaves, for in that capacity alone they were regarded by the Lion King, notwithstanding he permitted them to be at liberty and to prosper within his realm.

Nearly two years Knox and Rutland meditated plans of escape; and at length resolved to begin by returning to their old vocation of peddling. Having provided themselves with the necessary goods, they proceeded from village to village, doing a good trade, and at the same time cunningly eliciting from the people "where the isle was thinnest and fullest inhabited, where and how the watches lay from one country to another, and what commodities were proper for them to carry into all parts," pretending that they would furnish themselves with such wares as the

respective places wanted. "None doubted," says Knox, "but that we intended only trading; for so well was I treated in the land, and so great my wealth, that they could not suppose I would run away."

By continued inquiries, the friends found that the country to the north was the least populated, and therefore offered the best means of escape to the coast. Thus providing themselves with such wares as were vendible, they set forth in that direction. But success was far, far off as yet; for, says Knox, "after several days of travel we were very thankful to Providence that we had passed all difficulties so far; we durst go no further because, having no wares left to traffic with, we should have been suspected. Moreover, it being the first time we had been absent from home so long, we were afraid our fellow-townsmen would come after us, and so we returned home."

About nine or ten times the two Englishmen went peddling to the north, in order to accustom themselves to the paths and gain further information as to the nearest Dutch settlement on the coast. On one of these occasions Knox met his old servant, the black boy, who agreed, for a suitable reward, to act as their guide to the Dutch settlements. But so closely were they watched by the Cingalese, that from the time of their first taking to peddling as a means of escape, to their final and successful attempt, nine wearisome years passed away.

This final attempt was made on September 22nd, 1679—*i.e.*, nearly twenty years after Robert Knox first landed in Ceylon. That day, or rather night, he tells us, was chosen "because the moon was at the full, and they would have light enough to run away by." Furnished with knives and small axes for their defence, with several kind of wares wherewith to throw dust into native eyes, and a supply of provisions, they set forth; and passing through a wilderness full of wild elephants, tigers, bears, wild pigs, and deadly snakes, they reached the town of Anarodgburro.

At this place they received a fright. They heard that the king's officers were out collecting the revenue; but they avoided meeting them by retiring to a village to the westward, where they remained some days, employing themselves by knitting caps of cotton yarn, which they intended to sell on their road, reserving their wares for a special purpose, viz., to exchange for dried flesh, which they pretended to believe was to be obtained northward. This desire for dried flesh, however, was but a ruse, an excuse for them to approach the Dutch settlements without exciting the suspicion of the natives, many of whom had already expressed some astonishment that the king had permitted two of his white slaves to come so far from his capital.

Hearing that the revenue officers had quitted the neighbourhood, Knox and Rutland again set forth; and, after many days of hard travelling, ran unwittingly into the lion's mouth—*i.e.*, they found themselves at Collinilla, a station or outpost where dwelt one of the king's governors, and whose especial duty it was to examine closely all comers and goers.

This was an awkward *contretemps*, as they could not doubt but that the governor, seeing they were white slaves, and knowing they were far beyond the bounds permitted, would at once recapture them and send them back to his amiable sovereign. But great tyrants are seldom served well at a distance from head-quarters, even by their own slaves; so when, putting a bold front forward, our runaways went straightway to the government house, presented the great man with a parcel of betel and tobacco, and, exhibiting their wares, told him they desired to exchange them for dried flesh, his excellency, not appearing to suspect them for what they were, told them exactly what they well knew, that in the long dry season no deer could be taken; but he added that when the rains came he would supply them with as much as they required. Now, as the rains were expected in the course of a few days, they assumed joyful countenances, and appeared contented to wait; all the time, however, praying in their hearts for the dry weather to continue until they had left the governor and his station many miles behind them. For three days there was no rain, so on the fourth they presented his excellency with a packet of gunpowder (a great rarity at that time among the Cingalese), and, leaving a large bundle in his charge, declared that they would go back to Anarodgburro for a few days, and in the meantime, should the rain fall, he could shoot some deer for them. Before starting, however, they met with another fright. A body of troops had arrived with orders from the king to the governor to set double guards at the different posts, so that no suspicious persons might be allowed to pass; for "although," says Knox, "this order was intended only to prevent the flight of the relatives of certain noblemen whom the king had imprisoned, tortured, and killed, yet we feared the soldiers might wonder to see white men here, and so send us back again. But God so ordered it that they were very kind to us, and left us to our business, and we got safe to Anarodgburro."

Staying three days in this town, under the pretence of buying dried flesh, but in reality seeking information as to the nearest route to Jafnapatam, a Dutch port, they found there the roads to the latter port were impassable for Europeans, and, moreover, occupied by native troops. Thus they resolved to retrace their steps many miles, till they came to

the river Malwatoyah, hoping, by following the course of that stream, to reach the sea.

The journey would in all probability be a fearful one; they therefore laid in ten days' provisions, a basin to boil their food in, two calabashes for water, two great talipat leaves for tents, some jaggery, sweetmeats, tobacco, betel, tinder-boxes, and a deerskin for shoes, "for of our feet we were very careful, since to them we chiefly trusted," says Knox.

Terrible must have been the anxiety of these poor fellows, during their long tramp, in fear of pursuers, their *bête noir*, the tyrant king, ever before their mind's eye, now liberty, now slavery in the balance. Reaching the river, they kept by its banks, yet avoiding the sands, for fear of leaving traces of their footsteps. Once fairly in the woods, they breathed more freely; they erected their tents (so large is the talipat tree, that a single leaf is sufficient to form a good-sized tent). Then hoping they should have no more use for their wares, they cast them away, and having tied slips of deerskin about their feet, proceeded on their way. Soon, however, their path was stopped by a huge savage "rogue" elephant, no trifling impediment to ordinary travellers; our runaways, however, regarding this, by comparison, as but a slight trouble, finding they could not scare the brute away, kindled a fire, lighted their pipes, and stayed till morning. Now their hopes rose high, "for by the light of the fire we could not discern that ever anybody had been there, nothing being to be seen but woods, and so we believed we were past all danger, being beyond all inhabitants."

This belief, however, was but transitory, for the river, winding northward, brought them into the midst of a "parcel" of towns. At this their terror was great, for had the people seen them, they would have beaten them, and sent them back to the tyrant. To avoid coming in contact with these natives, the poor fellows crept into a hollow tree, where they sat in mud and wet until night came; then, betaking themselves to their legs, they travelled till they were tired, and sat down; but the hope of liberty, and twenty years' imprisonment in the land, had unstrung their nerves. They heard voices behind them, and feared that they were pursued, but discovered that it was only a shouting to keep the wild beasts from the corn. They pitched their tents by the river, and having boiled rice and roast meat for their suppers, they commended themselves to God's keeping, and lay down to sleep.

The next day they encountered a new terror, for although they had now got beyond the boundaries of what Knox quaintly calls the *tame* Cingalese, they were in great danger from the wild ones, of

whom the woods were full, and who would assuredly have slain our runaways, had they seen them.

Thus for many days and nights they journeyed through bushes and thorns, treading through rivers and streams abounding with alligators, but bearing, enduring all for the sake of dear liberty. At night they would encircle their tents with fire, to scare away the savage denizens of the wilds.

At length they crossed the river Coronda Oyah, which divided the country of the Malabars from the King of Candy's territories; but now they had another fright, for although the Prince of the Malabars paid tribute to the Dutch out of fear, yet was he known to be better affected to the tyrant of Candy, and if he had taken them, Knox had but little doubt that he would have sent them in chains to their old master. Their danger of falling into this worthy's hands was the greatest, because they were obliged to travel by the river-side by day, since they could not proceed at night through the woods for the thorns and the wild beasts who came down to the river to drink. Their good stars were, however, in the ascendant, for all through the Malabar country they met with only two Brahmins, who treated them civilly, and for some money one of them conducted them till they came into the territory of the Dutch, and out of all danger from the King of Candy, "which did not a little rejoice us, but yet we were in no small trouble how to find our way out of the woods, till a Malabar, for the lucre of a knife, conducted us to a Dutch town, where we found guides to direct us from town to town, till we came to the fort called Arrepa, where we arrived Saturday, October 18th, 1679, and there thankfully adored God's wonderful providence in thus completing our deliverance from a long captivity of nineteen years and six months." Of the hearty welcome given to them by the Dutch I have already spoken, and have now only to add that the Dutch governor gave them money, clothes, and a passage to Batavia,—nay, further, offered to send them to England; but the English agent at Bantam, who kindly entertained them at his house, not being willing his countrymen should be indebted to foreigners for a passage to their own country, sent them home in the *Cæsar*, which was then lying in the roads, bound for London, where they arrived in September, 1680.

Soon after his arrival, Robert Knox was appointed a captain in the service of his father's old employers, the East India Company, and ultimately, at the solicitation of his friend, Robert Hooke, F.R.S., wrote a detailed account of his travels and adventures.

To Robert Knox we are indebted for the first English history and description of that "gem of the eastern seas, that pearldrop from the brow of India," as it has been poetically named. For thousands of years

Ceylon has been accounted a wonder of the world, and its natural riches have excited the cupidity of ancients and moderns, yet, with the exception of a portion of its seacoast and towns, domineered over by the Portuguese and Dutch for two thousand three hundred and fifty-seven years, the people preserved their independence, and were ruled over by their native princes. In the year 1815, however, the whole island was conquered by the English, who now account it one of their richest possessions in the East. The excuse for this conquest was the excessive tyranny of the reigning sovereign.

However specious this excuse — and that the conquest of the English was wicked and unjust is not denied,—the dethronement of a dynasty of which the monster Singha II. was a not unfair specimen sovereign, was an act in itself meritorious, and one for which future generations of the Cingalese must feel grateful. The great act of cruelty on the part of Singha which estranged from him his subjects' loyalty, and indirectly formed an excuse for British interference, is worth recording here. A noble, named Cheylapola, having rendered himself obnoxious to Singha, by a patriotic resistance to his cruelty and tyranny, fled from the capital, unfortunately leaving his wife and children in the monster's power. Enraged at the father's escape, Singha ordered the family to be put to death in the market-place.

The lady came forward, bravely declared the legality of her lord's conduct, proclaimed her own innocence, and hoped that the sacrifice she was about to make might be for his good. She then told her eldest boy, a lad of eleven, to submit to the executioner; the poor youth, however, recoiled with horror, when his brother, two years younger, stepped forward, and with a determined mien told him that *he* would show him how to die, and the next minute the boy-hero's head was rolling upon the earth. The severed head was then thrown into a rice-mortar, the pestle was placed in the hand of the poor mother, and she was told that if she refused to use it, she *should be cruelly and disgracefully tortured.* The poor woman stood for a moment in irresolution, but disgrace was worse than any inward struggle. She lifted the pestle up, and once she let it fall. But her sufferings did not end here; one by one, the same harrowing scene was repeated, until all were gone: even the infant at her breast was beheaded. For the credit of humanity, let it be added that, accustomed as were the semi-savage Cingalese to acts of barbarity, for many days after this slaughter the whole of Candy, with the exception of the monster's Court, was as one house of mourning and lamentation, and so deep was the grief, that not a fire was kindled, no food was dressed, and a general fast was held.

MR. SUDBERRY IN A FIX.

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

Chapter V.—Some Account of a Great Fishing Expedition.

THERE was an old barometer of the banjo type in the parlour of the White House, which, whatever might have been its character for veracity in former days, had now become such an inveterate story-teller, that it was pretty safe to accept as true exactly the reverse of what it indicated. One evening Mr. Sudberry kept tapping that antique and musical-looking instrument, with a view to get it to speak out its mind freely. The worthy man's efforts were not in vain, for the instrument, whether out of spite or not, we cannot say, indicated plainly "much rain."

Now, it must be known that Mr. Sudberry knew as much about trout and salmon fishing as that celebrated though solitary individual, "the man in the moon." Believing that bright, dry, sunny weather was favourable to this sport, his heart failed him when the barometer became so prophetically depressed, and he moved about the parlour with quick, uneasy steps, to the distress of his good wife, whose work-box he twice swept off the table with his coat-tails, and to the dismay of George, whose tackle, being spread out for examination, was, to a large extent, caught up and hopelessly affixed to the same unruly tails.

Supper and repose finally quieted Mr. Sudberry's anxious temperament, and when he awoke on the following morning, the sun was

shining in unclouded splendour through his window. Awaking with a start, he bounced out of bed, and, opening his window, shouted with delight that it was a glorious fishing day.

The shout was addressed to the world at large, but it was responded to only by Hobbs.

"Yes, sir, it *is* a hexquisite day," said that worthy; "wot a day for the Thames, sir. It does my 'art good, sir, to think of that there river."

Hobbs, who was standing below his master's window, with his coat off, and his hands in his waistcoat pockets, meant this as a happy and delicate allusion to things and times of the past.

"Ah! Hobbs," said Mr. Sudberry, "you don't know what fishing in the Highlands is, yet; but you shall see. Are the rods ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the baskets and books?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, ah! I forgot—the flasks and sandwiches are they ready, and the worms?"

"Yes, sir; Miss Lucy's a makin' of the san'wiches in the kitchen at this moment, and Maclister's a diggin' of the worms."

Mr. Sudberry shut his window, and George, hearing the noise, leaped out of bed with the violence that is peculiar to vigorous youth. Fred yawned.

"What a magnificent day!" said George, rubbing his hands, and slapping himself preparatory to ablutions; "I will shoot."

"Will you-a-ow?" yawned Fred, "I shall sketch. I mean to begin with the old woman's hut."

"What! do you mean to have your nose plucked off, and your eyes torn out at the beginning of our holiday?"

"Not if I can help it, George; but I mean to run the risk—I mean to cultivate that old woman."

"Hallo! hi!" shouted their father from below, while he tapped at the window with the end of a fishing-rod. "Look alive there, boys, else we'll have breakfast without you."

"Ay, ay, father!" Fred was up in a moment.

About two hours later, father and sons sallied out for a day's sport, George with a fowling-piece, Fred with a sketch-book, and Mr. Sudberry with a fishing-rod, the varnish and brass-work on which, being perfectly new, glistened in the sun.

"We part here, father," said George, as they reached a rude bridge that spanned the river about half a mile distant from the White House.

"I mean to clamber up the sides of the Ben, and explore the gorges. They say that ptarmigan and mountain hares are to be found there."

The youth's eye sparkled with enthusiasm ; for, having been born and bred in the heart of London, the idea of roaming alone among wild rocky glens up among the hills, far from the abodes of men, made him fancy himself little short of a second Crusoe. He was also elated at the thought of firing at *real* wild birds and animals—his experiences with the gun having hitherto been confined to the unromantic practice of a shooting-gallery in Regent Street.

"Success to you, George," cried Mr. Sudberry, waving his hand to his son, as the latter was about to enter a ravine.

"The same to you, father," cried George, as he waved his cap in return, and disappeared.

Five minutes' walk brought them to the hut of the poor old woman, whose name they had learned was Moggy.

"This, then, is my goal," said Fred, smiling. "I hope to scratch in the outline of the interior before you catch your first trout."

"Take care the old woman doesn't scratch out your eyes, Fred," said the father, laughing. "Dinner at five,—*sharp*, remember."

Fred entered the hovel, and Mr. Sudberry, walking briskly along the road for a quarter of a mile, diverged into a foot-path which conducted him to the banks of the river, and to the margin of a magnificent pool where he hoped to catch his first trout.

And now, at last, had arrived that hour to which Mr. Sudberry had long looked forward with the most ardent anticipation. To stand alone on a lovely summer's day, rod in hand, on the banks of a Highland stream, had been the ambition of the worthy merchant ever since he was a boy. Fate had decreed that this ambition should not be gratified until his head was bald, but he did not rejoice the less on this account. His limbs were stout and still active, and his enthusiasm was as strong as it was in boyhood. No one knew the powerful spirit of angling which dwelt in Mr. Sudberry's breast. His wife did not, his sons did not. He was not fully aware of it himself until opportunity revealed it in the most surprising manner. He had, indeed, known a little of the angler's feelings in the days of his youth, but he had a soul above punts, and chairs, and floats, and such trifles ; although, like all great men, he did not despise little things. Many a day had he sat on old Father Thames staring, with eager expectation, at a gaudy float, as if all his earthly hopes were dependent on its motions ; and many a struggling fish had he whipped out of the muddy waters with a shout of joy. But he thought of those days, now, with the feelings of an old

soldier who, returning from the wars to his parents' abode, beholds the drum and pop-gun of his childhood. He recalled the pleasures of the punt with patronizing kindliness, and gazed majestically on crag, and glen, and bright, glancing stream, while he pressed his foot upon the purple heath, and put up his fishing-rod!

Mr. Sudberry was in his element now. The deep flush on his gladsome countenance indicated the turmoil of combined romance and delight which raged within his heaving chest, and which he with difficulty prevented from breaking forth into an idiotic cheer. He was alone, as we have said. He was purposely so. He felt that, as yet, no member of his family could possibly sympathize with his feelings. It was better that they should not witness emotions which they could not thoroughly understand. Moreover, he wished to surprise them with the result of his prowess—in regard to which his belief was unlimited. He felt, besides, that it was better there should be no witness to the trifling failures which might be expected to occur in the first essay of one wholly unacquainted with the art of angling as practised in these remote glens.

The pool beside which Mr. Sudberry stood was one which Hector Macdonald had pointed out as being one of the best in the river. It lay at the tail of a rapid, had an eddy in it, and a rippling, oily surface. The banks were in places free from underwood, and only a few small trees grew near the banks. The shadow of the mountain, which reared its rugged crest close to it, usually darkened the surface, but at the time we write of a glowing sun poured its rays into the deepest recesses of the pool—a fact which filled Mr. Sudberry, in his ignorance, with delight; but which, had he known better, would have overwhelmed him with dismay. In the present instance it happened that "ignorance was bliss," for as every fish in the pool was watching the angler with grave upturned eyes while he put up his rod, and would as soon have attempted to swallow Mr. Sudberry's hat as leap at his artificial flies, it was well that he was not aware of the fact, otherwise his joy of heart would have been turned into sorrow sooner than there was any occasion for.

Musing on piscatorial scenes past, present, and to come, Mr. Sudberry passed the line through the rings of his rod with trembling and excited fingers. While thus engaged, he observed a break on the surface of the pool, and a fish caused a number of rings to form on the water; these floated toward him as if to invite him on. Mr. Sudberry was red-hot now with hope and expectation. It was an *enormous* trout that had risen. Most trouts that are seen, but not caught, are enormous!

There is no pleasure without its alloy. It could not be expected that the course of true sport, any more than that of true love, should run smooth. Mr. Sudberry's ruddy face suddenly turned pale when he discovered that he had forgotten his fishing book! Each pocket in his coat was slapped and plunged into with vehement haste, while drops of cold perspiration stood on his forehead. It was not to be found. Suddenly he recollected the basket at his back: wrenching it open, he found the book there, and joy again suffused his visage.

Selecting his best line and hooks—as pointed out to him by Hector—Mr. Sudberry let out a few yards of line, and prepared for action. Remembering the advice and example of his friend, he made his first cast.

Ha! not so bad. The line fell rather closer to the bank on which he stood than was consistent with the vigour of the cast; but never mind, the next would be better! The next *was* better. The line went out to its full extent, and came down on the water with such a splash that no trout in its senses would have looked at the place for an hour afterwards. But Mr. Sudberry was ignorant of this, so he went on hopefully.

As yet the line was short, so he let out half-a-dozen yards boldly, and allowed the stream to draw it straight. Then, making a violent effort, he succeeded in causing it to descend in a series of circles close to his feet! This, besides being unexpected, was embarrassing. Determined to succeed, he made another cast, and caught the top branch of a small tree, the existence of which he had forgotten. There the hooks remained fixed.

A deep sigh broke from the excited man as he gazed ruefully up at the tree. Under a sudden and violent impulse, he tried to pull the tackle forcibly away. This would not do. He tried again till the rod bent almost double, and he was filled with amazement to find that the casting-line, though no thicker than a thread, could stand such a pull. Still the hooks held on. Laying down his rod, he wiped his forehead and sighed again.

But Mr. Sudberry was not a man to be easily thwarted. Recalling the days of his boyhood, he cast off his coat and nimbly shinned up the trunk of the tree. In a few minutes he reached the top branch and seized it. At that moment the bough on which he stood gave way, and he fell to the ground with a terrible crash, bringing the top branch along with him! Gathering himself up, he carefully manipulated his neck to ascertain whether or not it was broken. He found that it was not; but the line was, so he sat down quietly on the bank and replaced it with a new one.

Before Mr. Sudberry left that spot on the bank beside the dark pool he had caught the tree four times and his hat twice, but he had caught no trout. "They're not taking to-day, that's it," he muttered sadly to himself; "but come, cheer up, old fellow, and try a new fly."

Thus encouraged, by himself, Mr. Sudberry selected a large blue fly with a black head, red wings, and a long yellow tail. It was a gorgeous, and, he thought, a tempting creature, but the trout were evidently not of the same opinion. For several hours the unfortunate piscator flogged the water in vain. He became very hot during this prolonged exertion, stumbled into several holes, and wetted both legs up to the knees, had his cap brushed off more than once by overhanging branches, and entangled his line grievously while in the act of picking it up, bruised his shins several times, and in short got so much knocked about, battered, and worried, that he began to feel in a state of mental and physical dishevelment.

Still his countenance did not betray much of his feelings. He found fishing more difficult in all respects than he had expected; but what then? Was he going to give way to disgust at the first disappointment? Certainly not. Was he going to fail in perseverance now, after having established a reputation for that quality during a long commercial life in the capital of England? Decidedly not. Was that energy, that vigour, that fervour of character for which he was noted to fail him here—here, in an uncivilized country, where it was so much required—after having been the means of raising him from a humble station to one of affluence; after having enabled him to crush through all difficulties, small or great, as well as having caused him to sweep hecatombs of crockery to destruction with his coat-tails? Indubitably not!

Glowing with such thoughts, the dauntless man pressed his cap on his brow, pressed his lips together with a firm smile, frowned good-humouredly at fate and the water, and continued his unflagging, though not unflogging, way.

So, the hot sun beat down upon him until evening drew on apace and then the midges came out. The torments which Mr. Sudberry endured after this were positively awful, and the struggles that he made, in the bravery of his cheerful heart, to bear up against them, were worthy of a hero of romance. His sufferings were all the more terrible and exasperating, that, at first, they came in the shape of an effect without a cause. The skin of his face and hands began to inflame and to itch beyond endurance—to his great surprise; for the midges were so exceedingly small and light, that, being deeply intent on his line, he did not observe them. He had heard of midges, no doubt; but never having seen them,

and being altogether engrossed in his occupation, he never thought of them for a moment. He only became aware of ever-increasing uneasiness, and exhibited a tendency to rub the backs of his hands violently on his trousers, and to polish his countenance with his cuffs.

It must be the effects of exposure to the sun, he thought—yes, that was it; of course, that would go off soon, and he would become case-hardened, a regular mountaineer! Ha! was that a trout? Yes, that must have been one at last; to be sure, there were several stones and eddies near the spot where it rose, but he knew the difference between the curl of an eddy now, and the splash of a trout; he would throw over the exact spot, which was just a foot or two above a moss-covered stone that peeped out of the water. He did so, and caught it—the stone, not the trout—and the hooks remained fixed in the slimy green moss.

Mr. Sudberry scratched his head and felt inclined to stamp. He even experienced a wild desire to cast his rod violently into the river and walk home with his hands in his pockets; but he restrained himself. Pulling on the line somewhat recklessly, the hook came away, to his immense delight, trailing a long thread of the green moss along with it.

Mr. Sudberry now took to holding a muttered conversation with himself—a practice which was by no means new to him, and in the course of which he was wont to address himself in curiously disrespectful terms. "Come, come, John, my boy, don't be cast down! Never say die! Hope, ay, hope told a flatter——Hallo! was that a rise? No, it must have been another of these—what can be the matter with your skin to-day, John? I don't believe it's the sun after all. The sun never drove any one frantic. Never mind; cheer up, old cock! That seems a very likely hole—a beautiful—be-au-ti—steady! That was a good cast—the best you've made to-day, my buck; try it again—ha! ss—s! caught again as I'm a Dutchman. This is too bad. Really, you know—well, you've come off easier than might have been expected. Now then, softly. What *can* be the matter with your face?—surely—it cannot be" (Mr. Sudberry's heart palpitated at the thought) "the *measles!* Oh! impossible, pooh! pooh! you had the measles when you were a baby, of course—d'ye know, John, you're not quite sure of that. Fevers, too, occasionally come on with extreme—dear me, how hot it is, and what a time you have been fishing, you stupid fellow, without a rise. It must be getting late."

Mr. Sudberry stopped with a startled look as he said this. He glanced at the sun, pulled out his watch, gazed at it with unutterable surprise, put it to his ear, and groaned.

"Too late! half-past five; dinner at five—punctually! Oh! Mary, Mary, won't I catch it to-night!"

A cloud passed over the sun as he spoke. Being very susceptible to outward influences, the gloom of the shadow descended on his spirits as well as his person, and for the first time that day a look of deep dejection overspread his countenance.

Suddenly there was a violent twitch at the end of the rod, the reel spun round with a sharp whirr-r, and every nerve in Mr. Sudberry's system received an electric shock as he bent forward, straddled his legs, and made a desperate effort to fling the trout over his head.

The slender rod would not, however, permit of such treatment. It bent double, and the excited piscator was fain to wind up—an operation which he performed so hastily that the line became entagled with the winch of the reel, which brought it to a dead lock. With a gasp of anxiety he flung down the rod, and seizing the line with his hands, hauled out a beautiful yellow trout of about a quarter of a pound in weight, and five or six inches long.

To describe the joy of Mr. Sudberry at this piece of good fortune were next to impossible. Sitting down on his fishing-basket, with the trout full in view, he drew forth a small flask of sherry, a slice of bread, and a lump of cheese, and proceeded then and there to regale himself. He cared nothing now for the loss of his dinner; no thought gave he to the anticipated scold from neglected Mrs. Sudberry. He gave full scope to his joy at the catching of this, his first trout. He looked up at the cloud that obscured the sun, and forgave it, little thinking, innocent man, that the said cloud had done him a good turn that day. He smiled benignantly on water, earth, and sky. He rubbed his face, and when he did so he thought of the measles and laughed—laughed heartily, for by that time he had discovered the true cause of his misery; and although we cannot venture to say that he forgave the midges, sure we are that he greatly was mollified towards them.

Does any ignorant or cynical reader deem such an extravagance of delight inconsistent with so trifling an occasion? Let him ponder before he ventures to exclaim "Ridiculous!" Let him look round upon this busy, whirling, incomprehensible world, and note how its laughing and weeping multitudes are ofttimes tickled to uproarious merriment, or whelmed in gloomy woe, by the veriest trifles, and then let him try to look with sympathy on Mr. Sudberry and his first trout.

Having carefully deposited the fish in his basket, he once more resumed his rod and his expectations. But if the petty annoyances that beset our friend in the fore part of that day may be styled harassing, those with which he was overwhelmed towards evening may be called exasperating. First of all he broke the top of his rod, a misfortune which broke his heart

entirely. But, recollecting suddenly that he had three spare top-pieces in the butt, his heart was cemented and bound up, so to speak, in a rough and ready manner. Next, he stepped into a hole, which turned out to be three feet deep, so that he was instantly soaked up to the waist. Being extremely hot, besides having grown quite reckless, Mr. Sudberry did not mind this; it was pleasantly cooling. He was cheered, too, at the moment, by the re-appearance of the sun, which shone out as bright as ever, warming his heart (poor, ignorant man!) and, all unknown to him, damaging his chance of catching any more fish at that time.

Soon after this he came to a part of the river where it flowed through extremely rugged rocks, and plunged over one or two precipices, sending up clouds of grey mist and a dull roar which overawed him, and depressed his spirits. This latter effect was still further increased by the bruising of his shins and elbows, which resulted from the rough nature of the ground. He became quite expert now in hanking on bushes and disentangling the line, and experienced a growing belief in the truth of the old saying that "practice makes perfect." He cast better, he hanked oftener, and he disentangled more easily, than he had done at an earlier period of the day. The midges, too, increased as evening advanced.

Presently he came upon a picturesque portion of the stream where the waters warbled and curled in little easy-going rapids, miniature falls, and deep, oily pools. Being an angler by nature, though not by practice (as yet), he felt that there must be *something* there. A row of natural stepping-stones ran out towards a splendid pool, in which he felt assured there must be a large trout—perhaps a grilse. His modesty forbade him to hint "a salmon," even to himself.

It is a very difficult thing, as every one knows, to step from one stone to another in a river, especially when the water flowing between runs swift and deep. Mr. Sudberry found it so. In his effort to approach the pool in question, which lay under the opposite bank, he exhibited not a few of the postures of the rope-dancer and the acrobat; but he succeeded, for Mr. Sudberry was a man of indomitable pluck.

Standing on a small stone, carefully balanced, and with his feet close together, he made a beautiful cast. It was gracefully done; it was vigorously, manfully done—considering the difficulty of the position, and the voracity of the midges—and would have been undoubtedly successful but for the branch of a tree which grew on the opposite bank and overhung the stream. This branch Mr. Sudberry, in his eagerness, had not observed. In casting, he thrust the end of his rod violently into it; the line twirled in dire confusion round the leaves and small boughs, and the drag hook, as if to taunt him, hung down within a foot of his nose.

Mr. Sudberry in despair made a desperate grasp at this and caught it. More than that—it caught him, and sunk into his forefinger over the barb, so that he could not get it out. The rock on which he stood was too narrow to admit of much movement, much less to permit of his resting the butt of his rod on it, even if that had been practicable—which it was not, owing to the line being fast to the bough, and the reel in a state of dead-lock from some indescribable manœuvre to which it had previously been subjected.

There he stood, the very personification of despair; but while standing there he revolved in his mind the best method of releasing his line without breaking it or further damaging his rod. Alas! fortune, in this instance, did not favour the brave. While he was looking up in rueful contemplation of the havoc above, and then down at his pierced and captured finger, his foot slipped and he fell with a heavy plunge into deep water. That settled the question. The whole of his tackle remained attached to the fatal bough, excepting the hook in his finger, with which, and the remains of his fishing-rod, he floundered to the shore.

Mr. Sudberry's first act on gaining the land was to look into his basket, where, to his great relief, the trout was still reposing. His next was to pick up his hat, which was sailing in an eddy fifty yards down the stream. Then he squeezed the water out of his garments, took down his rod, with a heavy sigh strangely mingled with a triumphant smile, and turned his steps homeward just as the sun began to dip behind the peaks of the distant hills.

To his surprise and relief, Mrs. Sudberry did *not* scold when, about an hour later, he entered the hall or porch of the White House with the deprecatory air of a dog that knows he has been misbehaving, and with the general aspect of a drowned rat. His wife had been terribly anxious about his non-arrival, and the joy she felt on seeing him safe and well, induced her to forget the scold.

"Oh! John dear, quick, get off your clothes," was her first exclamation.

As for Jacky, he uttered a cheer of delight and amazement at beholding his father in such a woeful plight; and he spent the remainder of the evening in a state of impish triumph; for, had not his own father come home in the same wet and draggled condition as that in which he himself had presented himself to Mrs. Brown earlier in the day, and for which he had received a sound whipping? "Hooray!" and with that the amiable child went off to inform his worthy nurse that "papa was as bad a boy as himself—badder, in fact; for he [Jacky] had only been in the water up to the waist, while papa had gone into it head and heels!"

(To be continued.)

AT A CIRCUS!

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

[AS one who has undertaken the duties of "your own correspondent" at many of the great sights of the present year, I naturally feel myself in a far more dignified position than when my effusions appeared in your pages under the modest signature of "Schoolboy;" and although I experience some slight trepidation at the thought of the important post which you have assigned to me, yet, judging from the many manifest signs of favour which "The Schoolboy Letters" met with, I hope that in my new character my contributions will prove acceptable to almost "Every Boy;" for, although it may be urged that reports of some of the events I shall feebly attempt to chronicle will also appear in the London newspapers, yet I trust that my account will yet be welcome to Town Boys, and if to them, how much more to your friends in the country, and some of our distant colonies! I also feel well aware that, as "your own correspondent," I cannot reasonably expect the same blindness to faults which as a schoolboy I received at the hands or rather eyes of your subscribers, and that I shall now be judged by the same standard as my adult literary brothers. This idea makes me feel, I frankly admit, rather nervous, and it is for this reason that I have craved a little extra space to inform your readers of the facts just mentioned, in the hope that they will be lenient judges, and not act on Iago's principle, about being nothing if not critical.]

I fortunately have the extreme pleasure of being called uncle by one of the prettiest little lads of eight years old imaginable. When he is dressed in his trim little knickerbockers, with his fair curly hair well brushed, his little small-featured face looks so comical and fascinating, that I defy any one to prevent him doing just as he pleases; and, although he is a very amiable boy, and one who would do anything rather than cause grief—a boy who never buys sixpennyworth of sweetstuff without giving the best part of it away—yet I must own that in his conduct towards me he is sometimes strangely tyrannical, and never quite so respectful as my avuncular position demands. He seems to look upon me as a sort of watchman, who is to take him wherever he wants to go, without the slightest opposition; but I must not complain, poor little fellow! His father, my sister's husband, died four years ago, so that my dear little nephew Charley has come to look upon me as a sort of paternal relative. Well,

Master Charley, not content with two pantomimes, visits to the Colosseum, Polytechnic, and the Zoological Gardens, insisted that I should take him to a grand equestrian entertainment at Islington, as one of his friends, another curly-haired little boy, with whom he walks hand-in-hand to school every morning, had been there, and had pronounced it "the splendidest thing he ever saw."

Knowing how futile resistance was, I at once trudged off to the box-office at the Agricultural Hall, and having secured two reserved seats in the best part of the house—for Charley is a little aristocrat in his way—I returned home to dine, and at seven in the evening of the 27th of January, in the present year, I drove up to my sister's house. Of course, when I arrived, Master Charley was not dressed. I was informed that, under the supervision of his nurse, he had been absent in his room already half an hour, and that, on being informed of my arrival, he sent to request that his uncle would quietly sit down and wait.

After twirling my thumbs for ten minutes, in the little fellow marched, dressed in his best suit of knickerbockers, with a natty pair of violet stockings, which showed the symmetrical proportions of his well-shaped legs. After shaking hands with me in his usual patronising manner, he called for his velvet cap and his dark green kid gloves, which, by-the-by, took both his mamma and the nurse five minutes to put on, during which time Charley did nothing but worry about being late. As soon as he had donned his cap off we went, but just as we entered the cab nothing would suit Charley but that he must go back to kiss his mamma, and to console her with the fact that we should be back in capital time, eleven o'clock at the latest. Then it struck him that his appearance would be more dignified if he took with him his cane, which was given to him on Christmas-day, and five minutes were therefore cut to waste while all the establishment searched for it. The cane was at last discovered behind the water-butt in the back garden, where the young gentleman had placed it in readiness for his next chase after the cats—a pursuit he was very fond of, although as he never by any chance got within five yards of one, his pleasure must have been almost purely of an anticipatory nature. At last we were off, and, after a wearisome drive, we at length reached our destination. I say wearisome advisedly, for the cab was shaky, the horse was old, and the driver was deaf and stupid. Now, such a combination is not likely to produce a pleasant jaunt under any circumstances; and when, in addition to these defects, I mention that the streets were "up" in almost every direction, and that we had to go round I don't know how many miles; that Charley did not sit still for an instant, but ran several hundred yards inside the cab during the journey; that he asked a fresh

question every minute, and dropped his cane and made me pick it up from the damp straw about every other minute, I think all must allow that I might well be glad to leave the vehicle.

On taking our seats in the immense hall, I was very much struck with its colossal proportions and wonderful suitability for equestrian purposes. Almost the whole building was transformed into a ring, or rather an oblong, rounded at the corners, of about a hundred yards in length, while in the centre of it, and just between the band and the reserved seats, was a small circle or circus, in which the first part of the performance took place. When we entered, a boy and a girl about twelve years of age, clad in Highland costume, were careering on two listless dappled horses, who went round and round in a very mechanical manner, while a dozen gentlemen, who looked like grooms, with clean faces, whose lower parts were dressed in white tights and red Hessian boots, and whose upper portions were adorned by short coats, brass-buttoned, which were fastened tightly, but well thrown open at the chest, in order to show a good quantity of spotless linen, looked at the performance with the greatest interest, as if it was the first sight of its kind they had ever seen. The two children, who were called "The Caledonian Lovers," showed their mutual affection, as soon as the steeds returned to their stalls, by dancing a Highland reel on the carpet in the centre of the ring, and then made way for Master Perks and his trained pony. This youth, who certainly did not look more than five years old, for he was very small, and wore little white socks, and a pretty yellow frock, adorned with red ribbon, at once mounted his trained pony, and without the aid of stirrups galloped round the ring as easily as possible. Then the pony jumped over poles, held about two feet from the ground; next he sprang on a small platform, and with his fore feet, which were adorned with bells, beat time while the band played a polka and a hornpipe; then Master Perks *perkily* descended, and made the pony lie down and feign death, while he expressed his grief by rubbing his forehead with both his little hands. The juvenile wonder now reposed on the pony's back and head, and, after he had rested for a few minutes, commanded the animal to rise. His wish having been complied with, both retired amidst loud applause.

Charley, who had been sitting, wrapped in silent admiration, and in his little top-coat, now returned to his former self, in consequence of the wondrous jumping of a clown, who vaulted over six chairs placed in a line, one after the other. This portion of the entertainment was called in the bill "A Comic Intermède," an agreeable combination of the French and English languages, which has unfortunately become very common in many of our entertainments. In my opinion, interlude is a much better word than

its French equivalent, *intermède*, besides having the advantage of being understood by the people present, many of whom must have left the hall impressed with the idea that intermède meant vaulting. At the end of the first part we were treated to a performance of selections from *Faust*, upon a grand organ, whilst two little boys behind us were regaled by their indulgent papa with two large oranges, which they commenced sucking industriously, much to the disgust of Charley, who leaning back on his chair, with his little purple-stockinged legs crossed, and his thumbs thrust into his waistcoat at the shoulders, had given himself up to thought about the wonders he had seen. Soon, however, he was aroused by the fall of a piece of orange-peel on his curly hair. Starting up, he turned round hastily and looked in such a dignified manner at his diminutive assailant, that the poor little fellow was quite struck with awe, and humbly put the remaining portion of the peel of his orange into his trousers pocket, where it remained during the rest of the performance.

The attendants now cleared away the sides of the small circus, and the whole arena was henceforward devoted to the display of the different sights. We were soon treated to some capital vaulting, in which a Mr. Barnes, the champion vaulter of the world, turned head over heels sixty-one times, without stopping! Master Charley was, however, more amused at the attempts of two clowns, who endeavoured to vault well, and yet insisted in getting continually in each other's way, whereon one kicked the other down, much to the delight of the juvenile portion of the audience, who always seem to take the keenest delight in the injuries inflicted upon the performers, whether they are struck in the face, burnt by red-hot pokers, or mercilessly maltreated by the clown, who keeps the halfpence, and inflicts the kicks upon his comrade. Charley being possessed of an inquiring mind, incessantly asked me what one clown meant by constantly saying "*Houp là!*" and, although I tried to persuade him that it was probably the French equivalent for the English clown's "Here we are!" he seemed in no way satisfied. One of the most interesting events of the evening's entertainment was a capital representation of a steeple-chase, in which four men, dressed in jockeys' clothes, raced round the arena five times, clearing four hedges in their progress. It was a most exciting race, and was evidently keenly relished by the audience, who, when the winner was presented with a gold cup, compelled him to ride round once more, so that all might have a good view of him and his trophy. As soon as the hedges were cleared away, a loud roar was heard, and two cart-horses dashed in, bearing a large cage, mounted on a truck, containing four lions and a lioness. Mr. Crockett, the lion-tamer, then entered the cage, and by inserting his

head in the mouths of his performing lions, and then drawing it out again, showed how great a command man's intellect can obtain over brute force. It was, however, rather amusing to note the way in which one of the family stood on its hind legs, inserted its two fore paws between the top bars of the cage, and evidently regarding the whole affair with supreme contempt, refused to move, except to snatch at the whip with which its master belaboured its sides. The lady of the tribe, a fine lioness, showed her agility by jumping through hoops and over poles, whilst two of her friends sat listlessly upon two little stands, placed half the height of the cage, and the other lay at full length on the floor, looking as noble and dignified as we imagine the British Lion usually does. When the lions had satisfactorily gone through their performances, Mr. Crockett fired five pistols, and in an instant opened the door of the cage, sprang out, and refastened it, before the beasts could think of moving. The applause was now loud and general. Charley clapped his little hands, and kicked my legs with his feet, in an ecstasy of delight, whilst a surly old gentleman next to me said that it was a most improper exhibition, and that the man's head would certainly be bitten off some day.

The last sight of this wonderful circus, the like of which I believe has never been seen in this country before, was a grand tournament, in which appeared 100 horses and 400 performers.

Mounted knights in armour, their squires, retainers, jesters, attendants, archers, and a vast crowd of soldiery, led by a band, formed a most imposing spectacle, the effect of which was considerably increased by the arrival of the Queen of Love and Beauty, escorted by the King and Queen, whose appearance was not only dignified, but absolutely regal. As they marched round the ring, and graciously bowed to the audience, the people not only returned their salutes, but took off their hats. All seemed impressed with their noble bearing except Charley, who actually laughed at the King, winked at his royal consort, and kissed his hand to the Queen of Love and Beauty.

As soon as the royal spectators had taken their seats on a raised daïs, the sports began. Tilting at the quintain, or, according to the programme, running at the *jousts à l'outrance*, was very much admired, and whenever a knight caught all the six rings on his lance, he was loudly and rapturously applauded. Targets were placed on the ground, and knights, rushing past at full gallop, stuck their darts as near the bull's eye as they could; then clowns on hobby-horses tilted at the figure of a Saracen, which swung round and hit them on the back of the head as they passed, whilst a buffoon, in striking a target, caused a bucket of sawdust to fall

on his head, and retired, covered with it and ignominy. Two knights now dashed at each other full tilt, and a desperate combat ensued. Time after time each attempted to knock the other off his horse, until when one lost his lance, both sprang to the earth, and fought desperately, in order to obtain possession of the weapon. The result was, that the lance went through (in imagination) one cavalier, who was left for dying on the field, whilst the other, after bowing to the Queen of Love and Beauty, retired to quench his thirst with malmsey, sack, or canary. Two cavaliers, armed with spiked clubs, joined issue, and belaboured each other fiercely, without attempting to guard a blow. The spikes were either very soft, or their bodies were very hard, for one knight inflicted on the chest of the other at least twenty blows, before he quietly slipped off his horse and expired. And now the contest became general. Knights who had just been standing side by side, and chatting in a friendly manner, suddenly seemed to burn with mutual hate, for they at once hammered into each other. One gallant knight on horseback fought against five mercenaries on foot, who stood about him and received their blows in turn, whilst a sixth tied a string round his horse's hind legs, and dragged it to earth, where it expired, not from the effects of the blows it had received, but probably from shame, at being thus badly treated. The poor animal must, however, have been consoled by the anguish the knight expressed at his loss. He stamped on the ground, looked mournfully up at the gaslights, and then folded his arms; nor was he aroused from his apathy till he and another victorious compeer were summoned to the throne of the Queen of Beauty, who adorned the head of each with laurel, whilst the retainers shovelled the dead horse upon one board, and pushed a live one upon another; the knights then mounted their respective steeds, and, in all the glare of red fire, were borne off amidst the shouts and plaudits of a delighted audience. The royal party, after bowing to their 10,000 subjects there assembled, next took their departure, whilst I, with my precious little charge, sought shelter in a cab.

Although during the evening I had seen many noble sights—gymnastic, hippodromic, and pugilistic,—yet the sight I enjoyed most was to see Charley in the cab, mounted on my foot, which he called four bare-backed steeds, moving forward and backwards, whilst he beat my other leg with his cane, and shouted "*Houp là!*" with all the vigour of his little lungs. This, however, did not last long. In less than ten minutes the little curly head lay asleep on my shoulder, nor did Charley wake till we reached home, when he gave his mamma such a thrilling account of the sights he had beheld, that she—dear woman—actually promised him that he should pay a second visit to this the best circus London has ever seen.

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—DANGERS OF BATTLE.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE THIRD—OF BATTLES.

WHEN I colonized the South Sea Islands with Quakers, methought that my natural love for peace and quietness would at once be satisfied. Alas! for human hopes. Quakers do not tell the truth; and I am again thrown back upon the world.

BAD HABIT OF QUAKERS.

Let me tell you of my battles.

Even of such paltry affairs as that conflict with revolted convicts at Portland, where, on the high rocky foreland, the keepers all wounded or slain, I stood, single-handed, with a pitchfork, against a thousand and four of the most dangerous ruffians in the British Isles. *What did I do?* I pitchforked them over into the sea, where they help strengthen that breakwater, in the construction of which they had refused to assist.

A HUMAN BREAKWATER.

Once again have I warred against crime. Last winter twelvemonth I did battle with the garotters. Returning home one night from a late dinner at Lord Houghton's, a party of ten (the choicest hands in London) waylaid me; but when they tried to put the "hug" on, I backward kicked, and broke the "nasty man's" shins, threw the hardest part of my head against the fellow's astonished teeth, knocking them down his throat; wrested the life-preserver from the man on the look-out, and hit away right and left at every leg I could see. After that, the police were equal to their capture, and I went home to bed.

BACKWARD KICK.

But if I am handy with a "life-preserver," save my enemy from a shillelagh, when I have it in my grasp. You know Ireland—heard of Cork; it was there that I became the victim of an Irish row. They had heard of Munchausen, and they hated the name; they trailed the coat

before me, they abused me, *struck* me; it was enough. I seized the nearest and knottiest shillelagh; holding it at arm's length, I set off in a quick waltz step; the place was cleared. Paddies fell by the hundred. I merely stopped outside the town to stick the bludgeon carefully into the ground, and then immediately left the country, never more to return.

SINGULAR GROWTH.

I hear, by the last post, that the planted weapon is now a beautiful oak-tree — a living monument of Munchausen's prowess.

Not that an Irish tumult was a new thing to me. Already I had suffered. At Ballinasloe Fair I had been knocked down and trampled on; a fair damsel had put the usual sharp-edged stone into her grey worsted stocking, thinking mercifully to finish me. I sprung to my feet, seized the terrible missile from the lady's hand, and cleared the fair. It has never been forgiven, nor, need I add, forgotten.

I am not particular in my choice of weapons. With an axe, a bowie-knife, and a drum, I once put down a rising among the Australian natives, that at one time promised to be a very serious affair. Our settlement (five hundred miles from Ballarat) had been burnt and pillaged; the savages had retreated into the woods, from whence, in the night, they made raids upon our cattle; nay, even carried off our wives and children. With my axe I cleared a path into the forest; with my bowie-knife killed all their sentinels on the look-out; and on my drum beat such a sudden "rat-tatt-too," that the ignorant natives rushed in a body to what remained of our settlement, and gave themselves up prisoners at once.

BEATEN WITH A DRUM.

I may say I can turn anything to account. In Poland, with a scythe, I mowed down two acres of Russian troops in three hours and fourteen minutes.

Opposed to a detachment of Austrians, I caught sight of their great jack-boots, and at once, by sheer force of arms, drove them into a morass, which lay in their rear, in which they stuck, until I humanely ordered them to be picked out like periwinkles, and sent to prison, where they now lay. But the Austrians know one of my boots as well as they do ten thousand of their own. Daunted by my army, they had turned tail, and were running downhill in the direction of the Danube. I, in front, up with my booted right foot, and gave the last man one great kick. One over the other they all went down the hill, into the river, where they perished miserably.

USE AND ABUSE OF BOOTS.

I fought the Cossacks once, sword against lance. I killed so many that my trusty sabre was hacked into a saw. The enemy, frightened,

climbed into a large spreading oak-tree; with my sword I sawed right through the trunk of the oak, down it fell, with a terrible crash, killing every Cossack of them in its fall. Once I met these daring spirits lance to lance, I kept on running them through till my weapon was full, and then pulled it out by the other end—it saved time.

I SAWED AND CONQUERED.

Never waste time nor opportunity. In Naples, last June, rapidly making my way through a narrow pass, about four miles from the city, I heard brigands approaching, seven hundred strong. Hiding behind a projecting rock, at a place where the road was so narrow that only one could pass at a time, I was on the look-out; a dagger my only weapon; but I had my plan. I would not kill them. Oh, no! that I could well leave for the public executioner, who would have enough to do. I stabbed them all in the right wrist, disabled them, and took them prisoners.

A HARD DAY'S WORK.

My last skirmish in America was with a regiment of New York Tigers. I carried my famous double-barrelled breech-loader—a Henry—and shot it off so many times, and so quickly, that the gun became red-hot. I could no longer fire it, so hurried to a neighbouring stream, and dipped my weapon in the water, to cool it. Cried the enemy, "He is frightened, he runs away; let's at him." On they came, and in such force that, losing my usual caution, I filled both barrels to the muzzle with cartridges, let fly, and lo! my gun burst in my hand. Any other boy it would have killed, but in my steady grasp it simply annihilated all the "Tigers," and by its recoil sent me back for several miles, landing me at last safely on the deck of a mail-packet, then starting for Old England.

THE WAY HOME.

Once, against the army of the Potomac, under the assumed name of Bragg, with my good old six-shooter, I picked them off three hundred and sixty per minute. My ammunition held out well; but alas! my percussion caps failed me all on a sudden. What to do! A sudden thought rushed through my brain. We were fighting alongside of the Virginia and Tennessee railway. I climbed up a telegraph pole, cut the wire, caught the electric spark as it came flashing along, applied it to my touch-holes, and with such success that—as you must have read in the *Times* long ago—General Hooker had to resign in consequence.

GREAT POWER OF ELECTRICITY.

But, if I ruin my enemies, I never forget my friends. I met my old crony Lincoln on the field of battle: he is not brave, and he cried piteously, "Don't kill me: think of past happy days." Thought I, you shall not suffer.

FRIENDLY FEELING.

"Stoop!" I shouted. He bent himself double, and through the slack of his loose American trousers went the point of my bayonet. I lifted him on to my shoulder, and carried him alive and safely a prisoner into our camp.

When I met a regiment of Federals in Virginia, near a mill, I beat them so about the head with a sack of flour, and kicked up such a dust and a smother, that the advancing army, never waiting to listen for the roar of what they imagined must be my artillery, turned round, ran back to Washington, and told such a horrible story of their narrow escape, that General Butler drank prussic acid out of a pewter pot, thinking it his only means of safety.

But he was safe enough for me, at that time. I was off to Chattanooga, with a large mirror, by means of which I dazzled the horses' eyes until they ran wild, and brought all the Federal officers into the Confederate lines; with a burning-glass, with which I blew up the advancing ammunition train, leaving them unprepared for the terrible onslaught which followed.

POWER OF LIGHT.

Lincoln was so hard run for troops once, that he sent out a wooden-legged regiment as a forlorn hope, the main army following on behind. Slowly stumping on, the poor wooden legs in advance grew tired, lay down and slept. So, I caught them, unbuckled their legs, with which I made large fires under our camp-kettles, already filled with water from the Rappahannock, seized a Federal fire-engine that was just passing, and, playing boiling water on to the advancing foe, beat them back faster than they came. The wooden-legged troops were released as soon as a sufficient number of trees had been cut down to furnish them with new legs.

THE WOODEN LEG FIRE.

But of course you are anxious to learn how and by what means the American War was finally brought to a close. By a very simple device, I assure you. Having had a million-pounder gun built by Sir William Armstrong, and then smuggled over in the *Alabama*, I seized the opportunity of the American armies joining in one great movement against us, and then—not till then—I loaded my piece with pewter pots, crowbars, and patent safety matches.

END OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

I fired! The effect was just what I had anticipated.

All the pots fell on to all the heads of all the Federal troops, extinguishing them.

All the crowbars broke open all the magazines, and—

All the patent safety matches set fire to all the ammunition, and blew up everybody that had not been previously extinguished. Perhaps you

may understand now that I was not sorry for the lucky accident which sent me safely home to England once more.

I am noted for peculiar ammunition. I once stopped a rising of the Druses against the Maronites, in Damascus, by loading a large cannon with soap and water, soda and blue-bag. The soapsuds got into the eyes of the Druses, and nearly blinded them; the "blue water," with which they were drenched, made them so hideous to behold, that as soon as they had rubbed the soapsuds out of their eyes, they gave but one look at each other, and in a body rushed to the nearest bridge, from which they committed suicide in their terror.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S VICTORY.

In Mexico we had no provisions, so of course they sent me out to forage. I got away well enough, but could not get back, the French troops had so closely invested the place. Off I made for the neighbouring town, only ten miles distant; it had not yet surrendered, and was well supplied with dutch cheeses and cocoa-nuts; also, they had a five hundred and seventy-three-pounder Whitworth gun, stolen from the French, who had purchased it in England. They had gunpowder, but no shells. A thought! I loaded the gun with cheeses and cocoa-nuts, fired with good elevation, double charge of powder, fairly in the direction of Mexico, and in less than twelve hours, by dint of hard work and close calculation, that city was well provisioned, and able to hold out until the besiegers left it, satisfied with having telegraphed home that—

DUTCH CHEESES AND COCOA NUTS.

"Mexico was taken and subdued."

Of course I have not always the fortune to come across good weapons. At the Cape, attacked by Caffres, I borrowed the jawbone of a talkative fellow, who had for a long time bored me with his company; and with that ancient but somewhat inefficient weapon, slew every Caffre that dared to show himself.

JAWBONE.

I have just returned from New Zealand, where I have given them that peace which Sir George Grey had failed to find for them. In the midst of an engagement I simply flashed open my Sangster's umbrella full in the face of the Maori king: he went on his knees, begged my pardon, and then and there signed a Treaty on my cambric pocket-handkerchief, there being no writing-paper within four hundred miles of the spot upon which this singular victory was gained.

THE MICROSCOPE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

No. 1.

AT any time of the year or hour of the day, there are few pursuits more interesting, and at the same time instructive, than the study of Nature by means of the Microscope.

This instrument has revolutionized science, solved many problems that had wearied the souls of older naturalists, and even in its simplest form is beyond all value to those who love Nature and the objects which they see around them. The microscope opens a new world to us. When the first telescope was directed to the heavens, and unlocked the mysteries of the skies, when it crumbled into dust all the theories of the past centuries, and told mankind that the planets were not merely instruments of fortune-telling, whose voices were intelligible to a chosen few, but orbs far vaster than our own; even then, the new world of thought into which man entered was no wider than that which is displayed by the poorest lens that possesses the power of magnifying.

All of us must admire the more than awful grandeur of that universe whereof we form so infinitesimal a part, wherein the stars are scattered as the sand on the sea-shore, and every star a sun, the centre of a system of orbs too distant for the eye of man to perceive. Looking at our nearest planet, and observing on her face vast mountain-chains, ravines into which the light of the sun can never penetrate, and volcanoes whose craters are so wide that they would take in the whole of London, the whole of Birmingham, and all the country between them, we can judge by analogy of the unseen wonders which must exist in the world beyond our ken.

But, to him who can read Nature rightly, the microscope is a teacher as grand as its sister instrument, and the awful magnificence of Nature is as evident in a midge's wing, as in the more patent glories of the sun, moon, and stars. In the following pages, I hope to put the readers of this Magazine in the way to read their microscope rightly—possibly to make it—and to show that much can be done with small means, when "there's a will," and to indicate to them that objects of no small interest

can be found without stirring from the room in which we sit, or even from the table on which our microscope is placed.

Some of my readers may say, when they read the heading of this paper, that they should like a microscope very much, but that they have no money to buy it, and that their parents cannot afford one.

This is just the feeling which I used to have when a boy, for in those days microscopes were microscopes indeed, and you had your choice between a little instrument, with a series of brass cups, having glasses in them, which magnified slightly but defined clearly, or a great composition of brass and iron, looking like a rocket-tube, with an eye-piece at one end and a glass shot at the other. It was very costly, very imposing, and magnified very highly; but it strained the eyes painfully, had no defining capacities, and made all the objects look as if they were seen through a thick fog. Practically, therefore, the former was the only instrument that was available.

A still more useful instrument, however, was that which can always be obtained for a few shillings, and which is now made wonderfully cheap and wonderfully good; I mean the double or treble pocket-lens. So I say, if you cannot afford a really good microscope, do not waste your money upon inferior and pretentious instruments, but get a sound pocket-lens.

It has a thousand advantages. It is portable, and is even more useful in the fields than in the house. It defines very clearly, and needs little trouble in manipulation. I need not say how difficult is the task of getting a complicated instrument to define properly, how impossible with a bad one. The object and the glass can be held in any light, a matter of no small consideration when examining anything new, and trying to make out its structure. It is not easily put out of order, and if treated with the most ordinary care, will last for a lifetime.

You can push it under water, and it will magnify as well as in the air, and if you are wandering on the river-side, you can lie down on the bank, dip the upper part of your head into the water, together with the glass, and watch carefully the subaquatic objects without removing them. The water will not hurt the eye in the least, though a non-swimmer may perhaps find a little difficulty in his first attempt. It makes a good burning-glass, should fire be needed, and no other means of procuring a spark be at hand. It can be used so as to show the principle of a camera obscura, and to illustrate the manner in which photographic portraits are taken. It can be made into an admirable dissecting microscope, and needs scarcely any practice in the manipulation. These are some of its advantages, and there are many others, which need not be mentioned.

Even if you should be able to procure a good microscope, get a pocket-lens as well, for you will want them both, and I may say that the most practised microscopists, and those who are possessors of the most elaborate instruments, are the very men who are most certain to have a pocket-lens about them, and to use it most frequently. Practice well with the pocket-lens before you meddle with the compound microscope. You will waste no time, but will rather gain by it; for you will be learning the rudiments of a new science, and laying a solid foundation on which to build. Whenever I see a lad take out his pocket-lens in a business-like way, use it skilfully, and put it back with a mechanical facility that tells of constant practice, I know that there is a lad who has learned the chief lesson of a naturalist, namely, the art of observing. I speak highly of the pocket-lens, because I think highly of it and owe much to it.

One or two practical remarks on the proper handling of the pocket-lens may be of use. Do not always employ the same eye in looking through the lens, but use the eyes alternately. There is always a temptation to employ the same eye, which thus receives a kind of training in vision; but it is a temptation always to be resisted. With some persons the right eye is most in favour, and with others the left; and when the favourite eye gets all the work, it too frequently suffers. Whether you look with the right or the left eye, *keep both eyes open.*

It is a pitiful sight to see a human face all screwed up into a corner, the lids of the unused eye convulsively squeezed together, and the mouth slanting upwards, as if in sympathy with the eye. Not only does the human face become repulsively mean, and portentously ugly by such action, but the sight of the eye is seriously strained, and sometimes impaired for life. At first, the beginner will find a little difficulty in restricting his vision to one eye, while the other remains open, just as a beginner on the pianoforte feels himself puzzled when he tries to make his right hand go one way and his left hand another; but in either case, a little practice and plenty of perseverance are sure to overcome all obstacles, and in a wonderfully short time the difficulty will not only be overcome, but forgotten.

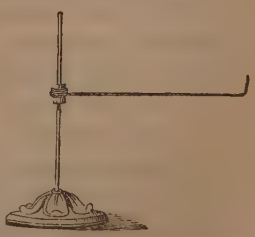
I speak here with some feeling, because, while engaged on the "Common Objects of the Microscope," I was necessarily obliged to work much at night, and inadvertently employed the left eye more than the right; the consequence of which imprudence was that I have been obliged ever since that time to give the left eye perfect rest, as far as artificial vision goes, and, except when looking through a binocular instrument, I have not ventured to use it either to a microscope or telescope. The vision accommodates itself to circumstances with wonderful

ease, and the observer learns the curious art of cutting off all communication between the unused eye and the brain; so that, although the objects around may imprint themselves upon the retina, the mind is as totally unconscious of them as if they had no existence.

If possible, always examine an object *without removing it*, as thereby you see it as it is, without altering any of the conditions with which it is surrounded. Should this not be practicable, take the object to be viewed in the left hand and the lens in the right. Place the wrists of the two hands together, and then you will find that one supports the other, and that the lens can be held in the proper focus without the least difficulty. After you have used the lens for some little time, you will learn to hit upon the right focus almost to a hair's-breadth, so as to lose no time, a matter of some importance when a living creature is to be examined, especially if it be in motion.

As to the selection of objects, none is necessary. Look at everything, and the uglier and more unpromising it is, let it be the closer examined. We do not merely use our aids to vision for the sake of seeing beautiful things, though the microscopist sees more beauty in a day than others will see in a year. We want to see how the world and its constituent parts are made; and though admiration will not be wanting, yet it does not, or ought not, to hold the first place. Always have a motive for looking at every object, and if you have none, try to make one. One of my friends, known by name at least to most of my readers, struck out, some years ago, a most curious train of thought while looking at an object which is seen daily by thousands of human beings, and will probably soon give the public the benefit of it. I have seen the object hundreds of times, but the ideas which it suggested did not happen to occur to me.

I am now about to suggest a very simple piece of mechanism, by which the pocket-lens can be converted into a microscope, that will serve for dissection, and many other purposes. The accompanying sketch is taken from an instrument of my own manufacture. It is of very rough make, and by an old Indian officer would be contemptuously termed "cutcha." Measured, however, by its performance, it is quite as satisfactory as those instruments which are made by professed opticians, and which the same old Indian would class under the honoured title of "pucka."



Melt three or four pounds of lead in an iron ladle, and make a mould, consisting of a hollow hemisphere of paper or cardboard, through the

centre of which an iron rod has been passed. The hollow of the paper should resemble an ordinary saucer. Pour the lead into the saucer, and let it cool. The paper mould will be scorched by the heat and rendered useless, but an outer coating of lead will be cool and hard before the paper is quite destroyed. The rod and leaden stand will now appear as in the illustration. Next, take a piece of stout brass wire and a wine-cork; twist the wire round the cork several times; cut off one end close to the cork; sharpen the other, and turn it up as seen in the engraving.

Bore a hole through the cork, just large enough to allow the upright rod to slip through it, and there is the "stand" of your microscope. Now take your pocket-lens, and get an optician to bore a hole through one end of it, just large enough to receive the upturned end of the wire; slip the lens on the wire, and the microscope is complete.

The cork, though grasping the upright stem with tolerable firmness, can be slid up and down so as to insure the correct focus, and can be pushed aside whenever the object has to be viewed with the naked eye and must not be removed from its place. This instrument is a capital one for dissecting purposes, and will answer quite as well as those expensive affairs that are to be purchased in the shops. If, however, my readers would like to possess a real and well-made instrument, he cannot do better than get one of Ross's Dissecting Microscopes, which are very steady, and, as may be seen, can be adjusted to almost any position. A rack-and-pinion movement for elevating or lowering the sliding pillar would be useful.

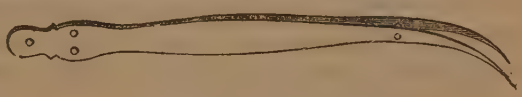
ROSS'S DISSECTING MICROSCOPE.

If the object be transparent, and requires to be seen by transmitted light, the following plan will answer:—Take a thin piece of wood, cut or punch a round hole out of the middle, and support it on four legs. Wires or wooden pegs fixed in corks will answer the purpose well, and if the corks be glued to the corners of the board, the legs can be inserted or removed at pleasure. The wood of which cigar-boxes are made will answer the purpose very well. Its dimensions should be about three inches in length by two in width. Now buy one of the doll's looking-glasses that are sold for a penny, and put it under the stand. Lay a flat piece of glass over the hole, place the object upon it, and direct the light through it by means of the mirror below. If such a mirror cannot

be obtained, it is easy enough to make one, by mounting a piece of looking-glass in a cork frame, and making it swing on pivots, like the glasses of our dressing-rooms.

The young microscopist must remember that when he is examining any object by transmitted light, he must arrange it as flatly as possible on the glass. In many cases, a still neater manipulation is required, as for example, when the petals of flowers are under examination. Thin glass is to be purchased at any optician's, and if cut in squares instead of circles, is very much cheaper, and quite as useful for all practical purposes. Lay the petal on the glass-plate, place a piece of the thin glass upon it, and press it gently while examining it. If it still remains thick and dull, put a drop of pure water on the petal, and replace the thin glass, when the structure will almost invariably be detected.

Everything depends on the proper management of the object and the arrangement of the light. Some opaque objects can be seen best by direct light, and others by transmitted light. If a leaf be examined, particularly if it be a thick and heavy one, like that of the ivy, the upper and lower membranes must be stripped apart,—a task which is easily performed by tearing a small slit, and then ripping it smartly across. A pair of forceps will be required for this and other delicate work, and may be obtained at a cheap rate. Care must be taken to keep the points exactly even, and if at any time one of them appears to be shorter than the other, they should be rubbed on a hone until they are brought perfectly level.



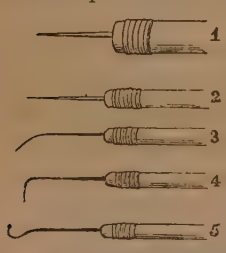
These should be made of steel; but the young microscopist will find that a second pair made of brass, and much rougher in finish, are invaluable aids as he takes his walks into the country. By their aid he can pick up minute objects, draw insects out of crevices without damaging them, and pluck the tiniest flowers without harming their petals. They can be carried in the waistcoat pocket, and the cost is sixpence. Any lad who knows how to handle solder can make a pair for himself in a few minutes.

A penknife with one blade kept scrupulously sharp, is essential, and I have found an old lancet of the greatest service. Lancets have gone so much out of fashion, that the second-hand instrument shops abound with them. I did not allow my own lancet to be shut up, but removed the blade from the tortoise-shell handle, and fixed it upon a wooden

handle, about four inches in length, so that it looked very clumsy, but was extremely useful.

Two pairs of scissors are needful, one very fine, and the other moderately strong. Both pairs, however, must have very short blades and very long handles, and the scissors such as ladies use are of very little use, the short handles causing the fingers of the right hand to shade the object. As to the fine pair, it is hardly possible to have the handles too long or the blades too short; for if the points can be separated a quarter of an inch, nothing more is needed. If a pair of bent scissors can also be obtained, they are extremely pleasant to work with, and save much trouble.

For arranging the objects under the microscope, there are no instruments equal to those which are here engraved. They are nothing more than ordinary needles, stuck into the handles of camel's hair brushes. The uppermost is made of the largest-sized darning-needle, and is useful for making little holes, and similar purposes. The two next instruments are the most generally useful, and several of each should be always at hand. Nos. 4 and 5 are for special purposes, the former for holding tissues aside, and the latter for lifting them up. The needles must not be longer than those in the illustration, as they would otherwise be too springy, and apt to tear the object instead of pulling or pushing it.



The bending is readily done in the flame of a spirit-lamp, or even of a common candle; but in the latter case the needle is always covered with soot, which must be wiped off before its shape can be seen. The elasticity of the needles is lost by the operation, but is easily restored by heating them red hot, and plunging them immediately into cold water. The end of the handle should be wrapped with thread, in order to prevent it from splitting.

Pill-boxes of various sizes are of very great service to the microscopist. I always have them arranged in "nests," *i.e.*, six or seven inside each other, so that space is greatly economized, as long as they are not in absolute use. All delicate objects should be placed in separate boxes, and the predaceous insects must be treated in the same manner, or they will certainly destroy one another, or, at all events, inflict such injuries as will make them useless for microscopic purposes.

When the insects are to be killed on the spot, I employ another and a very simple plan.

I take one of the old-fashioned wooden lucifer-match boxes, bore a

hole in the lid, and push through the hole a swan quill or the barrel of one of the swan-quill steel pens. A glass tube is still better, but is too fragile. Beeswax is tightly worked into the junction of the tube with the wood, so as to make it as nearly air-tight as possible. A cork stopper is then cut to fit the tube. The accompanying illustration will show the box completed. When this is finished, I take the smallest-sized pill-box, bore a number of holes in it with a red-hot needle, place a little piece of solid ammonia within it, and inclose it in the lucifer-box. Its effects are almost instantaneous; for scarcely has the insect touched the bottom of the box before it is helpless, and in a very few moments it is quite dead, so powerful is ammonia towards insects. The reader will of course understand that the pill-boxes must never have been used for pills, and that the match box must be carefully cleaned before employing it in the microscopic service. Moreover, any boxes that have been used for lepidopterous insects become useless, inasmuch as the scales always fall from the wings, and cling to the sides of the box, so as to mix with succeeding objects, and very much puzzle the observer.

Aquatic and marine objects require bottles, and as a general fact, these bottles ought always to have wide mouths. Indeed, if there be no shoulder at all, their purpose will be better served, as a small object is very apt to be caught under the shoulder, and to give much trouble before it can be removed without injury. Wide and short test-tubes answer admirably for collecting; and it will always be advisable to have a few small test-tubes ready fitted with corks, for the purpose of isolating those specimens which might receive or cause injury by being mixed with others.

To remove minute objects from one vessel into another is a very easy process. Take a glass tube, mark off a portion about eight inches in length, cut a little notch with a file, and bend it smartly, when it will break neatly across, without leaving points or having the regularity of its ends injured by gaps. Turn each end round and round in the flame of the spirit-lamp, and you have an ordinary "pipette." The object of placing the ends of the tube in the flame is to render the edges quite smooth and rounded.

Now mark off the same length of tube, and place the marked portion in the flame, taking care to warm it well first, lest the sudden heat should crack the glass. Keep it continually turning between the fingers, and when it is quite soft, and of a fine red heat, draw the hands

smartly apart, and you will produce a couple of tubes tapering to very fine points. Break off the tapering portions at any convenient point, round the edges as before, and you will then have pipettes suitable for small objects. As there are many specimens, specially the smaller animalculæ, which have a habit of retiring into the remotest corner, it is necessary to bend another pipette, so as to follow them. For my own part, I prefer the pipette to be bent nearly to a right angle.

The mode of using these simple instruments is as follows :—Place the forefinger or thumb firmly on the large end, and push the point under water. When the opening is close to the sought-for object, lift the finger suddenly, and admit the air into the tube. The water will immediately rush in at the lower end, and if the orifice has been properly directed, will carry the object into the tube. The finger is again applied to the mouth of the tube, and the object can be then carried off.

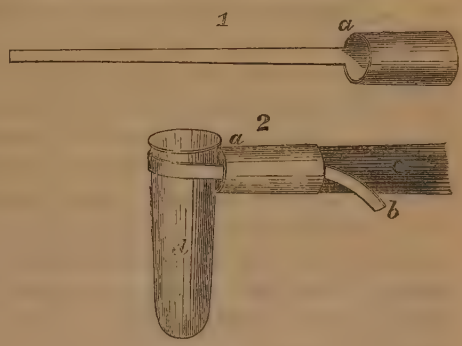
As with the pocket-lens almost every object is to be viewed by means of direct light, the young observer will find himself much aided by a suitable background. Any small object, such as a minute insect, a seed, or a hair, becomes very indistinct if held up against the light, or even when viewed against a broken background of trees, houses, or herbage. The simplest plan of securing a proper background, is to take a disc of ivory, bone, or even of white cardboard, and to blacken one side of it. The black paint which is used for this purpose must be without gloss, and have what is called a "dead" surface. Ink answers very well for the purpose, and so does ivory-black ; but Indian ink is too glossy to be serviceable.

To procure specimens from the water is a matter of some difficulty if managed badly, but easy enough when the collector knows his business. It is of course needful to attach the collecting vessel to the end of a rod, and to plunge it into the spots which look most favourable. Now, even so simple a matter as this requires some little care, if the young microscopist really wishes to obtain the best specimens. A common walking-stick will answer most purposes ; but the most efficient rod for the purpose is one of the common walking-stick fishing-rods without the top joint, as it can be carried without attracting attention, and can be lengthened at will by adding the different joints.

Many methods have been proposed by which the vessel is to be attached to the rod ; but that which I am about to describe is certainly the simplest and most effective that I have tried. Get a piece of gutta-percha tubing, just large enough to be slipped on the end of the rod or stick ; mark off an inch or so, and cut the tube nearly through,

as at *a* in Fig. 1. Now cut it away longitudinally, so that a long tongue of gutta-percha is left, as at *b*, and the instrument is completed.

Its application is as simple as its structure. Bend the tongue over, so as to form a loop, and push the end through the short tube. Slip the neck of the bottle into the loop, and draw the tongue until it is tolerably tight. Push the end of the stick into the tube, taking care to hold the tongue firmly in its place, and the vessel will then be fastened at right angles to the stick.



The whole arrangement can be seen in Fig. 2, where *a* represents the gutta-percha tube, *b* the tongue, *c* the stick, and *d* the vessel.

The method of collecting by means of this instrument is as follows:—Immerse the vessel in the water, with the mouth downwards, so that no water may enter. Push it gently towards the spot which is to be investigated, move it about a little, so as to cause a disturbance, and then turn the vessel with its mouth upwards. Water will instantly rush in, carrying with it the objects which are to be examined. The contents of the vessel may then be transferred to the large bottle, and another dip made. Confervoid growths, especially those which accumulate in a kind of scum on the surface, should be obtained very quietly, without previous disturbance of the water.

After the pond, or stream, or ditch has been well searched, the bottle should be roughly examined, by means of a pocket-lens, and the contents sorted into the smaller tubes, as has already been mentioned. This precaution is especially needful when any of the minute crustacea called Entomostraca are captured, as they are most voracious beings, and will make sad havoc among other specimens, unless they are placed in separate bottles. They are mostly large enough to be detected with the naked eye, and look something like little fleas, as they move along.

As the Entomostraca cast their shells repeatedly during their lives, some species performing this operation every two days, a beautiful series of objects can be obtained by gathering the cast shells, and preparing them for the microscope, according to the directions that will be found in the next paper. These shells are peculiarly valuable, as they retain the chief external characteristics of the creature to which they belonged,

the limbs, plumes, and even the delicate bristles being preserved entire. It is in the power of the microscopist to retard or hasten the change of shell, heat and light aiding development, and cold and darkness retarding it. The remarkable "ephippium," or saddle, which is found on the backs of the Daphnia, the Moina, and other Entomostraca, and which is used as a receptacle for eggs, should be searched for and preserved. A figure of the ephippium, and a description of the method in which it is used, may be seen in my "Illustrated Natural History," vol. iii. p. 635.

A very thin and very flat bottle is a most useful assistance in detecting the character of any unknown object, especially if it be living. Such a bottle may easily be made by heating one of the small test-tubes in the spirit-lamp, until it is of a glowing red heat, and then pressing the sides together. Some little neatness is required in this process, as an unskilful operator is apt to press the sides unequally, and to leave a bulging projection at the end.

Should a higher power be required than is furnished by the pocket-lens, a "Coddington" lens is the very best that can be obtained. In general shape it resembles the well-known "Stanhope" lens; but the latter is so very inferior an article, that it ought never to be purchased. The two glasses can easily be distinguished by the shape of the ends, those of the Coddington being alike, while in the Stanhope one is much more convex than the other.

At first, the young observer generally finds some difficulty in arranging this lens, so as to hit off the focus exactly; but if he adopts the following plan, he will soon handle a Coddington as easily as an ordinary pocket-lens. The object should be held in the left hand and the glass in the right. Let the wrists be placed firmly against each other, and the lens brought as close as possible to the object, without quite touching it. Now bring the eye to the lens, taking care not to disturb the arrangement, and then gradually draw the object away from the lens. The moment that the proper focus is obtained, the object will be seen with beautiful clearness, and by drawing the object from the lens, instead of approaching the lens to the object, there is no danger of injuring the one or the other by contact.

The great advantages of the Coddington are the exceeding clearness with which it shows the object, the perfect definition of every line, its achromatic character, and its freedom from colours, and the flatness of the "field;" so that the circumference is defined as perfectly as the centre. It can now be obtained very cheaply at any of our microscopical opticians, and should always be mounted on a tolerably long handle.

(*To be continued.*)

"At that moment a light, beautiful deer bounded down the wood."

HARRY UPTON'S "LARK."

By ANNE BOWMAN.

CHAPTER II.—A Family to Support.

"NOW then, old fellow," said Harry to his friend when he had recovered his breath, "we are in for it, I think. Not much gold to be picked up here. I don't think I shall be able to buy in the Manor yet a bit;" and he looked round rather depressed at the woman and her children.

"We've done our duty so far, Harry," answered Dick, "and now we'll have to do our best for these poor folks. It's bad standing out in this rain; but here's never a tree, I see nought round us but stone rocks."

"We'll build a cosy nook for them," said Harry, "such as we used to make at the beck side at home. Look at those huge stones resting against the rock, just far enough apart for our side walls, the rock at the back, and nothing to provide but a roof."

"Will we be liftin' these same planks for roofing the cabin, yer honner?" said Terry, "and Dan and Rory picking up weed for thatch?"

The proposal was accepted; the drift-wood lay in piles, and spars and huge seaweed made a sufficient shelter for the poor family. It was certainly open to the sea, but otherwise it was as spacious and as weatherproof as many an Irish cabin; and Mrs. Byrne and her young ones took possession of it, and placed all their possessions round them. Ellen had left nothing behind her in the vessel; kettles and crockery were all landed in safety, besides a barrel of salt beef and two casks of biscuit, which the humane captain had ordered to be placed in the boat.

Satisfied that there need be no fear of famine, the good mother rolled her babes in cloaks and blankets, and laid them down to repose, while she looked with some pride at her habitation, and said to the two youths who had joined her to avoid the rain,—

"Would yer honners be incensed if we be like to be matin' Teddy, the boy, in this strange counthry? Sure will it be the diggins we're in altogether, seeing we'll be so far out of the world, musha!"

"I cannot tell you where we really are, Ellen," replied Harry; "but I am very certain we are not in Australia. And you need have no

anxiety about this place, for I feel quite certain that as soon as the storm passes, and our worthy captain can get his ship into repair, he'll send out a boat to pick us up."

The storm did pass away, the sun broke out in scorching heat, and they all anxiously turned their eyes to the wide sea; but not a trace of ship or boat could be discovered.

"Sure, thin, my darlins," said the weeping woman, "isn't it the mercy of the Lord entirely, barring yer honners, and you saving the two pair of twins out of the charity of the world? Musha! wouldn't it be wondtherful! and ivery sowl in the ship seeing themselves drownded entirely, barring ourselves, and we set in a nate cabin and plenty, and niver nading a teeste of fire, seeing it will be summer all the year long here, barring the flowers and the threes."

"This coast ought not to be all barren, with plentiful rain and a burning sun," said Harry. "Let us have a turn round the headland, and look farther, Dick."

They wound round a cliff jutting into the sea, and beyond it they saw an agreeable change of scene. The rocks sloped gradually to the sea, clothed with trees; and the wide-spreading mangrove even dipped its arched branches into the water. In this extensive and luxuriant wood there was no trace of man's presence. The trees were matted and woven together by the tendrils of vines, and many rich creeping plants of the tropics; and except for the noisy multitude of gorgeous coloured birds, all was solitude.

"Here we are in Robinson Crusoe's island at last," said Harry. "I take the principal character myself, and you can be Friday. Won't we lead a jolly life; plenty of game and fruits, there can be no doubt."

"I wish we could light on a canny well of water," said Dick; "we'll get on badly without that, and yon bairns wailing out now for drink."

"Bother!" cried Harry, "if I hadn't forgotten the 'family;' and we shall have them on our hands. I say, Dick, who ever heard of such an adventure—a pack of crying children to provide for?"

"It's the will of God, and we'll have to put up with 'em," replied Dick. "We're like to find water for them. I'd better scramble up through this wood a bit, and see if I cannot light on a spring, or a beck. You mind you don't get your good clothes torn; mine suit the job of working through the briars and brechans a good bit better. Halloo! Harry, who can that be?"

It appeared to be the face of an old man, who was peeping out of a thick bush, and making hideous grimaces at the strangers. Some minutes elapsed before Harry could be convinced that it was really only

one of the monkey race, which was evidently regarding them as animals of an inimical tribe.

"I say, Harry," cried Dick, "did you ever think there were such ugly creatures to be found in the world? It's well the bairns were not with us, we should have had a fine roaring among them. Think you it's likely to be a dangerous beast?"

"I've read," said Harry, with an air of superiority, "that some of these creatures are dangerous. Wombwell's people had one savage beast, when I last saw their menagerie."

He struck the animal lightly over the face with a long bamboo cane which he had just cut in the wood, and the beast with incredible quickness caught the cane, snapped it into pieces, and flung them dexterously and vindictively in the face of his assailant; then springing over the startled boys, it alighted on the branches of a tree at some distance, uttering a cry of two notes, "Ka-hau."

"That's its name!" cried Harry. "It is the Ka-hau: I've seen its picture in my Natural History. What an impudent dog he is! But he's hardly bigger than little Dan; he couldn't lick us!"

"Not in a fair fight," said Dick. "But I think he'd bite, and no chap can stand that. There are some grand pigeons, Harry!"

"And good eating, I should say," replied Harry. "We'll make out our country first; then we'll go back to bring our guns, that we may have a shot at them."

The boys put off their coats to save them from being torn by the thorns, and then struggled bravely through the entangled underwood, disturbing the parrots, the pigeons, and innumerable small monkeys, until they came at last to a tolerably level spot, which was still covered with trees, amongst which were tall palms, and other fruit trees, laden with unknown fruits, tempting the eye, but which they prudently forbore to taste. But beneath one lofty palm they found lying several large cocoa-nuts, which Harry immediately recognized, and with the assistance of knives and stones they contrived to divide one. It was a ripe nut, and the snowy pulp tasted, Harry declared, like a custard pudding, and on this they made an excellent dinner.

"We must carry away another for the poor children," said Dick. "It's lucky they're blown off; we'd never have reached them that high."

Indeed the feathery crown of the palm rose forty or fifty feet above the ground, and the perpendicular and branchless trunk seemed quite inaccessible.

From this spot they penetrated to the overhanging point of a lofty cliff, to look down on the wide-spreading sea, now perfectly smooth;

they remarked that the coast fell away to the right and the left, and at a vast distance saw some small specks, which they felt assured must be islands.

"Think you, Harry, that this land is an island too?" said Dick.

"What else can it be in this Indian Ocean?" replied Harry. "I know the map as well as if it was before me; and unless we've come upon the north of Australia, or the south of Borneo—and even that's an island itself—it's a sure thing that we've been cast upon one of the thousand islands which are mere dots on the map."

Dick was slow in comprehending how a dot upon the map should indicate a portion of land of such extent that you couldn't see from one side to the other.

"Well, then, Harry, what are we to do?" asked Dick.

"Do! why we must set up our tent wherever we can find shade and water," replied Harry, "and then live in state. I will be king, you prime minister, and the Byrnes our faithful subjects."

"But what if there be folks here besides ourselves?" asked Dick.

"There's no need to think about that yet," replied Harry. "It wouldn't be a jolly look-out; but if they wouldn't let us be, we would fight like bricks. Two plucky fellows with guns, and Terry with his shillelagh, would be too many for a lot of savages. Now, let us consider: you and I, Dick, will keep house together; but Madam Byrne and her flock must have a separate hut."

"Then here we've come on our ground," cried out Dick, who marched first. "Here's a bonny beck, Lord be praised!"

Another wooded ascent rose at a short distance from them, at the foot of which trickled a clear stream, sparkling in the almost vertical sunbeams, and filled with bright-coloured fishes. They made their way with difficulty through the belt of thick reeds, after wading through the shallow stream; but at length they reached an unincumbered space of fine green sward, beneath a wide-spreading tree. The parrots, pigeons, and monkeys thronged the branches, which were laden with orange-coloured fruit, about the form and size of a goose's egg, on which the noisy birds and monkeys were feeding.

"Here's our ground!" cried Harry. "But I say, Dick, how does one begin to build a hut? I'm thinking it may turn out a dodge beyond us."

Dick looked round silently for some minutes, and then, shaking his head, he said, "We'll have to start with a tent, and then it'll be hard to say where we're to light on a cover. That poor Irish body, to be sure, has brought away some blankets, that there'll be little call for in such weather—we could fetch them up and try what we can make of

them. Any how, this is a far likelier place for us than yon stony beach, and I'd say the bairns would fancy some of these oranges, or whatever they may be; but it's not safe to try them, they might turn out to be poisonous."

"I'll engage they are all right!" said the knowing Harry; "but never mind the fruit now, let us bring up our people. Hark away, old fellow!"

They then retraced their steps to the shore, leaving a pretty broad track through the underwood. They found the poor Irishwoman in great terror lest they had abandoned her, and the children crying out piteously for water.

"Musha! thin, yer honners!" said Ellen. "Would I be belaving ye'd be turning round in regard to the pair of twins, the darlins, may they live for ever! And me thinking I'll niver set eyes on yer handsome faces niver again. And dyin' it is ivery sowl of us for the nade of the dhrop of water, seein' it's all the salt water in this, which is niver fit for the dhrink of man or of baste, barring the fishes, which same take it nat'ral."

Very great was the joy of Ellen when they told her they had found a resting-place where there were trees for shade, and water for refreshment, besides such fruit as the cocoa-nut, which they showed to her, and which, being green, they opened readily, and the liquid which it contained was hailed by the children with joyful exclamations of "Thick milk!"

This rich liquid interior of the nut, which coagulates as it attains maturity, was acknowledged by all to be a delicious beverage; the children especially enjoyed it, and the babies, long half-famished, had the largest share, to the great joy and admiration of the mother.

"Musha, thin, Terry, my boy!" she exclaimed; "wouldn't it be the larning as does it altogether. Sure sorra a poor cratur like to you or to me would be sakin the thick milk inside the big apple itself! Musha, yer honners, may the gates of heaven be open to you, in regard to the pair of twins, and them famishin' altogether, and that same thrue as the heavens above!"

The infants being fed, Ellen willingly placed one in the hood of her long cloak, and took the other in her arms, following Harry and Dick, who carried off their guns this time, but left the rest of their property for a future journey, with the exception of the blankets, which Dick secured, and the kettles and cups which fell to the charge of Terry. Their passag up the wooded steep was not so difficult over the trodden path, and even the twins escaped with few scratches. The delight of Dan and Rory at the sight of the stream was great—they rushed into it, drank with relish from their own dirty hands, and paddled and plunged about to cool their

heated feet and heads, until Ellen dragged them out and compelled them to sit down on the soft grass.

Then she despatched the boys to collect sticks for a fire, and had soon the pleasure of boiling the kettle and preparing the ever welcome luxury of tea. Under the thick foliage of the bread-fruit tree—they needed no other roof in this burning climate—and spreading cloaks and blankets, the mother and children lay down to rest, while the untiring youths, accompanied by Terry, again descended to the beach to bring up the rest of the property.

By this time the tide had risen to its height and was again receding, leaving heaps of wreck, amidst which lay a mast with the sails still attached, and which they all agreed was that belonging to the boat which had landed them. With deep regret, therefore, they concluded that the poor man who rowed them thither had been lost on his return.

"Now, then, Harry!" cried Dick, "haven't we fallen on our feet? That mast and sail seem left on purpose for that tent we talked on, and that will answer better than stone walls in this summer day—a queer day it is, and it nigh hand Christmas."

So they dragged off the mast and sail, which, with the cask of biscuit, formed a sufficient load to haul up through the wood at once, and they were then too tired to commence tent building that night; but, allowing the mast to lean against the tree, and the sail to fall as a screen, they were content with the shelter and slept soundly.

Dick and Terry, always early risers, were employed betimes. They walked round the tree and selected one stout bough, that ran out almost horizontally, not more than ten feet from the ground, and by such exertions as active boys can always make, they contrived to carry the large sail across it, allowing it to fall over on each side; then stretching out the cloth, they pegged it down to the ground with short pieces of bamboo, in the form of a tent, the trunk of the tree forming the back, and the front open to admit the light and air.

"Musha! isn't it aqual to the hall at the Castle!" exclaimed Ellen, in admiration. "And sure wouldn't it be the blanket we'd be hanging up afore us, seeing we're never nading the same at all, at all, in this, being Midsummer at Christmas, praised be God!"

However admirable this dwelling might be for the Byrnes, Harry still persisted in his notion of erecting the regal palace.

"You see, old man," said he to Dick, "these childer, as mammy Byrne calls them, are jolly little ducks, but they're short of discipline, and terribly vociferous in their nocturnal habits. We must start on our own hook, my boy, and have a go at house-building."

"A separate tent would be well enough," replied Dick, "if we could fall on another sail for a cover. But we've neither tools nor hands for getting up a regular house."

"There you go, old Sobersides!" said Harry. "Who ever thought of a freestone mansion with marble halls? Of course, I only meant a desert island hut—a shealing, with bowery sides, interwoven with twigs, just as we have read about."

"But there they always had found axes in the wreck," said Dick. "We've nought but our hands, except this Jack-a-legs!" and he produced a pocket-knife, large and useful in its way, but wholly unfit for felling trees.

"I'll never say die!" exclaimed Harry. "I saw spars of all lengths on the beach; we'll bring a lot up."

So, after taking tea and biscuit, they were about to descend again to shore, when they were startled by hearing the voices of men in the wood they had to pass. Harry, though naturally courageous, turned pale at the thought of savages, and Dick and he caught up their guns for defence, while Ellen clasped her hands and cried—

"Musha! yer honners, sure would it be Teddy himself? and mebbe we come on the diggins unknownst altogether!"

But very soon the broad Scottish accent announced the speaker to be Mackenzie, who suddenly appeared from the wood, and without any apparent disturbance, merely gave a loud whistle and called out—

"Hoo mony may ye reckon, lads, and ha'e ye made mickle salvage?"

"You see us all here, Mr. Mackenzie!" said Harry. "I hope your boat landed all as safely as ours did."

"Not a soul forbye this sailor laddie and mysel'!" replied he. "But see if I ha'e na my plea again yon captain for endangering my varra life in his crazy auld ship and boats. I'll ha'e to come on the underwriters first for my insurance on my goods, forbye my life; a fair draw I ha'e, fifteen thousand pounds, as ye laddies can testify. Ye heared me claim that much at the captain; and noo a's gane, nae salvage to reckon. I'm thinking, laddies, ye may be handie at boat rowing?"

"Try me!" said Harry; "I can row with most fellows of my size—show us your boat."

"Be canny, my lad," answered the man; "the boat and the oars are nigh hand, but I wasna that sure of my rowers. Ye'll do for ane, and I'll not be again yon other laddie, he may come in useful. Where did ye land?"

Harry told Mackenzie how narrowly they had escaped destruction, and learnt from him that both the other parties had perished, with the

exception of himself and one sailor. They had clung to their boat, succeeded in righting her, and brought her to shore with great difficulty.

"We got a gliff of your boat landing," continued he, "and we marked whereabouts; then, as we were short of hands, as ye may guess, we cam' round this hand to luik after ye, and yer salvage. Whereabout ha'e ye stowed yer goods? We couldna leet on them at a'. And yon gun—it's a canny make—what will ye be wantin' for it?"

He pulled out his purse and shook it in the ears of the young men.

"I don't wish to sell my gun!" said Harry, sharply.

The man took it out of his hands, examined it, handled it, then taking two sovereigns out of his purse, he put them down, saying—

"It's a lang price for an auld gun, but I'm wanting it."

"Then you won't have it!" said Harry, with indignation. "My father gave ten sovereigns for it; but here, if you offered me fifty for it, I would not part with it."

"Dinna set up your back like to that, laddie!" answered Mackenzie. "Be canny, my man; you're aiblins weel graithed for siller. Ye're gettin' a bonnie bit shealin' here—what say ye, Marlin?"

The sailor replied gruffly, "Foresail of captain's boat."

"Ay, see there now!" said Mackenzie, artfully, "and we wanting a sail sairly. Ye'll ha'e to turn it ower to us, my braw laddies—ye see ye've nae claim on this bit canvas; but ye'll be nane the warse gin ye come alang wi' us."

Just at this moment a shower of fruit from the boughs above dashed off the large hat of the Scotsman, who looked vindictively at the mischievous monkeys that had played him the trick, and muttered an imprecation; then, picking up one of the large orange plums, he exclaimed, as he devoured it with relish—

"It's an ill wind that blaws naebody gude; they're just mangoes—cannie fair eating when ye canna come on a Ribston pippin."

The children eagerly followed the example of the stranger, and the mangoes, juicy and delicious as a peach, soon disappeared. Then, impatient of this delay, Harry and Dick, attended by Terry, and followed by their two unwelcome visitors, descended through the wood, and when they came within view of the sea, saw the boat, which they had concluded to be swamped, moored to the mangrove trees.

"There she lies!" said Mackenzie; "a canny craft for a bodie in a kittle trial. I've a hantle salvage shipped in her—but that's neither here nor there when we come at the reckoning. Now, laddies, where ha'e ye yer belangings?"

The boys led him round the headland, to show him the casks and their bags.

"Biscuit and beef," said the man; "they'll mak' up our provisions brawly; hand in the kegs, and ye twa able laddies lend a hand, and tak' yer places. We'll aiblins come at Swan River, gin we get no farther. Rin awa to your mammy, Pat, you're nane needed here."

At first, the youths were struck dumb with the audacity of the man; at last, Harry said: "We are willing to sail with you, but you surely cannot think we could be so inhuman as to abandon the woman and children?"

"Hoot! hoot! laddie," replied Mackenzie; "think ye we can load wi' sich like lumber? Walk saftly, mon; charity begins at hame. Wha e'er wad lay doon his ain life for a cletch of starved Irishers? And where's yer een, laddie—canna ye see yon boatie can never haud a' that lot, and weather yon uneasy sea? It'll be a hard set to get oursels in, forbye bairns. And here, ye laddie Dick, I'd like ha'e yon sail; them puir bodies ha'e na call for roof-trees."

"You'll not get it, then," said Dick, in a rage; "and you, Marlin, let our casks be; they're fairly our own, and we'd not mind standing up for our right."

"Ye fule bodies," cried Mackenzie, "what for canna ye come awa' wi' us? What ken ye but savages may come and harrow ye? Be gude laddies, and come awa'."

But Harry and Dick declined to be gude laddies after his fashion; they declined to help Mackenzie on his perilous trip; but with all their valour, they could not save their bread and beef. Harry levelled his gun at the spoiler, but Dick besought him to avoid bloodshed; and with indignation and distress, they saw the two powerful men place their much prized provisions in the boat, and then, showering abuse on them, row off.

Then Terry, who had been sobbing bitterly, said: "Och! would he be axin' yer honners to sail away from this, and laving the pair of twins, and the mother, and Dan and Rory, the craturs, let alone myself, Terence Byrne, and niver a pratee ground, nor a teeste of male, barrin' the plums. Sure isn't he the big rogue of the world, the ugly Scotchman that he is. Wouldn't I be givin' him the shillelagh, barrin' not rachin' him asy."

"We won't leave you, Terry," said Harry; "but, I say, Dick, we're two done 'coons. We never meant to go in for a lot of children and the old mother in our desert island. How in the world are we to find grub to feed them all? The greedy old curmudgeon! I'd like to see another gale come on to punish him."

And as they collected the remains of their property, Harry could not but agree that a voyage of a thousand miles in an open boat, might soften the man's heart. So they filled their pockets with the oysters with which the branches of the mangrove, which were washed by the tide, were covered, and plodded home to the anxious woman.

The youths rolled the casks to their own sleeping-place, covered it with ferns, and issued orders that no more should be taken without leave, and that the fish should be cooked. Ellen was a neat-handed woman; she gave the babes to Terry until she cleaned and broiled the delicate fish, and after this satisfactory refreshment the three boys set out to shoot some birds. They proceeded along the side of the brook for some time, until it was increased by several small tributary streams from the hills above, and spread widely over the flat ground. Tall stalks of grain rose amidst the water, which Harry, from his reading, recognized as *paddy*, or rice.

"I know it always grows in moist places," said he, "and it will be capital *loot* for us. Ellen can give the young chicks rice-pudding."

"Puddings need milk and eggs, and an oven," said the prudent Dick.

"What a damper you are, Dick," answered he. "Can't we get eggs from yon ducks' nests, and make an oven?"

"We have no spade," said Dick; on which Harry got angry, shot at a duck, missed it, and put the whole flock to flight.

"There, see what you have done by vexing me," said he; "you are such a slow coach, Dick."

"Slow and sure," replied Dick, who had contrived to cut a good sheaf of *paddy* with his knife, and Terry binding it with a twisted rope of the straw, and then lifting it on his head, set out to carry it to his mother.

"Now for the hill, Dick," said Harry; "we must see how far our domain spreads, and if we are the only inhabitants."

As they climbed through the wood, the fragrance of some tall trees, which were new to them, was delicious, and Harry longed for his "Book of Trees," that he might find out what the fruit could be.

"Oh, Harry, how spicy they smell!" said Dick, "just like the stuff they put in yule cakes and plum-puddings."

"Just so, Dick," answered he; "I see it all—nutmeg; and the network covering of the shell is mace. I remember all about it; we must use this seasoning instead of salt; it will be a capital dodge. Now then, what is that pretty, rough-skinned green fruit? I do believe, by the smell of the flowers, this is an orange-tree, and some of the fruit may be ripe even now. It is lucky you brought out a bag, old man."

"I meant it for gold," replied Dick; "but I'd as lief have oranges and nutmegs; they'll come in more useful."

"I say, Dick, must I shoot that green parrot?"

"If you can hit it," answered Dick.

"Don't chaff, but help, old fellow," said Harry. "You take that golden brown pigeon, and I'll bring down Poll."

This time they succeeded, and soon filled a bag with birds. They reached the summit of the woody hill, to look into a valley rich with green glades, trees, and bright flowers; beyond the valley rose a dark hill, still higher than the first, from the top of which issued a dense smoke, and Harry cried out, "Here's a go! we've come on a volcano."

"A burning mountain," exclaimed Dick; "we may be swallowed up living!"

"What bosh!" replied Harry; "there may be no eruption these fifty years. Let us get down into the valley, and take a turn round the grim mountain."

Dick never felt less valiant than when he followed his better instructed friend to the valley and the base of the mountain, until they reached a declivity sloping gradually to the sea, but so thickly wooded that they made their way slowly through. Suddenly Dick seized the arm of Harry, who was preceding him, and pointing to one side, whispered, "What's that?"

"A mango-tree, full of birds and monkeys," replied Harry, laughing.

"Among the brechans," continued Dick.

Harry looked down at the ferns which spread over the damp soil, and started to see that they were broken and trampled down.

"Can it have been the Scotch fellow?" he said.

"No, no, he came round in the boat," replied Dick. "It will be either some big beast, or savages."

"Big beasts never live in such small islands as this seems to be," said Harry.

At that moment, a light beautiful deer sprang across their path, and bounded down the wood.

"There the fellow is," cried Harry. "Let us follow, and shoot him."

They pursued the deer; but Dick muttered, "You track was never made by that beast's hoof, I'll answer for it."

They could now see the foaming waves through the trees, and Harry stepped upon a large mass of rock to survey the strand, but in a moment he leaped down, crying out, "They've seen me, Dick; make ready, we'll fight them!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE PILGRIM CHILDREN AND WHAT BEFELL THEM.

By J. G. EDGAR.

IN the age of feudalism and chain mail, when feudal castles crowned every height, and mailed barons, with whom might was right, governed the countries of Europe with iron hand, one of the popes built a church on the isle of St. Peter to commemorate the most melancholy event recorded by the chroniclers of the Crusades. In fact, it was founded in honour of the children who, after being lured from their homes with the understanding that they were going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and taken on board ships to be sold as slaves to the Saracens, were shipwrecked during a storm near the rock of the Recluse; and it was built hard by the spot where had been buried such of the bodies as were cast up by the waves.

Now it was in the year 1213 that this crusade of children, which has always been, and still continues, one of the mysteries of modern history, took place. Fuller, speaking in his "Holy War" of the period when Jerusalem and the true cross, after being seized by Saladin, remained in the hands of the Saracens, tells us that when "in France, a boy went about singing in his own tongue:

'Jesus, Lord, repair our loss,
Restore to us thy blessed cross,'

numberless children ran after him, and followed the time their captain and chanter did set them: no bolts, no bars, no fear of fathers or love of mothers, could hold them back; but they would go to the Holy Land to work wonders there, till their merry music had a sad end,—all either perished on land or were drowned by sea."

It would seem, in fact, that the singing of this boy proved as effectual in rousing the enthusiasm of children in France as the preaching of Peter the Hermit or St. Bernard was on men and women; and thousands of both sexes marked themselves with the cross, and vowed to go to the Holy Land. Moreover, the excitement, proving contagious, spread to Germany, where the business was eagerly promoted by a German named Nicholas, and went briskly forward. Some of the clergy, indeed, would appear to have set their faces against the enterprise

that was preparing. But they were only snubbed for their pains; and the Pope, far from remonstrating, rather gave people to understand that he considered the juvenile zeal highly laudable. "These children," said he, on being informed of their proceedings, "reproach us with our indifference to Christ's cause. While men are asleep, they are hurrying to rescue the Holy Land."

In order to account for the enthusiasm which was on the occasion displayed by the juveniles of France and Germany, it ought to be remembered that, though princes and nobles were sick of enterprises which ruined so many great houses, the crusades were by no means out of favour with the populace; nor had time destroyed the impressions that had, more than a century earlier, been produced by the descriptions of palmers and pilgrims. The name of the Holy Land had still a marvellous fascination for the Christians of Europe. At the mention of Palestine, their fancies conjured up a land "flowing with milk and honey," with gardens and groves of odoriferous flowers and beautiful fruit-trees, mountains with roses without thorns, and cedars, and vines, and long caravans of camels bearing rich merchandise to cities of palaces reposing under a blue sky. But above all, it was the sacred land where miracles had been wrought; where the blind had been made to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk; and by going to which, with the symbol of salvation on their shoulders, they were assured by the Church of pardon in this world and happiness in the next. It is not wonderful that, under such circumstances, children should have been easily stimulated to enthusiasm, and rendered eager to secure the priceless privileges with the promise of which the Pope was so frequently tempting the faithful to undertake pilgrimages to the East and rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the Saracens.

But however that may have been, it appears that no fewer than fifty thousand pilgrims of both sexes, in their teens,—some of them not more than twelve years old, assembled in France and Germany to go forth on a crusade, believing that they were pursuing the path that led to salvation. They left their homes without guides, and in most cases without money. Indeed, they had little more knowledge of the world into which they were entering than fishes have of the sea in which they swim. But they were not wholly without friends. Many pious persons believed that they saw the hand of God in this enterprise, and aided the young pilgrims with food and money, and sent them on their way rejoicing. When they were asked where they were going, they answered, "We are going to Jerusalem to deliver the Holy Sepulchre;" and when they were asked how they were to get to Jerusalem, they answered,

"There is to be so great a drought that the abysses of the sea will be dry, and we will pass safely over its bed."

It was not, however, in one body that the young crusaders went forth to the East. The French and Germans went separately. After mustering in the suburbs of Paris, the French crossed Burgundy and made for Marseilles, cheered and sustained by the aid and encouragement of persons older, but not much wiser, than themselves; boys and girls marching through forest and field, singing songs to animate their zeal, and deluding themselves with the expectation that some great miracle was to be performed in their behalf. At Marseilles, of course, such of them as had not sunk from fatigue, or lost themselves in the forests by the way, found their ardour checked by the sea. But their hopes soon revived, and the check was merely temporary. Two merchants, who traded with the East, came forthwith to their relief, and professing great piety and ardent devotion to the Christian cause, offered to convey them, without any charge, to Syria; and the pilgrim children, delighted with their words, embraced the proposal with lively signs of gratitude, and manifested the utmost eagerness to embark.

Nor did the two merchants put their patience to any severe test. Without delay seven ships were provided; and the young crusaders having gone on board, set sail, as they supposed, for Syria. Perhaps they now thought all their dangers were left behind, and sang the "Veni Creator" with feelings of absolute security. If so, they were mistaken. In two days their misfortunes began. When they were off the isle of St. Peter, near the rock of the Recluse, a violent storm arose; two of the vessels were engulfed in the sea; and all on board of them perished in the waves. The five others, however, held on their course, and reached Alexandria; and then the two merchants showed themselves in their true colours, and the pilgrim children were carried into the slave-market, and, to their consternation, sold to the Saracens. Forty of them became the property of the Caliph, and were conveyed to Bagdad to be converted in his palace, and qualified to serve him with fidelity and zeal. But the process was not quite successful. Of the captives, twelve scorned the idea of abjuring the religion of Christ, and died martyrs; the other twenty-eight, being less resolute, or less demonstrative in their refusal, were allowed to live; and, in captivity and chains, they held fast to the faith of their fathers.

Meanwhile the pilgrim children of Germany were in motion, and, having traversed Saxony, crossed the Alps, and descended into Italy. But they were not more fortunate than those who had left France. At an early stage of their adventure, many thieves and vagabonds and

abandoned women mingled with the boys and girls who had so rashly left their homes, and, while utterly corrupting their morals, soon plundered them of everything valuable they possessed; and this misfortune was rapidly succeeded by others. Many lost themselves during the journey; others fell victims to fatigue, hunger, and disease; and some were cruelly seized by the Italians and forcibly reduced to the condition of slaves. At length, with the number reduced to seven thousand, they reached Genoa in a plight the reverse of enviable. At first the Senate granted them permission to remain for a time in the city. But this generosity was of brief duration. Apprehensive of a riot, the Senate ordered the young crusaders to depart; and, weary, foot-sore, and sad at heart, they attempted to retrace their steps to their own country. A few were lucky enough to find their way home, and confessed that they really could not comprehend how they ever had gone on such an adventure. Most of them, however, failed in the attempt to return, and died in the forest, of heat, hunger, and weariness. But it is stated that some of those of noble birth never left Genoa. Being allowed to remain in that city, they, as time passed on, were admitted to rank as patricians, and became the ancestors of many of the great families that afterwards associated their names with the history of the Genoese republic.

Such were the results of the expedition of the pilgrim children, who had taken the cross, and showed such zeal that, according to Roger Bacon, "nec à patribus, nec à matribus, nec ab amicis, poterant detineri." Matthew Paris says of its origin, that "it was done by instinct of the devil, who, as it were, desired a cordial of children's blood to comfort his weak stomach, long cloyed with murdering men." But others attempted to account for the mystery in a more practical way.

At that time, the Prince of the Assassins, more popularly known as the Old Man of the Mountains, maintained great state in Phœnicia, while his viceroy held sway on Mount Libanus, and made himself terrible both in the East and in the West. Indeed, he employed the daggers of his Assassins with such skill and effect that kings obeyed his behests and princes trembled at his name. Now the power of the Old Man of the Mountains depended wholly on the courage and devotion of his Assassins, and he was constantly on the watch for recruits able and willing to do his bidding at all hazards, and neither encumbered with fears nor scruples. For this purpose it was necessary that they should be trained from boyhood under his auspices, and taught to consider his word above all law, human and divine.

While the Old Man of the Mountains was revolving schemes for so

recruiting his ranks as to perpetuate his power, two clerks—such is the story told—fell into his hands as prisoners, and were naturally very much terrified to find themselves in such a predicament. After they were some time in captivity, however, he offered to grant them their liberty, if they would swear solemnly to bring him from France a certain number of promising boys to be reared as Assassins. The clerks—so the story goes on to state—in terror, swore as he asked them to do; and on returning to Europe, they set about the commission which they had bound themselves by the most solemn of oaths faithfully to execute, and were the authors of that excitement, which, as if by magic, drew together crowds of children, for an expedition of which the issue was so unfortunate, and the catastrophe so startling, that Bishop Sicard, in speaking of it, says, "Soon this multitude entirely disappeared; —quasi evanuit universa."

At all events, there can exist little doubt that predictions were uttered and promises of prodigies made, and all the stock phrases of fanaticism freely used, both in France and Germany, to beguile the children of both sexes from their homes. People there are in our age who, unable to realize the probability of such an event as this pilgrimage, have been inclined to regard the story as apocryphal, and to take refuge in a convenient incredulousness. But recent researches have proved beyond all question that it is no fable; and, whatever mystery may surround the question of its origin, there the Crusade of Children stands,—one of the most extraordinary, and certainly one of the most melancholy chapters in the history of the Holy War.

Answer to No. II.

"Come into the garden, Maud, for the black bat night has flown."

Tennyson.

BOODY *versus* TOMKINS.

A LEGEND OF THE SEA.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

CAN such things be? Is the destiny of the departed ever revealed to mortals still on earth? Can beings of a spiritual nature assume corporeal forms visible to the human eye? Such questions have been asked from time immemorial, and continue to be asked rather loudly and frequently at the present day, and answered by some as loudly and positively in the affirmative. Let the following story be taken by those who reply in the affirmative as an evidence of their belief, and I feel well assured that no more authentic or unquestionable evidence can be produced in its support.

The tale is indeed one of the most wonderful of a supernatural order I have ever met with. I have heard it told over and over again, especially by old seamen who have sailed in the Mediterranean, and I never found any who ventured to disbelieve it. To our story:—

At the latter part of the last century, that is to say, in the year A.D. 1798, and for many years previously, there lived at Portsmouth a ship-chandler and biscuit-baker, Ethan Boody by name. What naval man of those days, who is still alive, does not remember his shop, not far from the Point—a spot as well known to seamen as the Monument is to Londoners? Who does not remember its mean and shabby exterior, and its low roof with its wonderfully extensive interior, filled with every conceivable article required for ship stores—the ceiling hung with brooms, brushes, mops, pans, kettles, earthen jars, flitches of bacon, and deep-sea leads; and the floor covered with barrels of biscuit, rice, salt fish, coils of rope, with casks of nails, tobacco, potatoes, flour, paint, and a thousand other articles of the most miscellaneous description? In truth, there was nothing I could mention which old Boody did not sell—all was fish which came to his net. He was ready to take a Government contract to supply a whole fleet with bread and salt pork, cheese and candles, or sell a pennyworth of tobacco to a drunken seaman. He was known as Old Boody, and had always been known as Old Boody by his oldest customer, and he had a vast number of them, whom he somehow or other always continued to keep under his thumb. Let the master of a merchant

vessel or the caterer of a man-of-war's mess once get into Old Boody's books, he took care that there should be no excuse for leaving him. His business, in consequence, was very extensive, and he was reputed to be prodigiously rich. Such was probably the case, for he was always ready to lend money on undoubtable security, but equally regular in exacting an enormous interest. He took a pleasure in inducing people to get into his debt: it was extraordinary how friendly he became with them, and how much more ready it made them to deal at his shop, and not to scrutinize too narrowly the quality of the articles he supplied. With all this he was not a favourite: people abused him behind his back who were ready enough to borrow his gold. His biscuits were found to be made of bean-powder and bone-dust; his butter was rancid and composed of veal fat and tallow—indeed, there was no doubt about it, his supplies were decidedly bad. He thus got the character in the world of being a great rogue, and as in that respect I suspect the world is seldom wrong, though many a great rogue passes for an honest man, he probably was of the former character. Many stories were told of his rapacity and extortion—of prize-money mortgaged—of property left in pawn—of many an incautious man deprived of his all—of valuables confided to him which he refused to deliver up to the heirs when the owner was slain or drowned at sea. He certainly had not the redeeming quality of charity—he was never known to give, and the beggared widow and orphan of those who had trusted in him, and whom he had deceived, would pass his door and hopelessly shake their heads, feeling that from him there was no chance of relief. Old Boody was a short man, with a fat body and a bald head; but his face was wrinkled, and his cheeks hung down on either side; his nose was turned up, his lips were thin, and his eyes, small and ferrety, screwed up at the corners in a way which gave him far from a prepossessing appearance. His physiognomy was, however, peculiar, and everybody who had once seen him would have known him again a hundred miles off. He did not appear to be of an irascible disposition, but he had a stealthy cat-like manner, not the less treacherous. It used to be a common saying among those who knew him—as who did not?—that "though Old Boody managed to escape the hangman in this world, Satan would be sure to have him in the next." He had a better-half, who, wonderful to say, appeared to be very fond of him, which was more than she was of anybody else, or that anybody else was of her, for she was a large, fat, red-faced, double-fisted woman, who could give a back-hander as hard as any man, and whose temper was as violent as that of her husband's was subdued. Such were Old Boody and his wife.

One morning early in the year—a fine fresh northerly breeze blowing

down the High-street, and whisking through the gateway into Point-street, past Old Boody's shop—Old Boody himself was standing at his own door, where there was, besides, a stout, sailorlike-looking man, with a jovial good-natured expression of countenance, whose appearance bespoke him to be the master of a merchantman.

"Well, Captain Tomkins, when do you expect to have the *Swallow* ready for sea?" said Old Boody, addressing the seaman in a whining tone of voice.

"To-morrow morning, I hope!" answered the Captain. "The convoy are all collected at Spithead, and 'twould be a sin to lose this fine breeze; if it holds, we shall be through the Straits in a fortnight."

"A speedy voyage out and home to you!" said Old Boody.

"Thankye, Mr. Boody, and I hope to see you here when I come back again!" observed Captain Tomkins.

"Oh, you'll see me again, depend on't!" said Old Boody; "I'm a tough bird, and the Old One will have a hard job to get hold of me! Ha, ha, ha!" and he chuckled at his own wit.

These were the last words Captain Tomkins heard Old Boody speak, and he remembered them. Several other masters of hired store-ships looked in one after the other, and to each of them Old Boody made similar remarks. They were, it appeared, to sail the next morning, to carry arms and stores for the British troops and the fleet in the Mediterranean.

It was a beautiful sight when the *Diana* frigate, with her blue-peter flying at the fore, having under her charge a fleet of two hundred merchantmen of all sizes and rigs, from the heavy ship to the light schooner, fired her signal-gun for weighing, and they all made sail, one after the other, with a fine leading wind through the Needles. Among them were the *Swallow*, Captain Tomkins; the *Dido*, Captain Jones; the *Jane and John*, Captain Harvey; and the *Fair Islander*, Captain Jenkins—store-ships belonging to Portsmouth.

They had, as Captain Tomkins predicted, a fine passage up the Straits, and, having discharged their cargoes, were on their way back to England to obtain further freight, when the four we have mentioned were becalmed together off the famous burning island of Stromboli, to the north of Sicily. The shades of night were fast disappearing before the bright beams of the rising sun, when Captain Tomkins of the *Swallow* came on deck; with his telescope at his eye he was sweeping the horizon to note what sails were in sight, when, as he came round to the land, his glance fell on the top of the cone-shaped mountain. He started with surprise; he rubbed his glass and he rubbed his eyes, for he could scarcely believe his senses—and such might well be the case, he being a

strong-minded and far from superstitious man—for there he beheld, as clearly as he had ever seen anything in his life, a troop of black figures, with pitchforks in their hands, and long tails whisking and frisking about, and driving on before them up the mountain a short paunchy man, who seemed very unwilling to proceed onward. The man was dressed in a red cap and a white shirt, and was as livid and pale as his tormentors were of an opposite hue. The captain fixed his glass on the man, and clearly enough he saw who it was; but still he thought it must be some optical delusion, or that he himself must be labouring under a disorder of the nerves. "No, it cannot be!" he muttered to himself, "I must be going mad! Here, Mr. Hopkins, take the glass, and tell me if you see anything strange on the mountain yonder." He spoke to his mate, who was just then coming aft.

The mate took the glass and looked as he was desired. "Strange! I should think I do!" he exclaimed, after gazing for a minute. "I'll be —— if there's not a whole troop of black imps driving Old Boody towards the brink of the crater, and if he don't look sharp they'll have him down it in a quarter less no time." "Then I was not mistaken!" said the Captain; "but it is the most wonderful occurrence I ever heard of, and never expected to see the like."

The crew now observing their officers looking towards the mountain turned their eyes in the same direction, and there beheld the same wonderful sight, for they, of course, all knew Old Boody. The mate got another telescope, and he and the captain watched with intense interest the strange scene. The sides of the mountain were steep and rugged, and the imps had actually to stick their prongs into the old man at times, to prevent him falling. In some spots he would reach a flat ledge of lava where he could stop, and then he would turn round and apparently remonstrate with the imps, and finish with cursing and swearing at them, when they would frisk and leap about more vehemently, with fearful grimaces, as if they were shouting in derision, though no sound was heard, and all together making a rush at him, would again urge him on towards his destruction. It was on these occasions, when he turned round, that the people of the *Swallow* were able clearly to discern his features, so that there could be no doubt about who it was. Among the imps was a tall one, with an enormously long tail and a pair of crooked horns, with a most diabolical expression of countenance, and, not content with pronging Old Boody, he would, when any impediment occurred, stick his horns on either side of his neck, and lift him bodily over it, all the others at the same time digging at him in every available space of his body. Thus they went on till they approached

the crater. It was very dreadful to look at, but, notwithstanding, no one could take their eyes off the scene. At last Old Boody and his impish tormentors reached the brink of the crater, and there he made one determined stand, apparently endeavouring to break through them and charge down the mountain again; but the big imp, butting at him with his horns, made him turn his head, and his neck became thus jammed between them, and then throwing up his heels and his tail, gave him such an impetus, the other little imps pronging at him at the same time, that over they all toppled together, just as the sun rose above the ocean, while the mountain, as if disturbed by what had gone into it, threw up vivid flames and dense clouds of smoke. Captain Tomkins, his mate, and crew uttered in concert a groan of horror when they beheld this dreadful catastrophe.

"That is awful!" said the Captain, fetching a deep breath; "but note it down in the log, Mr. Hopkins—people on shore now will not believe this when they hear it."

"*April* 1*st: Becalmed off Stromboli.*—Three sail in sight, supposed to be *Dido, Jane and John*, and *Fair Islander*.—In the morning watch, just before sunrise, all hands on deck saw Old Boody, ship-chandler, of Point-street, Portsmouth, driven up the mountain by a troop of imps, and then all disappeared together down the crater. At seven a.m. a breeze sprung up from N.N.E.—made sail and stood away to the S.W."

I need not say that this occurrence formed the subject of conversation for the remainder of the voyage home. The seamen drew a moral from it, that it had taken place in order to prove a warning to sinners to turn aside from their wicked ways, by exhibiting to them the dreadful punishment they might otherwise expect to receive as their due.

The *Swallow* was a fast craft, and, not waiting for convoy, she had a remarkably prosperous and quick passage, and, escaping all the dangers of the enemy's cruisers, and storms, arrived at Portsmouth before the end of the month. Scarcely had the anchor been dropped, than, among other news, Captain Tomkins heard from his friends that Old Boody was dead.

"When did he die?" he asked, eagerly.

"On the 1st of April, at four o'clock in the morning," was the answer; "and certainly he did not make a very exemplary exit, for to the last moment he was cursing and swearing, and declaring that the imps he saw standing round his bed should not have him."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Captain Tomkins and his mate in the same breath, and they then narrated what they had seen.

"And how was he dressed?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, he was in bed, you know," answered his friend; "but he had

on a red nightcap, which made him look still more dreadful than he otherwise would."

"Then there can be no doubt about it," cried the Captain, and calculating the difference of longitude, and that Old Boody and the imps had probably been some little time on the mountain, the period exactly agreed.

Of course, as was to be expected, Captain Tomkins told the story wherever he went. Some people believed it, and some did not, and at last some kind friend told the widow Boody what was said of her deceased lord.

The widow was furious when she heard the stories which were current in the world, and, on learning that Captain Tomkins was the author of them, she vowed that she would come to fisticuffs with him before the day was an hour older, if she could catch him. A little attorney, an admirer of the widow, or of her money-bags, suggested that she had a far more effectual method of redress in the law, and that the Captain might be mulcted in heavy damages, for defamation of her husband's character. He urged that the story was probably concocted between Captain Tomkins and his mate, and that no jury would believe the atrocious calumny.

The widow approved of the plan: a writ was therefore forthwith served on poor Tomkins, and the trial was fixed to come on at the next Winchester Assizes, shortly about to commence.

The trial, from the extraordinary circumstances connected with it, and Old Boody's well-known character, excited great interest; the court was crowded to excess.

The plaintiff's counsel having stated the cause of the action, and called on the jury to consider the wounded and cruelly lacerated feelings of the bereaved widow, yet in the first month of her weeds, at hearing her deceased lord thus vilely traduced, called on them to award heavy damages, not as a means of soothing her unmitigated grief, but to mark their sense, as Englishmen, of the vileness of the calumny, then closed the case.

The counsel for the defendant then rose. He simply stated what Captain Tomkins believed he had seen, what his mate and all his crew believed they had seen, and read the part of the log where the occurrence was briefly detailed.

The mate and all the crew were then separately examined, and not one of them differed in the least from the others in their accounts.

The jury, though not convinced, were evidently surprised, but a fresh arrival of unexpected witnesses to the truth of Captain Tomkins's statements completely turned the tide in his favour. These were no

others than the captains and mates of the *Dido,* the *Jane and John,* and the *Fair Islander,* who had been becalmed off Stromboli at the same time with him, and had all beheld the same wonderful occurrence, which they had also noted in their logs, and which logs they had brought with them. They were soon heard, and their logs examined.

"If," said the Judge, on summing up, "you are convinced that no collusion has taken place between the witnesses, that they are all honest men, stating what they believe they have seen, you must dismiss from your minds all previous conceived notions as to the possibility of the occurrence. We are not here to discuss the subject of supernatural visitations, and far be it from me to assert that they do not take place, but, as I say, calmly examining the evidence brought before you, give your verdict accordingly."

The jury, within a minute, returned into court, and gave verdicts for the defendants. Thus terminated this most extraordinary trial, and no one could afterwards doubt the truth of a circumstance, wonderful as it may seem, proved by so overwhelming an amount of evidence.

Strange as it may appear, I never heard any one suggest that the whole story from beginning to end was a fabrication—yet such is the case. The story and evidence brought forward in proof of its truth are equally without foundation—no one ever saw Old Boody, or any one like Old Boody, or any other biscuit-baker, ship-chandler, or navy contractor, sent down the crater of Stromboli, or of any other burning mountain, by imps, or any appearance of the sort—no Captain Tomkins or any other master of a merchantman ever said he did see such an appearance—no such statement was ever entered in any ship's log, no such report ever got abroad, and no such trial as has been described ever took place at Winchester or anywhere else. There might have been such a person as Old Boody, who might have been a great rogue, and the inventor of the story may have made him his victim—*that* I am not prepared to deny. I am reminded of the story by hearing of the absurd narratives connected with spirit-rapping and similar nonsense. I hear the same reason adduced for believing in spirit-rapping which I have known brought forward in support of the story of Old Boody, &c., that such things may be permitted to remind sinners that there is a world of spirits, and of the terrible fate prepared for those who die in their sins. I have simply to reply, that, putting aside all other considerations, we have only, if we are Christians, to turn to what our Blessed Lord says on the subject—"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." —Luke xvi. 31.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE TREASURE ISLES.*

(A.D. 1760.)

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

IT was on the 26th of October, 1760, at twenty-seven minutes past ten o'clock, a.m., that I shook hands for the last time with those worthy merchants and shipowners, Messrs. Fisher, Clarke, and Fisher, of Bristol. I went at once on board the *Mary-Jane*, then lying alongside the drawbridge by St. Augustine's parade, in the very heart of the old city. It was my first command, so I stepped on deck with some little pride of heart, and bade the men weigh anchor. My exultation may be pardoned when it is recollected that I was only twenty-six years of age, and naturally thought it a fine thing to be captain of a tight little trading schooner like the *Mary-Jane*, with a valuable cargo on board, and a mate, three sailors, and a boy under my absolute authority.

The flags were flying from every masthead and steeple, and the bells were pealing clamorously, as we worked out of port that morning; for it was the very day of the king's† accession, and all Bristol was wild with loyalty. I remember as well as if it were yesterday, how the sailors cheered from the ships as we went down the Avon; and how my men threw up their hats in reply, and shouted, "Long live King George!" The Avon, however, was soon left behind, and we entered the Bristol Channel with a favourable wind, all sail set, and a sky brilliant with sunshine above our heads. We were bound, I should observe, for Jamaica, and carried a cargo consisting chiefly of printed goods, hardware, and cutlery, which it was my duty to deliver to the consignee at Kingston. This done, my instructions were to ship a return cargo of cotton, indigo, rum, and other West Indian products. Perhaps it may be as well to add that the *Mary-Jane* carried about a hundred tons burthen; that my name is William Burton, and my mate's name was Aaron Taylor.

The *Mary-Jane* was not a quick sailer, as I soon discovered; but she was a good, sound, steady little craft, and I consoled myself by remem-

* From a M.S. found on a bookstall.

† The writer alludes, evidently, to King George III., who was proclaimed throughout the kingdom on the 26th Oct., 1760; King George II. having died suddenly, at Kensington, on the 25th.

bering that safety was better than speed. It was dusk before we reached Lundy Island, and almost daylight next morning when we passed the Land's-End. This was slow work; but as the wind had shifted a point or two during the night, I made the best of matters, and tried to hope we should do better by and by. After tossing about somewhat roughly off the Bay of Biscay, we made Cape Finisterre on the 4th of November; and on the 18th put in at Terceira for water. Having remained here for the best part of two days, we put to sea again on the evening of the 20th. The wind now began to set in more and more against us, and ended by blowing steadily from the South; so that, although we had glorious weather over head, we made almost as little way as if we had had storms to contend against. At length, after a week of ineffectual beating about, just as I was going to turn the ship's head and run back to Terceira, the breeze shifted suddenly to the North. The N.W. would have suited us better; but if we could not get exactly the wind we most wanted, we were thankful, at all events, to tack about, and make such progress as was possible.

Thus we went forward slowly towards the tropics, attended by perpetual sunshine and cloudless skies, and enjoying a climate that grew milder and more delicious every day. The incidents of our voyage, up to this time, had been few and unimportant. A Dutch merchantman seen one morning in the offing—a porpoise caught by one of the crew—a flight of swallows on the wing—a shark following the ship. These, and similar trifles, were all the events that befel us for many a week; events which are nothing when related, and yet afford matter for vivid interest to those on shipboard. At length, on the 15th of December, we entered the tropic of Cancer; and on the 19th sailed into a light sea-fog, which surprised us very much at such a season, and in such a latitude; but which was welcome, nevertheless, for the sun's heat was now becoming intense, and seemed as if it would burn the very deck beneath our feet. All that day the fog hung low upon the sea, the wind fell, and the waters were lulled almost to a calm. My mate predicted a hurricane; but no hurricane came. On the contrary, sea and air stagnated more and more; and the last breath of wind died away as the sun went down. Then the sudden tropical night closed in, and the heat grew more oppressive than before.

I went to my cabin to write, as was my custom in the evening; but, though I wore only a thin linen suit, and kept every porthole open, I felt as if the cabin was a coffin, and would suffocate me. Having borne it till I could bear it no longer, I threw the pen aside and went on deck again. There I found Aaron Taylor keeping

the first watch; and our youngest seaman, Joshua Dunn, at the helm. "Close night, mate," said I.

"Queerest night *I* ever saw, sir, in these latitudes," replied Aaron.

"What way do we make?"

"None, sir, hardly: scarce one knot an hour."

"Have the men all turned in?"

"All, sir, except Dunn and me."

"Then you may turn in too, mate," said I; "I'll keep this watch and the next myself."

The mate touched his hat, and with a glad "Ay, ay, sir," disappeared down the companion-ladder. We were so small a crew that I always took my turn at the watch, and to-night, feeling it impossible to stay below, willingly charged myself with the double duty.

It was now about ten o'clock. There was something almost awful in the heavy stillness of the night, and in the thin, white, ghastly fog that folded round us on all sides, like a shroud. Pacing to and fro along the solitary deck, with no other sounds to break the silence than the murmuring of the water along the ship's side, and the creaking of the wheel in the hands of the steersman, I fell into a profound reverie. I thought of my friends far away; of my old home among the Mendip hills; of Bessie Robinson, who had promised to become my wife when I went back after this voyage; of a thousand hopes and projects, far enough removed from the schooner *Mary-Jane*, or any soul on board. From these dreams I was suddenly roused by the voice of Joshua Dunn shouting in a quick, startled tone—"Ship ahoy!"

I was alive in a moment at this cry, for we were at war with both France and Spain at the time, and it would have been no pleasant matter to fall in with an enemy, especially as there had been some fierce fights more than once in these very waters since the war began. So I pulled up in my walk, looked sharply round on all sides, and saw nothing but fog.

"Whereabouts, Josh?" I cried.

"Coming right up, sir, under our weather-bow," replied the steersman.

I stepped aft, and, staring steadily in the direction indicated, saw, sure enough, the faint glimmer of a couple of lanthorns, coming up through the fog. To dash down into my cabin, seize a brace of pistols and my speaking-trumpet, and spring up again on deck, just as the spectral outline of a large brig loomed up almost within a stone's throw of the ship's side, was the work of a moment. I then stood silent, and waited, ready to answer if hailed, and willing enough to slip along unob-

served in the fog, if our formidable neighbour passed us by. I had scarcely waited a moment, however, before a loud voice, made louder by the use of the trumpet, rang through the thick air, crying,—

"Ship ahoy! What name? Where from? Whither bound?"

To which I replied,

"Trading schooner *Mary-Jane*—from Bristol to Jamaica. What ship? Where from? Whither bound?"

There was a moment's silence. Then the same voice replied,—

"The *Adventure*. Homeward bound."

The reply was informal.

"Where from?" I repeated. "What cargo?"

Again there seemed some hesitation on the part of the stranger; and again, after an instant's pause, he answered,—

"From the Treasure Isles, with gold and jewels."

From the Treasure Isles, with gold and jewels! I could not credit my ears. I had never heard of the Treasure Isles in my life. I had never seen them on any chart. I did not believe that any such islands existed.

"What isles?" I shouted, the question springing to my lips as the doubt flashed on my mind.

"The Treasure Isles."

"What bearings?"

"Latitude twenty-two, thirty. Longitude sixty-three, fifteen."

"Have you any chart?"

"Yes."

"Will you show it?"

"Ay, ay. Come aboard, and see."

I bade the steersman lay to. The stranger did the same. Presently her great hull towered up beside us like a huge rock, a rope was thrown, a chain-ladder lowered, and I stepped on deck. I looked round for the captain. A tall, gaunt man stood before me, with his belt full of pistols, and a speaking-trumpet under his arm. Beside him stood a sailor with a torch, the light from which flickered redly through the thick air, and showed some twenty men, or more, gathered round the binnacle. All were as silent as ghosts, and, seen through the mist, looked as unsubstantial.

The captain put his hand to his hat, looked at me with eyes that glittered like live coals, and said,—

"You want to see the chart of the islands?"

"I do, sir."

"Follow me."

The sailor lighted us down, the captain went first, and I followed. As I passed down the cabin-stairs I eased the pistols in my belt, ready for use, if necessary; for there was something strange about the captain and this crew. Something strange in the very build and aspect of the ship that puzzled me and put me on my guard.

The captain's cabin was large, low, and gloomy, lighted by an oil-lamp swinging from the roof, like a murderer swinging in chains; fitted with old carved furniture that might have been oak, but was as black as ebony; and plentifully garnished about the walls with curious weapons of all kinds of antique shapes and workmanship. On the table lay a parchment chart, elaborately drawn in red ink, and yellow with age. The captain silently laid his finger on the very centre of the parchment, and kept his glittering eyes fixed full upon me. I leaned over the chart, silent as himself, and saw two islands, a greater and a less, lying just in the latitude he had named, with a narrow strait between them. The larger was somewhat crescent shaped, the smaller inclined to a triangular form, and lay up to the N.W. of the other, just in this fashion—

Both were very irregular in the outline. The little island seemed hilly throughout, the large one was scooped into a deep bay on the N.E. side, and was piled up into what appeared like a lofty mountain between the inner shore of the bay and the western coast. Not far from the southern side of this mountain, a small river was seen to take its rise, flow in a north-easterly direction, and empty itself into the bay.

"And these," said I, drawing a long breath, "are the Treasure Isles?"

The captain nodded grimly.

"Are they under French or Spanish government?"

"They are under no government," replied the captain.

"Unclaimed lands?"

"Wholly unclaimed."

"Are the natives friendly?"

"There are none."

"None? Then the islands are uninhabited!"

The captain nodded again. My amazement became more profound every moment.

"Why do you call them the Treasure Isles?" I asked, unable to keep my eyes from the map.

The captain of the *Adventure* stepped back, pulled aside a coarse canvas screen that had till now closed in the farther end of the cabin, and pointed to a symmetrical pile of golden ingots—solid golden ingots, about seven feet high and four deep, built row above row in transverse layers, as a builder might have laid the bricks in a wall!

I rubbed my eyes. I looked from the gold to the captain, from the captain to the map, from the map back to the gold.

The captain drew the screen to its place with a hollow laugh, and said,—

"There are two hundred and fifty-seven tons weight of silver in the hold, and six chests of precious stones."

I put my hand to my head, and leaned against the table. I was dazzled, bewildered, giddy.

"I must go back to my ship," said I, still staring covetously at the chart.

The captain took an odd-looking long-necked bottle, and a couple of quaint beakers with twisted stems, from a locker close by; filled out a glassful of some kind of rich amber-coloured cordial, and handed it to me with a nod of invitation. Looking closely at the liquid, I saw that it was full of little sparkling fragments of gold ore.

"It is the genuine Golden Water," said the captain.

His fingers were like ice—the cordial like fire. It blistered my lips and mouth, and ran down my throat like a stream of liquid lava. The glass fell from my hand, and was shattered into a thousand fragments.

"Confound the liquor," gasped I, "how hot it is!"

The captain laughed his hollow laugh again, and the cabin echoed to it, like a vault.

"Your health," said he, and emptied his own beaker as if it had been a glass of water.

I ran up the cabin-stairs with my throat still on fire. The captain followed at a couple of strides.

"Good night," said I, with one foot already on the chain-ladder. "Did you not say latitude twenty-two, thirty?"

"Yes."

"And longitude sixty-three, fifteen?"

"Yes."

"Thanks, sir, and good night."

"Good night," replied the captain, his eyes glowing in his head like fiery carbuncles. "Good night, and a pleasant voyage to you."

With this he burst into a laugh louder and more hollow than ever—a laugh which was instantly taken up, echoed, and re-echoed by all the sailors aboard.

I sprang down upon my own deck in a towering passion, and swore at them pretty roundly, for a set of unmannerly lubbers; but this seemed only to redouble their infernal mirth. Then the *Adventure* hove off, faded again to a mere spectre, and disappeared in the mist just as the last peal of laughter died away, mockingly, in the distance.

The *Mary-Jane* now resumed her course, and I my watch. The same heavy silence brooded over the night. The same fog closed around our path. I alone was changed. My entire being seemed to have undergone a strange and sudden revolution. The whole current of my thoughts, the very hopes, aims, and purposes of my life were turned into a new channel. I thought of nothing but the Treasure Isles, and their untold wealth of gold and jewels. Why should not I seize upon my share of the spoil? Had I not as good a right to enrich myself as any other man that sailed the seas? I had but to turn the ship's course, and possess the wealth of kingdoms. Who was to prevent me? Who should gainsay me? The schooner was not my own vessel, it was true; but would not her owners be more than satisfied if I brought them back double the value of her cargo in solid ingots? I might do this, and still have fabulous treasure for myself. It seemed like madness to delay, even for an hour; and yet I hesitated. I had no right to deviate from the route prescribed by my employers. I was bound to deliver my cargo at Jamaica within a given time, wind and weather permitting; and we had already lost weeks upon the way. Beset by alternate doubts and desires, I went to my berth at the close of the second watch. I might as well have tried to sleep in the powder-magazine of a burning ship. If I closed my eyes, the parchment chart lay before them as plainly as when I saw it on the captain's table. If I opened them, the two islands appeared as if traced upon the darkness in lines of fire. At length I felt I could lie there inactive no longer. I rose, dressed, lit my lamp, took out my own book of charts, and set myself to enter the Treasure Isles in their places on the map. Having drawn them in accurately with pencil, and then traced over the pencillings with ink, I felt a little calmer, and turned in again. This time I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and woke, dreaming of riches, just at dawn.

My first proceeding was to go on deck and take an observation of our position. The result of this observation was to show me, beyond all doubt, that we were then distant about seventy-two hours' sail from the coast of the larger island; whereupon, I yielded to a temptation stronger than my will or my reason, and changed the ship's course.

That decisive step once taken, I fell into a state of feverish eagerness which allowed me no rest of body or mind. I could neither sleep, nor eat, nor sit still, nor remain in one spot for three minutes together. I went up to the masthead twenty times a day on the look-out for land; and raged against the fog, as if it were sent from heaven on purpose to torment me. My seamen thought I was mad, and so I was. Mad with the thirst of gain, as many a sane man has been before and since.

At length, on the morning of the third day, Aaron Taylor came to me in my cabin, and ventured on a respectful remonstrance. We had already deviated, he said, two degrees from our course, and were making straight for the Bahama islands, instead of for Jamaica. Had we kept steadily on our way, we should have shortly touched at Porto Rico for provisions and water; but both were running short, and could not possibly hold out for anything like the time it would take us to make land in the present direction. In reply to this statement, I showed my chart with the two islands sketched in according to their bearings.

He looked at them, shook his head, and said very earnestly,—"I have sailed in these latitudes for the last fifteen years, your honour, and I'll take my Bible oath there are no such islands."

Whereupon I flew into a violent fit of anger, as if the mate had presumed to doubt my word, and forbade him ever to speak to me on the subject again. My temper, in short, was as much impaired as my peace of mind, or, indeed, as my sense of duty; and gold, accursed gold, was at the bottom of it all.

Thus the third day passed on, and still the fog hung round and seemed to follow us. The seamen did their work sullenly, and whispered together when my back was turned. The mate looked pale and grave, like a man whose mind was full of anxious thoughts. For my part, I was more resolute than ever, and silently vowed to shoot the first sailor who showed a sign of mutiny. To this end I cleaned and primed my pistols, and hid a Spanish dagger between my waistcoat and my belt. Thus the long, monotonous hours went by, and the sun sank, and yet no land, or indication of land, had appeared on any side.

Sixty-five hours out of the seventy-two had now gone by, and it seemed as if the remaining seven would never expire. To sleep was

impossible; so I paced the deck all night, and watched as eagerly for the first gleam of dawn as if my life depended on it. As the morning drew nearer, my excitement became almost more than I could bear. I even felt as if I would gladly have put off the moment which I had been so passionately awaiting.

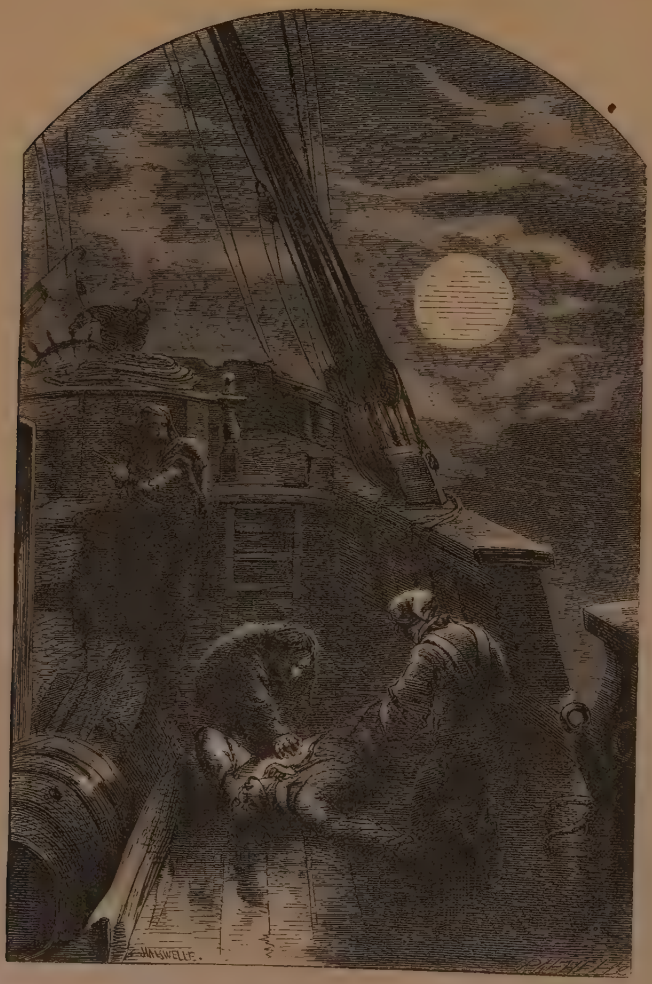
At length the eastward grey grew visibly lighter, and was followed by a broad crimson flush all across the heavens. I went up aloft, trembling in every limb. As I reached the top-gallant-mast, the sun rose. I closed my eyes, and for a moment dared not look around me.

When I opened them again, I saw the fog lying all over the calm surface of the sea in fleecy tracts of vapour, like half-transparent snow; and straight ahead, distant some ten miles or so in a direct line, a pale blue peak rising above the level of the mist. At the sight of that peak my heart gave a great leap, and my head turned giddy; for I recognized it instantly as the mountain mapped out between the bay and western coast of the larger island.

As soon as I could command my agitation sufficiently, I pulled out a pocket-glass, and surveyed it narrowly. The glass only confirmed the evidence of my eyes. I then came down, intoxicated with success, and triumphantly bade Taylor go aloft and report all that he should see. The mate obeyed, but declared that there was nothing visible but sky and fog.

I was enraged. I would not believe him. I sent the boy up, and then one of the seamen, and both returned with the same story. At last I went up again myself, and found that they were right. The fog had risen with the rising of the sun, and the peak had utterly disappeared. All this, however, made no real difference. The land was there; I had seen it; and we were sailing for it, right before the wind. In the meantime, I caused the ship's boat to be got ready, directed that a bag of biscuit, a keg of brandy, a couple of cutlasses, a couple of muskets, a couple of sacks, and a good store of ammunition should be thrown into it, and provided myself with a pocket-compass, tinder-box, hatchet, and small telescope. I then took a slip of parchment, and having written upon it the name and destination of the *Mary-Jane*, together with the date of the year and month, and my own signature as her captain, inclosed the whole in a stout glass bottle, sealed it down with my own seal, and stowed it away in the boat with the rest of the stores. This bottle, and a small union-jack which I tied round my waist like a sash, were destined to be hoisted on the mountain-top as soon as we succeeded in climbing up to it.

(*To be continued.*)



ON BOARD THE "FLOWERY LAND."

THE STORY OF "THE FLOWERY LAND."

TOWARDS the end of July, 1863, the good merchant-ship the *Flowery Land*, belonging to Mr. William Kerr, of the Poultry, London, lay in the docks at London, ready to sail for Singapore, with a cargo consisting of wines and other merchandise; but although the freight was aboard and the vessel ready for sea, yet it was a matter of some difficulty to find a crew to man her, for it was the intention of the owner to ship the goods to the port of Singapore, and there to dispose of the vessel and turn the crew adrift. As a natural consequence, no English sailor would agree to go on board, and Captain John Smith was obliged to content himself with a motley crew of foreigners, who were quite able to navigate the vessel under the direction of the petty officers, both of whom were Englishmen. Thus on the 28th of July the *Flowery Land* left England with a crew of twenty persons, made up as follows :—Captain John Smith and his brother George, who went out as a passenger; Carswell, the first mate; the steward; William Taffer, second mate and boatswain; a Norwegian carpenter, named Michael Anderson; James Early, the ship-boy; a Chinese as cook, Aboo the lamp-boy (also a Chinese), and the following sailors :—Frank Candereau, a Frenchman; two Spaniards, named José Williams and Frank Powell; two Greeks, Marcos Vartos, *alias* Watto, and George Carlos; and six Malays—John Lyons, Francisco Blanco, Ambrosio Duranno, Basilio de los Santos, Marchelino, and Miguel Lopez, *alias* Joseph Chancis, or the Catalan.

Down the channel all went well. Occasionally the men lagged in their work, and were punished accordingly; but there was no sign of serious insubordination. On the deck was a house in which there were four compartments. The six Malays, together with the two Greeks and Spaniards, occupied one on the port side, and on the starboard side forward lodged the carpenter, Candereau, and James Early, the ship's boy. Below, on the port side of the companion, were the berths of the first and second

mates, and Mr. George Smith, brother of the captain. The last-named officer's apartments were at the starboard.

We have said that for a time all went well. Manilla men are proverbially faithful and docile, and seldom rebel; indeed, they are incapable of organizing a plot, although their low intellect renders them peculiarly liable to be made the tools of others. Still, the men worked pretty well; but, occasionally, as they could not understand the officers, their delay in obeying orders was punished for insubordination. Nobody was more prompt to view it in this light than Mr. Carswell, the first mate, an officer of the old school—a man determined to be obeyed promptly, and to enforce discipline at any price. He was consequently thoroughly hated by the ten men who slept in one cabin, and afforded in that respect a complete antithesis to the second mate, William Taffer, who invariably treated the men with kindness, and on some occasions shared his food with them, for it appears that, as soon as they reached the tropics, the foreigners were put upon short rations, and were occasionally limited to five biscuits and a scanty drink of water a day. Now, short allowance of water under a scorching sun is intolerable, and was naturally acutely felt by these swarthy sailors, who at once thought that they had to thank the first mate for this deprivation. Consequently, from this time they grew more and more lazy and discontented, and on one occasion, when George Carlos, a young Greek, not quite one and twenty, turned into his bed, owing to ill health, instead of going on deck, all the watch, seven in number, including Blanco, Duranno, Lopez, and Basilio, refused to work.

The rage of the first mate at this open violation of orders can be imagined. Rushing into the cabin, accompanied by Taffer, he ordered Carlos to go on deck instantly; and as the poor fellow murmured that he was too ill to move, he took hold of him, pulled him out of bed, and gave him several blows with a rope's-end. Not content with this, he pushed him on deck, and as the man again declared that he could not work, he at once ordered the second mate to tie him to the rigging. Captain Smith, however, soon came on deck, and being a kind and humane man, he directed that Carlos should be at once untied. Carlos then told his benefactor that he was very unwell, and was sent back to his berth, where the good captain brought him some medicine, and did all he could to comfort him.

This last outrage on the part of the first mate caused a deep longing for revenge to spring up in the minds of these untutored savages, who, regardless of all consequences, determined to avenge themselves on the man whom they regarded as their persecutor. But while a part of the

foreign crew only thirsted for vengeance, some of the men saw in this feeling a way by means of which they might all enrich themselves and effectually dispose of their officers; and thus arousing the stronger feelings of their more ignorant companions, they hatched a villainous plot to murder a part of the crew and possess themselves of the vessel. The ringleader, and probably the chief instigator of the design, was Lopez, *alias* the Catalan, a repulsive-looking fellow, and a daring ruffian, who constantly boasted that a dozen men had fallen victims to his knife. Thus the plot grew and grew, and each day the men's hatred for the mate and their thirst for vengeance increased.

One morning, when they had been thirty days at sea, and had completed about a third of their voyage, the captain ordered Duranno to do something to one of the sails; and as he was not very quick in obeying the command, the first mate struck him. This blow was the torch that caused their plot to burst into a flame, and the conspirators then decided that the time for action was at hand. At midnight, on the night of the 9th September, the watch of the second mate turned in, and Carswell, whose turn it was to take the next watch, which lasted for four hours, took his place. Three hours passed, and all was well. It seemed as if the mutineers shirked from their task, and endeavoured to postpone it as long as they could. Just as the clock struck three, at the coldest of the twenty-four hours—the hour when, as statistics tell us, most men breathe their last—Blanco stealthily crept behind the mate, and, with a blow from a handspike, felled him to the ground. The poor sailor shouted for help, but in vain. Duranno, the man who had been struck a few hours before, stabbed him with his long knife, and the other men belaboured the almost lifeless corpse with handspikes and knives; and then Blanco, even while the poor wretch was praying for mercy, threw him into the sea. So far the vengeance of some of the conspirators was sated, but, like a tiger who having once tasted blood longs for more, so the villains thirsted for more butchery. The captain, disturbed by the noise on deck, hastened up the companion-ladder, but, before he had reached the top, he was stabbed by Duranno and Blanco, with the great knives which such seamen are foolishly permitted to wear. The unfortunate man's brother, aroused by the same disturbance, was likewise barbarously murdered, and his very corpse beaten by Blanco till it was positively shapeless; and then, even while yet writhing in the agonies of death, he was pitched into the sea. A rope was next fastened round the body of the captain, to haul him up, in order to consign his body to the deep. By this time, however, the rest of the crew were aroused, and although the carpenter and the lad Early were

too much overcome by fear to render any assistance, yet Candereau was at once ordered by Watto to lend a hand to throw the captain into the sea, and at the same time was warned to take care of himself. The second mate, whose heroism and noble conduct are almost beyond praise, here interposed, and requested permission to sew the body up in canvas, and perform as well as possible the last office to the dead. At first, even this favour was denied, and the poor man received a blow from a handspike which felled him to the earth. Recovering as well as he could, he stitched his luckless captain in a canvas-shroud, and then Watto and three others threw the bundle overboard. Taffer, now fearing that the villains would take his life, clung to Lyons and implored him to save him; and then, doubting if the man would be able to exercise any control over the infuriated murderers, he fled to his own berth and locked himself in. In a short time eight men rushed to the door, and Lyons, the only man who could speak English, addressed him thus,—

"Come out of your berth; we want to speak to you."

"What are you going to do with me?" was the affrighted man's answer. "Are you going to kill me?"

"No."

Taffer then came out, and Lyons said to him,—

"We've murdered the captain and the mate, and the captain's brother has got away, and we don't know where he has gone; we wish you to navigate the ship, in order to get ashore."

The *Flowery Land* then stood 19° S. 30° W., that is, a little to the east of South America. Carlos now ordered Taffer to take the ship to Buenos Ayres or the River Plate, and then together with the seven other villains proceeded to plunder. The ship was searched, and all the property, including coins and silver money to the amount of about £70 in the captain's desk, was brought on deck for division. As the murderers evidently desired to implicate all on board, they divided the plunder into seventeen parts, compelling each sailor to take one. To this plan, however, an objection was made by Watto, who contended that the spoil should be divided among eight only, as that number alone had justly earned their terrible wages. His objection was overruled, and the nine others, probably to save their lives, took a share, which amounted to about £4 each man. Then, whilst the innocent portion of the crew cowered and trembled for their lives, the murderers broke bulk and gorged themselves with bottled beer and champagne, cases of which were lying on the deck.

From this time the mutineers were in a continual state of beastly intoxication, and on several occasions determined to take the lives of

Taffer, and Anderson the carpenter. Lyons, however, who seems to have been the most merciful of the lot, interceded for them, and at one time warned Anderson to be on his guard, telling him that if he wanted to get clear he had better obey all orders implicitly. The others, however, constantly threatened their lives, and on one occasion Basilio de los Santos told Candereau that his knife would do for him what it had already done for the captain.

A few days after the atrocities thus recounted, the *Flowery Land* spoke the ship *Friends* of Liverpool, and under threats of instant death the second mate, who asked Lyons if he might speak to her, as he wanted to compare longitude, was compelled to give the ship's name falsely as the *Louisa*, bound to Valparaiso, forty-seven days out from Dieppe. The other vessel, with a name picturesquely antithetical to the blood-stained barque in the hands of pirates, went her way, and a violent quarrel then ensued among these wretches, the subject of dissension being this very second mate, who, as some of them declared, had given information to the captain of the other vessel. Soon after the ship had passed, a violent quarrel sprang up between the Spaniards, the two Greeks, and the Malays, and as Frank Powell and some of the others suspected that the mate had betrayed them, it was all that Lyons could do to save poor Taffer's life. On the 30th of September, Watto, being very drunk, stabbed the steward on the right arm and side, at the same time asking why the poor fellow did not give him wine and other nice things that were on board.

Imagination can hardly picture the dreadful nature of the poor second mate's position. In daily fear of his life from the violence of the murderers, in expectation that when land was sighted he would then be slain, frequently menaced by the more reckless of the pirates, Taffer bore bravely up amid scenes that would have turned the brains of nine men out of ten.

At length, on the 2nd of October, the *Flowery Land* sighted the South American coast. Even then, Taffer, as on many other occasions, was threatened with violence for bringing them so near land in daylight, but again he was spared through the intercession of Lyons. When about 160 miles from Monte Video, near the mouth of the River Plate, they put the ship about, and stood on and off till they were some thirty miles from the shore. Now came the trying moment—a moment, too, when more lives were to be sacrificed to the brutal cruelty of the besotted murderers. The carpenter was ordered by Basilio, Carlos, and Lyons, each of whom was armed with four knives and a sling-shot, to make four holes fore and aft with a two-inch augur. The poor fellow

was forced to obey, but, as he expected to be left, he got some plugs with which he might stop the holes up. As soon as this was done a boat was lowered, and the mate, the cook, the steward, and the lamp-trimmer were ordered to take their places in it. They had, however, scarcely pulled a hundred yards, when the pirates commanded them to return. Then it was that the poor steward, who was not very popular with the men, and who was apparently hated by Watto, who had stabbed him a few days before, was barbarously murdered. Lyons and Duranno pelted the unfortunate man with full bottles of champagne, until he was so fearfully cut that in his despair he jumped into the sea and was drowned. The cook and the lamp-boy were taken on board the ship and left there when she was scuttled, whilst the ten pirates, Taffer, Anderson, Candereau, and the ship-boy James Early, took their places in the two boats and rowed off, in spite of the cries of the poor Chinese cook and lamp-boy, the former of whom shouted in his broken English, "Finish to cut me quick!" and then climbed up the rigging till the waves closed over him and his luckless companion. This sad sight was seen from the boats, ten minutes after they had started, by the men who had taken no part in the mutiny, and who now thought that their hour was close at hand, for just before they went on shore Frank Powell said to the mate, the carpenter, and Candereau, "Take care they don't kill us to-night; all is not going well." The two boats landed at Cape St. Mary, in Monte Video, on the beach of the River Plate, at about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 3rd October. Fortunately for the mate and his comrades, the people on shore at once flocked down to the beach, as it subsequently transpired that the pirates intended to murder them shortly before landing; but in this purpose they were frustrated, by the country people appearing much sooner than was expected. On land, however, the second mate was still in the power of the desperadoes, who compelled him to tell the inhabitants that the ship was from Peru to Bordeaux laden with guano; that she had foundered 500 miles from land; that they had lost the captain and the other seamen in a gale of wind; and that they had been in their boats five days and nights.

The very day they landed, Taffer, Candereau, Anderson, and Early escaped, and spent the night at a farmhouse belonging to a man named Corrie, who drove them the next day to the village of Rocha, where they gave their evidence before the Alcalde, who at once had the ten men arrested, and taken before the Naval Court at Monte Video. They were then handed over to the British Consul, who sent them to England in two vessels. In one, the *Parana*, were Anderson, Early, and five of

the pirates—Watto, Williams, Carlos, Marchelino, and Miguel Lopez. This vessel arrived at Southampton on Friday, the 8th of January of the present year, and another ship from Uruguay brought the rest of the crew to Liverpool in the same week. On the following Monday the ten men were brought up at Bow-street Police-court, and were remanded till the 14th instant, and then to the 18th, when the two Spaniards, Williams and Powell, who had taken no active part in the mutiny, were acquitted, and the six Malays and the two Greeks, Carlos and Watto, committed to take their trial for piracy and murder at the Old Bailey. On Wednesday and Thursday, the 3rd and 4th of February, they were tried, and Duranno, Blanco, Lopez, Lyons, Watto, Basilio de los Santos, and Marchelino sentenced to be hanged. Carlos was acquitted of the capital charge, but on the following day was condemned to ten years' penal servitude for scuttling the ship. Punishment was to be carried into effect on the Monday fortnight following, but late on Friday, the 19th of February, Basilio de los Santos and Marchelino were reprieved, and their sentence altered to transportation for life. Three days afterwards, at eight o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of February, the five pirates were hanged at the Old Bailey, amidst the execrations of a concourse of about 30,000 people.

Had this been only an ordinary case of murder, we should certainly have not published an account of it in these pages; but when we look at its romantic sequence of events, and trace the hand of Providence through its different stages, we cannot but think that a more lasting account of it should be published than those which have appeared in the newspapers. Nor can we forget the great heroism and noble conduct of William Taffer, the second mate, a man of whom all his countrymen may well be proud—the man who was the chief instrument in bringing these red-handed murderers to justice, and in proving the truth of the doctrine that "murder will out." That the murderers richly deserved their ignominious fate there can be no doubt, but that they were badly treated and received great provocation seems equally evident. We wish also to impress upon the reader's mind that it was through the intercession of Lyons, on many occasions, that Taffer's life was saved, and we cannot but regret that more allusion was not made to this fact at the trial, for we fully believe that Lyons was less guilty than his two comrades, who were respited a few days before the death of the others. Till it was far exceeded by the horrors of this plot, the story of the *Bounty* was the mutiny which has produced the greatest effect upon our minds. Let us now hope that many years may elapse before England is again saddened by such a dreadful outrage as the story of the *Flowery Land*.

THE MICROSCOPE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

THE COMPOUND MICROSCOPE.

IN my last paper on the microscope, I described the simpler forms of magnifying instruments, together with the best method of using them. In the present paper, the more complicated instrument, called the compound microscope, will be described, and hints will be given as to the best method of making preparations for it.

The great distinction between the simple and compound microscope is, that whereas the former instrument magnifies the object, the latter magnifies the magnified image of the object. In the least elaborate form of this instrument there are two glasses, one at each end of a tube, the small glass magnifying the object, and being therefore called the "object glass," while the other, which magnifies the image of the object, is placed next to the eye, and is therefore termed the "eye-glass." In practice, however, this arrangement is found to be so extremely defective, that the instrument was quite useless, except as an experimental toy, for the two enemies of the optician, chromatic and spherical aberration, prevailed so exceedingly, that every object appeared as if surrounded with prismatic colours, and every line was blurred and indistinct.

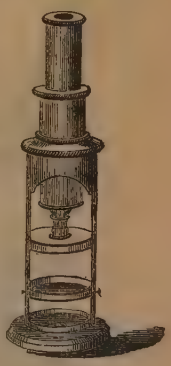
In this uncertain state the compound microscope remained for many years, its superb capabilities being scarcely recognized. The chief fault was thought to be in the material of which the object-glass was made, and for a long series of years all experiments were conducted for the object of deciding upon the best material. When, however, the diamond had been employed as an object-glass, and had failed equally with those of less costly material, attention was directed to the right point, namely, the arrangement of the different glasses, and at length, opticians succeeded in obtaining a pitch of excellence which can be almost termed perfection. In so limited a space as can be granted to this article, it will be impossible to describe the method which is employed for this purpose, and it must suffice to say that the principle is that of playing off one defect against another, and so making them mutually correct their errors.

The magnifying powers of the compound microscope can be very great, and it is therefore necessary that extreme care should be taken in its manipulation. It will be possible for a clumsy person to do more

damage to a good instrument in three minutes than can be repaired in as many weeks.

Before proceeding to the management of the microscope and the construction of the "slides," I will briefly describe one or two chief forms of the compound microscope.

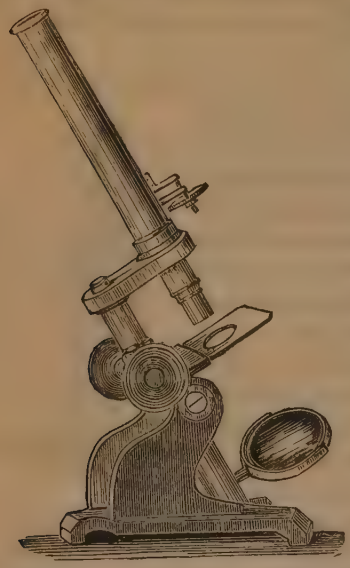
The accompanying illustration represents the simplest form of the compound microscope as at present made. It consists of a stand and a sliding tube, in which are set the glasses which magnify the object and its image. At the top is the tube, which is capable of being slid up and down in the shoulder of the stand, so as to obtain the proper focus. Above is seen the eye-glass, and the object-glass is shown at the bottom of the tube. Below the object-glass is the "stage" on which the object to be magnified is laid, and lowest of all is a mirror, which serves to reflect the light upwards through the object, and which can be turned by means of the knobs at the sides. The object-glass is composed of two pieces, which can readily be separated. If both are used, sufficient magnifying power is gained to show the scales on a butterfly's wing and similar minute objects, while, if one is removed, the object is not magnified to so great an extent, but a larger portion can be seen, and the definition is clearer. The cost of this instrument, together with a few accessories, is half-a-guinea.



There is another microscope constructed on the same principle, which is a very superior instrument, though it does not at first sight present any remarkable difference. It possesses, however, four times the magnifying power of that which has just been mentioned. Instead of two magnifiers, there are four, and several subsidiary articles are sent with it, such as a condenser, a live box, an aquatic box, and half a dozen slides ready prepared. This instrument costs one sovereign.

But, if the reader can by any possibility afford it, let me advise him in the strongest terms to devote three guineas to the purpose, and get a really good instrument. For this small sum a microscope may now be obtained, which could not have been purchased for twenty times three guineas only a few years ago. One of these beautiful instruments is seen in the accompanying illustration. In this instrument is seen the tube, with its eye-piece and object-glass, and the stand, containing the stage and the mirror. The arrangement, however, is very different, for the focus is not obtained by sliding the tube up and down, but by turning the large milled heads which we see on a level with the stage, and

which raise or depress the tube by means of a rack and pinion. As an extremely high power can be used with this instrument, a still finer adjustment is required, so as to obtain a very accurate focus. This is seen on the front of the tube. The reader will notice that the microscope can be inclined backwards, for it is so made that it can be set to any angle which may best suit the observer. The value of this arrangement is very great, as it permits the observer to sit at his ease in a chair, without being forced to crane his neck over the microscope, and look perpendicularly down. Another advantage attending this arrangement is that the secretions which lubricate the eye do not interrupt the vision, as is apt to be the case when looking directly downwards.



The mirror, too, can be turned in any direction, and its distance from the stage lessened or increased by means of a draw-tube. Three different powers are supplied with this microscope, together with a live-box, dissecting and stage forceps, &c.; and the whole is made so as to admit of additional apparatus. The microscope fits into a neat square box, in which is plenty of room for various articles, which will presently be described. These three microscopes can be obtained from Messrs. Baker, 244, High Holborn; and I mention them, not because I wish to make any invidious distinctions between the many excellent opticians who now make microscopes, but because I happen to have used Messrs. Baker's instruments for some years, and can bear practical testimony to their performance.

Another three-guinea microscope ought, however, to be mentioned. It is the Society of Arts microscope, which is made by Messrs. Field, opticians, of Birmingham. In form it closely resembles the instrument which has just been mentioned, but differs in some of the details, as it possesses a "diaphragm-plate" under the stage for regulating the admission of light, and, instead of three object-glasses and one eye-piece, has two object-glasses and two eye-pieces. Dr. Carpenter mentions that, up to 1861, no less than eighteen hundred of these microscopes had been sold. To this instrument the Medal of the Society of Arts was awarded.

Either of these microscopes affords all that an ordinary observer is likely to need; and, if he adds a few articles of supplementary apparatus, he will find himself possessed of a microscope that will serve all purposes except scientific controversy.

Presuming that the reader has supplied himself with one or other of the compound microscopes, I will proceed to show the method of using them.

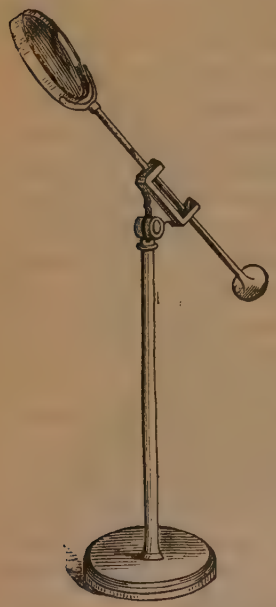
The manipulation of a compound microscope is not so easy as it looks. I have known the possessor of a really good instrument to fail hopelessly in his attempts to see a single object. Now, there are three essential points which a microscopist must attend to, namely, the correct focus, the proper light, and the preparation of the object. Of these the focus is of course the most important, and can be best obtained as follows:—

Lay the object on the stage of the microscope, so as to get its centre exactly under the centre of the object-glass, and illuminate it as you best can. Put on the *lowest* power, and, without looking through the tube, lower the object-glass until it nearly touches the object. Now look through the tube, and raise the object-glass gradually from the object, until the right focus is obtained. The reason for taking these precautions is, that if you look through the tube and lower it upon the object, you will in all probability push the glass against the object, and damage either the one or the other. When you have thus learned the focus of the lowest power, add another, and repeat the process; and so on until you have made out the focus of each object-glass. If you have more than one eye-piece, try them both with each object-glass.

The proper light is our next point, and upon it rests the chief beauty of the effect. The light which will suit one object will not suit another, and even the same object should be examined under every variety of light. Some objects are best shown when the light is thrown *upon* them from above, and others when it is thrown *through* them from below. Again, the direction of the light is of vast importance, for it will easily be seen that an oblique light will exhibit minute projections by throwing a shadow on one side, and a brilliant light on the other, while a vertical illumination would fail to show them. On the same principle, one object will be shown better with the light in front, and another when it is on one side.

One of the most effective means of attaining this object is by using the "bull's-eye condenser," which is sometimes fixed to the stage, but is usually detached, as represented in the illustration. As the upright stem is telescopic, the glass can be raised to a considerable height, while the joint and sliding-rod permit the lens to be applied at any angle which promises the most brilliant light.

As for the kind of light that is employed, there is nothing which equals that of a white cloud; but, as such clouds are rare, and are at the best extremely transient, and can only be seen by day, various artificial methods of illumination have been invented. Novices



generally think that when the sky is bright and blue they will be very successful in their illumination, and feel grievously disappointed at finding that they obtained much more light from the clouds, whose disappearance they had anxiously been watching. Finding that the blue sky gives scarcely any light at all, they rush to the opposite extreme, turn the mirror towards the sun, and pour such a blaze of light upon the object, that the eye is blinded by the scintillating refulgence, and the object is often injured, because the mirror is capable of reflecting heat as well as light.

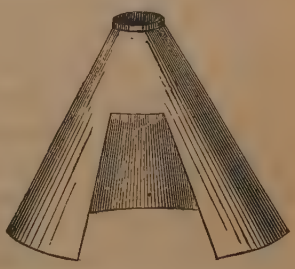
In the day-time, there is nothing better than the "white-cloud illuminator," which is made easily enough by means of plaster of Paris. A sheet of thin white paper fastened against a window-pane is also useful, and the simple plan of dabbing the glass with putty will have a beneficial effect in softening the light, when the window has a southern aspect. In default of these conveniences, it will be often sufficient to fix a piece of white letter-paper over the mirror, or even to dull its surface with wax. At all events, he who aspires to be a true microscopist, must be ready with expedients, and, if he finds himself in a difficulty, he must summarily invent a method of obviating it.

At night, a lamp is necessary; candles are useless, because they have two faults—they flicker, and they become lower as they burn. The latter defect can be cured by using a candle-lamp, but no arrangement will cure the flame of flickering; it is peculiarly trying to the eyes, and destructive of accurate definition. An ordinary moderator lamp answers pretty well, and a small one is even better for the microscopist than one of large dimensions. The chief drawback to the moderator lamp is, that the flame cannot be elevated or lowered, so that the only way to procure a light at a higher elevation, is to stand the lamp on a block of wood or a book. Small lamps are, however, made expressly

for the microscope, and, if possible, should be procured, and used for no other purpose, and intrusted to no other hands.

If you want a really brilliant, clear, white light, you must trim the lamp yourself. A small piece of pale blue or neutral-tint glass interposed between the lamp and the microscope, has a wonderful effect in diminishing the yellow hue which belongs more or less to all artificial lights which are produced by the combustion of oil or fat. I have no doubt but that in a few years we shall be rid of the clumsy and dirty machines which we call lamps, and have substituted for them the pure brilliancy of the electric light.

Whatever lamp you use, a shade is absolutely necessary, in order to defend the eyes. Let me here warn my young readers, that they cannot be too careful of their eyes. In the exuberance of youthful strength and health, we are too apt to treat our eyes as unceremoniously as our digestion, and in later years we awake to unavailing repentance.



Many shades can be purchased; but I prefer to make my own, which are of the shape here exhibited. They are not pretty to look at, but they save the eyes better than any other form, and whether for reading, writing, or microscopic work, I use no other form, The peculiar merit of them consists in the fact that the light is thrown on the spot where it is wanted, and is cut off from everything except that spot. If, for example, I am writing, as at the present moment, my paper is brightly illuminated, but the whole of the study is in darkness, so that the eye is not wearied even by the light reflected from the walls and furniture. A stranger is always startled on entering the room for the first time, the paper, hand, and right arm and chest of the writer standing out in striking contrast with the darkness in which the room itself is enveloped.

Another point which calls for extreme attention is the perfect cleanliness of the glasses. It is astonishing how a tiny dust-mote, or the least condensation of damp, will diminish the powers of the microscope, and how often the instrument is blamed for indistinctness, when the real fault lies in the carelessness of the operator. Even when the greatest care is taken, dust is sure to settle on the glasses, especially on the eye-piece, and, before using the microscope, the glasses ought to be carefully examined. Never wipe them with an ordinary handkerchief, but get a piece of new wash-leather; beat it well until no dust issues from it, and then put it into a box, with a tightly-fitting cover. Use this, and nothing

else, for cleaning the glasses, and you will avoid those horrid scratches with which the eye-glass and object-glass of careless operators are always disfigured.

Moisture is very apt to condense on the glasses and to ruin their clearness. If the microscope be brought from a cold into a warm room, the glasses will be instantly covered with moisture, just as the outside of a tumbler of cold water is always covered with fine dew when brought into a warm room. The microscope should therefore be kept at least an hour in the room wherein it is to be used, so that the instrument and the atmosphere may be of the same temperature. I generally make the microscope a trifle warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, and so avoid all danger of condensation. When changing the object-glass or eye-piece, always keep the hand as far away from the glass as possible, and manipulate with the tip of the fore-finger and thumb. The human skin always gives out so much exhalation, that even when the hand is cold the glasses will be dimmed, and it is a peculiarity of such moisture, that it adheres to the glasses with great pertinacity, and does not evaporate like the dew which is condensed from the atmosphere.

In order to insure perfect success in this important particular, the young microscopist will do well to get the optician from whom he purchased his instrument to explain its construction, and to give him a lesson or two in the art of taking it to pieces and putting it together again, for, unless each glass can be separately cleaned, no one can be quite sure that the instrument will perform as it ought to do. The best method of ascertaining whether it is quite clean, is to throw the light upwards by means of the mirror, and then to turn the eye-piece slowly round. If any dust or moisture has collected either upon the eye-glass or the "field-glass," which forms the second lens of the eye-piece, it will be immediately detected. Turning the object-glass will in a similar manner detect impurities upon its surface.

We will now proceed to the manner in which objects are examined. Suppose, for example, that we take a buttercup-leaf, because it can be found at almost any time of the year. Place a piece of glass on the stage, lay the leaf on it, put on the lowest power, set the focus, and then look at the leaf. You will probably be disappointed, and see nothing but a confused mass of undulating dark green, like a green carpet thrown carelessly on the ground, and seen in the dim twilight.

Two points are now needed, the first being to get the leaf flat, so as to avoid the undulation, and the second being to throw a proper light upon it.

Take out the leaf, and, instead of laying it entire under the micro-

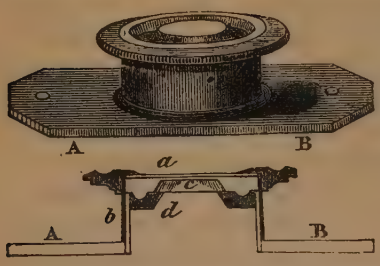
scope, select the flattest part, and cut it out with scissors. A piece the size of a silver penny will be amply large enough. Lay this piece on the glass, get the focus afresh, and then look through the microscope. The leaf will now appear much more regular, and will be seen as a rough surface, mottled with white and traversed by pink and green ridges, which are the large and small nervures. By means of a mirror or the condenser, throw a brighter light upon it, and it will be seen to be covered with a slight roughness, the nature of which cannot be clearly ascertained; then add the next highest power, and try if the structure of that roughness can be made out. Curiously enough, although the magnifying power has been more than doubled, the roughness has much the same appearance as before, so that we must try another plan, and look at the leaf edgeways.

Take the piece of leaf in the stage-forceps, but *do not touch it with your hand;* fix the forceps on the stage, and turn the leaf so that it presents its edge to the object-glass. Get your focus, and you will now see the cut edge of the leaf, and will at once distinguish its structure. On either side may be seen the upper and lower cuticle, and in the centre the soft green substance, or "parenchyma," as it is called. From the cuticle project a number of short hairs, and, when the focus is accurately obtained, the cause of the roughness will be seen in a vast number of minute projections, which are, in fact, identical in structure with the hairs, though not so well developed. The under-cuticle of the leaf is much more interesting than the upper.

Now change the illumination, and, instead of throwing the light upon the object from above, turn the mirror so as to direct it through the object from below. No apparent result will follow, because the leaf is so thick and opaque that the light cannot pass through it. Hold the leaf horizontally, and, by means of the stage-forceps, rip it smartly across, and, if you do this rightly, you will find that the two cuticles are partly separated, so as to allow either to be examined separately. At first, the leaf will most probably be torn along one of the large nervures, so that the cuticles are not perfectly separated. Never mind failure, but try again, and you are sure, after a few efforts, to hit upon the right method of tearing the leaf.

One of the most useful capabilities of the "live-box" is now shown. As may be seen by the figure and section, it consists of an inner tube with a thick glass, and an outer tube with a thin glass. The

outer tube can be taken off, water or any other substance laid on the thick glass, and then the outer tube or cover is slid down upon it until the object is pressed flatly between the two glasses. When you have succeeded in getting a convenient slip of the leaf, lay it on the thick glass of the inner tube, and put a drop of water on it. Put on the cover, and push it down until the piece of leaf is pressed flat, without being squeezed. Now look through the microscope, and you will see a beautiful sight, showing how much there is in a despised leaf, which we daily tread under foot.



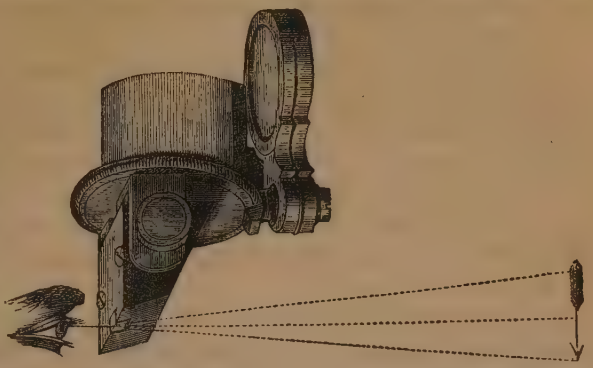
The cells of which the cuticle is chiefly composed, are seen in many a waving outline, while at their points of junction are placed the remarkable contrivances called "stomata," or mouths, which are the apertures through which the atmosphere is enabled to penetrate into the interior of the leaf. The two semilunar cells at the sides of the opening may be considered as lips, which open and close according as the plant needs the air or not. The numerous dots which are seen upon the leaf are of a vivid green colour, and it is to their presence that the leaf owes its hue.

I have given these details because they are applicable to the examination of all leaves and petals, and show the young observer the method which is to be adopted when looking for the first time at a strange object.

If the microscopist should follow up his work properly, and make sketches of every object which he places under the microscope, he cannot do better than use the camera-lucida, a neat little instrument, which is fitted into the eye-piece of the microscope. Dr. Beale's neutral glass is as efficacious in careful hands, and only costs a fourth of the sum. This instrument cannot be applied to the ten and twenty shilling microscopes, as it requires that the tube should be perfectly horizontal. The method of using it is simple enough.

After fixing the object and getting the right focus, set the instrument horizontally, and arrange the light so that the object is well illuminated, and its lines quite clear and well defined. Now remove the cap of the eye-piece, and fix the camera-lucida in its stead. Lay a drawing-pad on

the table under the camera-lucida, look through the square opening (or, if you use Mr. Beale's glass, look through the neutral glass), and you will see the object apparently projected on the paper. I say apparently, because in reality the image is not thrown on the paper at all, but on the camera, and the eye refers it to the paper, as being the nearest object. In fact, the principle on which this camera-lucida is arranged, is exactly that of the Polytechnic ghost, which appears to be in one place, whereas it is in another.



Now, take a pencil, cut it to a very fine point, and trace the outline of the object on the paper. At first, you will think this to be an impracticable task, for the point of the pencil will totally vanish. Soon, however, the eye will so adjust itself as to see the pencil and the object perfectly well, and, by a little practice, the observer will be able to sketch every object as rapidly and firmly as if he were copying a drawing by means of tracing-paper. In this method I drew on the wood a considerable number of illustrations for my "Natural History," not venturing to intrust them to other hands. The neutral glass is perhaps to be preferred to the camera-lucida, as it is learned more easily, and gives less trouble than that instrument. Its cost is five shillings.

After you have practised yourself well in the handling of the microscope, your ambition will take another step, and lead you to the preparation of permanent objects. In order to set yourself up with the needful apparatus, you will have to disburse about five shillings. A small spirit-lamp will cost eighteenpence, and a small bottle of Canada balsam, another of asphalte varnish, and another of Deane's gelatine, will make about eighteenpence or two shillings more. A few pence will purchase a sheet or two of ornamental paper, and a few more, a flat plate of brass or copper, about five inches by three. The rest of the five shillings may be expended in "slides" and thin glass, cut square.

Slides are merely slips of glass, three inches in length by one in width, and the thin glass is used for laying upon the objects and defending them from dust. I advise the square glass, because it scarcely costs one

quarter as much as the round glass, and is equally effective when properly managed. There are several methods of "putting up" preparations, namely, dry, in Canada balsam, in gelatine, and in cells. We will take them in their order.

The simplest plan is, of course, the "dry" mode. Suppose that I want to preserve a tiny piece of down, or the scales from a butterfly's wing: I first wash all the slides and glasses well, by dipping them first into a strong solution of soda, and then into hot water, in order to get rid of grease, taking care never to touch them with the hand, but to take them out of the water with the forceps. This can be done at any time, and the glasses carefully wrapped up and placed in a box ready for use.

I now select one of the slides, and lay the object exactly in its centre. If very minute objects are used, they must now be examined in order to see whether they are properly disposed. The next process is, to take one of the thin glasses with the microscope, and lay it very carefully over the object. Now, cut a piece of ornamental paper, about two inches long and seven-eighths of an inch in width; cut or punch a circular piece out of its centre, damp it well, and cover the wrong side slightly, but completely, with paste. Lay it on the slide, so that the centre of the hole shall coincide with that of the object, work it down neatly with the fingers, and it will hold the square piece of thin glass, which is technically called the "cover," in its place. Watch it occasionally as it dries, and be ready to press down any part of the paper that may start up. Write, with ink, the name of the object on the end of the slide.

When you have made a dozen or two of these preparations, it will be time to letter and index them. On each slide paste a slip of white paper, and on the paper write a brief notice of the object, thus— Then, scratch with a bit of flint, or with a writing-diamond if you have one, a number on the end of the slide, and have a note-book with a corresponding number, opposite to which you enter the description at a fuller length, thus :—

SCALES.
D. HEAD MOTH.

18—Scales of Death's Head Moth (Acherontia Atropos), from centre of under-surface of right fore wing. Dry. June 4, 1864. +

The cross signifies that you prepared the object yourself, and the reason for adding the date is, that in after years you will have a valuable guide as to the durability of your preparations. If the specimen has been purchased or presented, always add the name of the seller or donor, as well as the date. These precautions may seem to be needlessly minute, but I have so often seen whole sets of valuable preparations

rendered useless for want of ticketing, that I cannot too strongly impress on my readers the necessity for the note-book as well as the label, the one acting as a check upon the other. When the label has been affixed, and the details transferred to the note-book, the ink may be washed off the end of the slide.

There is another convenient method of putting up the elytra of beetles, parts of various insects, mosses, minute shells, and similar objects. Take a common pill-box of the smallest size, and cut a little cylinder of cork, that will nearly but not quite equal the height of the box, and fasten one end to the bottom of the box with glue. Now blacken the interior of the box and the cork cylinder. Put a little drop of Canada balsam, Arabian cement, or gum arabic on the top of the cylinder; put the object on it, press it into its place, and, when the cement is hard, the preparation is complete. The cover of the box serves to keep the object from dust.

Now we come to the Canada balsam, a substance which produces beautiful effects when rightly handled, but is most aggravating to the learner, causing alternate irascibility and depression of spirits. Many objects, such as the antennæ and feet of insects, will not show their full beauty unless they are mounted in Canada balsam. The method of doing so is as follows:—A week or two beforehand, put the objects into ether or spirits of turpentine, and allow them to remain there until wanted. Pile up some old books, or take a couple of convenient wooden blocks; lay your brass plate upon them; light the spirit-lamp, and put it under the plate so as to heat it. Lay two or three slides on the plate, and all then can be heated at the same time.

Warm the bottle of Canada balsam, and with a glass rod take out a very little drop, and put it exactly in the middle of the slide. In order to insure this point, I always put a dot of ink on the wrong side of the slide. Stir it about with one of the needles mentioned in the last paper, and, if any bubbles rise, break them. When the balsam is quite soft and liquid, take one of the objects out of the bottle and put it into the balsam, exactly over the black dot. Now add a little more balsam so as to cover it, and let it lie for a few moments. Take one of the glass covers, put a very little balsam on its centre, and lay it neatly over the object, pressing it down gradually and equally. Unless this be done, the object will not remain in the centre, but will shoot out on one side, and the whole operation must be begun *de novo*. Remove it from the hot plate and lay it on a cool surface, still continuing the pressure until the balsam has begun to harden. Lay a little leaden weight—a pistol-bullet partly flattened is excellent for the purpose, and

on the cover write the name of the object as already mentioned, and then proceed to prepare another slide.

Twenty such slides may be prepared in the course of a morning, and, when they are finished, they should be laid carefully in a cold place, where they will be free from dust. In a week or so, the balsam will be quite hard, and then the slide may be completed. Take an old knife, which should be kept for this special purpose; heat the blade in the spirit-lamp, and then run it along the edges of the slide, so as to take off the superfluous balsam which has escaped from beneath the cover. This must be done very quickly, or the balsam inside the cover will be heated by the knife, and the preparation spoiled. When this is done, cut the ornamental paper, as already described, number and label the slide, wash off the ink, and then the preparation is complete. Some objects are very troublesome to prepare, and require to be soaked in turpentine and boiled repeatedly in the balsam before they are completely penetrated with it.

Objects which are put up in Deane's gelatine are managed after a similar fashion, save that the gelatine is to be heated by placing the bottle in hot water, and that the turpentine is not needed. Vegetable structures show beautifully when thus prepared. To remove the superfluous gelatine, use a *wet* and not a hot knife.

Cells are very difficult to manage, and the novice had better not attempt to make them, but is hereby advised to purchase them ready made. Suppose that the young microscopist has dissected the digestive organs of a bee—I merely mention this, because it is one of my own preparations, made thirteen years ago—and wishes to preserve it in spirit; his best plan will be to use a cell for the purpose. Let him buy a cell of sufficient depth, float the preparation into it, fill it up with spirit, put the cover loosely on, and leave it for a week, occasionally raising the cover and stirring the preparation with a needle, in order to get rid of any air-bubbles that may have been entangled in the tissues.

Then let him wipe the edges of the cell very dry, put on a slight layer of gold-size or asphalte-varnish—the former is preferable—fill up the cell a "bumper" and lay the cover very gently upon it, beginning at one end and gently lowering it. With blotting-paper the liquid that escapes must be removed, the edges dried afresh, a flattened bullet placed on the cover, and with a very small camel's hair brush, the slightest possible coating of size painted round the edge of the cell. When it has hardened another may be given, and so on, until a thick hard wall of size has been built up round the edges and made the cover completely air-tight.

Answer to No. III.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

Shakspeare.

REMARKABLE TRAVELLERS.

By WILLIAM DALTON,

Author of "The Wolf-Boy of China," "The Tiger Prince," &c.

ANTHONY KNIVET,

THE MOST LUCKLESS OF ADVENTURERS.

"WHEN the reader has considered the whole course of this man's adventures, seen what dangers he passed through, and what difficulties he surmounted, it may be he'll be ready to wonder *what* could kill such a man at last, and what death he should die; and, indeed, one may venture to say, that it is not likely he was born either to be hanged or drowned, brained or stabbed, to be killed either with heathen arrows or christian shot, to be roasted in the torrid or frozen in the cold zone, to be devoured by wild beasts, nor, which is worse, by wild men. We usually say a cat has nine lives, because we see it so tough and hardy, and endure so many kicks and blows; and for the same reason we may allow this man Knivet at least as many, if not double the number."

Such is the quaint introduction of the old chronicler to the adventures of Knivet, and which I now repeat, lest my readers should believe that in place of veracious history they are perusing but a newly-discovered chapter of the history of the too famous Baron Munchausen. But to begin at the beginning. The celebrated John Cavendish,* ancestor of the Dukes of Devonshire, having successfully circumnavigated the globe—indeed, he was the second Englishman who accomplished that feat—resolved upon again making the voyage. Upon this second occasion, however, he was singularly unsuccessful, meeting with naught but disasters, partly in consequence of continued storms, but chiefly from having shipped in every vessel of his fleet a mutinous crew. These men ultimately compelled him to return to England without having performed a single feat worthy of an Englishman—a course to him as hateful as death, and as disgraceful in his eyes as his former return had been glorious and triumphant, for in those days, be it remembered, when the Spaniard and the "Portugal" ruled the seas, and new countries remained to be discovered, a "shipman" felt it foul shame to return home without being

* Candish this name was spelt in those days.

able to boast of a Spanish town sacked, a Spanish galleon captured, or a new land or fresh track of the ocean discovered. But to return to Knivet. This unfortunate sailed with John Cavendish in his last and most disastrous voyage, and it was while passing through the Straits of Magellan, then but recently discovered, that his misfortunes began. So intense was the cold, that pulling off his stockings he at the same time pulled off several of his toes, an accident scarcely to be wondered at, if it be true, as it is solemnly stated, that one of his shipmates attempting to blow his nose, blew it quite off and threw it into the fire; and let not the reader wonder, for the extremities of many of the poor fellows were blackened with mortification, I suppose what we should now call frost-bitten.

But to our hero misfortunes seemed to come in battalions thick and fast.

Apparently senseless with the frost, and "half-eaten," says the chronicler, by vermin, *twice* his comrades were about to consign him to the deep, but each time the instinct of self-preservation was sufficiently strong within him for the poor fellow to make tokens that he was "not dead at all." A few days afterwards, the Admiral striking at one of the crew with a cudgel, the man nimbly stepped aside, and our unlucky wight by mistake received a blow that laid him upon the deck in such a state that once again the crew were within an ace of tossing him into the sea as a lifeless carcass. Now, although our hero does not admit the fact, I suspect *he* must have been one of the mutineers, for when the fleet arrived at the Isles of St. Sebastian, the Admiral landed him and several other apparently dying men, and there left them to Providence and the mercy of savages, without any provision whatever. It is indeed incredible that so brave, generous, and good a man as Cavendish could have been guilty of such cruelty, had he not intended it as a well-merited punishment.

Of the invalids, Knivet seems to have been the worst, for when laid upon the shore he was senseless. But imagine the poor fellow's horror at the piteous sight that met his opening eyes. There around him lay his companions, some dead, others in their last agonies, groaning and giving up the ghost. They had partaken plentifully of some poisonous berries growing near the shore. However, thanking Providence, who, by rendering him senseless for a time, had saved him from a similar fate, our hero began to look about for food. Crawling along the sea-shore he found some crabs, and luckily at a short distance a fire in the hollow of a fig-tree, over which he stewed them, and so obtained a tolerable meal, after which he lay down and slept until the next day.

For more than a week the poor fellow remained at this spot, subsisting

upon crabs and water. At the end of that time he set out upon his journey inland, following the course of a small river. Knivet, however, was still so weak that one day, when a hideous cayman (the first he had seen) came marching out of the river with its harpoon-like tongue thrust forward, and its savage eyes glaring in the poor fellow's face, he could not move. He said his last prayers, momentarily expecting to be entombed within the reptile's horrible jaws; but, strange to relate, the creature, coming to a sudden halt, stared him in the face for a few minutes, then, turning tail, ran away, as if deeming such a wretched remnant of humanity an unworthy morsel even for a cayman's meal.

Offering up a prayer for so unexpected a deliverance, but thinking it probable some other member of the cayman's family might be less fastidious, the sailor kept a respectful distance from the river, nay, quite near the sea-shore, and the same night he fell in with a freshly-killed whale, at which he greatly rejoiced, for it offered a plentiful supply of food for some time to come—ay, and enough wherewithal to entertain company. Thus he erected a small hut wherein he continued a fortnight, when, curiously enough, he *did* receive company, for one day no less than forty of his old comrades of Cavendish's fleet came by that way. Like Knivet, these poor fellows had been put ashore by the Admiral, and had wandered to that part of the island.

For a time, these outcasts lived together in pleasant companionship; but, alas! the Portuguese, their most dire enemies, hearing from some natives of their arrival, set upon them during the night, and, having massacred one-half of their number, took the others prisoners. Our hero would have been among the slain had he not arrested the arm of his intended slayer by a declaration that he was in possession of information with respect to an English fleet in those seas, which he knew the Portuguese chief would give his ears to learn. This was, of course, but a ruse that occurred to him on the spur of the moment, but it answered its purpose, for the leader of the Portuguese thereupon ordered Knivet's life to be saved, and further, that he should there and then proceed, under the guidance of an Indian, to the presence of the Portuguese chief. Now our hero was nervous respecting this savage, who he feared would murder him on the way, and begged to be allowed to remain with his European captors, but the latter were determined upon this point, and with the Indian he at once set out; and when they came to any rocks that ran out into the sea, the savage would take him upon his back and swim round the point till they came to land again. After this fashion they travelled all night, and in the morning they arrived at a spot where they found the Portuguese chief.

"What news is it you bring me?" asked the chief, who had heard of Knivet's boast from one of his captors, who had arrived at that spot by another road before our hero and his guide.

"Noble captain!" replied our hero—who, by the way, had not as yet concocted the story he intended telling—"you are over-hasty; I am hungry after my tedious journey, give me a meal and I will tell you."

"Thou art a bold knave," replied the captain, laughing; but he complied with the request, and shortly afterwards Knivet told him a story improvised for the occasion. What the fabrication was the latter does not relate; it served, however, to save his life, for although the Portuguese savagely murdered the greater number of the Englishmen, he ordered Knivet on board ship, and took him with him to San Sebastian, on the Rio Janeiro.

Arrived at this place, the unfortunate man nearly lost his life. The ship's arrival was received by the landsmen with loud plaudits and the beating of drums, whereupon the savage Portuguese sailors, taking their captive in their arms, tossed him into the sea, exclaiming, "There's our prize, take him!"

But saved again by the compassion of one of the crew, he was taken before the Governor, and that official at once presented him as a slave to that Portuguese, who at the first attack upon him and his comrades would have slain him but for the fib about the English fleet.

Under this master he lived in comfort more as a companion than a slave; but such a state of affairs was too good to last to one who, like Knivet, was born to misfortune; so the Governor, revoking his gift to the Portuguese soldier, sent the unhappy captive to work as a slave in the sugar-mills and plantations.

How wretched was his life now!—compelled to work stark naked, more than half starved, and from day to day lashed and beaten like a galley-slave,—such an existence being unendurable, he resolved to risk death rather than bear it. Thus, seizing the first opportunity, he fled into the wild woods and took up his abode in a cave. Here he remained many weeks, fishing by day, and at night going among the Indians from hut to hut, exchanging with them his fish for other necessities of life. But one of the natives betrayed him, and he again fell into the Governor's hands.

As a punishment for running away, our hero was sent back to the sugar plantations and placed under a man who so mortally detested the English, and who treated the poor fellow so cruelly, that for four months scarcely a day passed that he did not resolve to kill himself to escape from such dire misery. This inhuman treatment, however, brought its

antidote by exciting the compassion of the Governor's son, who begged him of his father. Thus his condition became ameliorated—true, he was still a slave, "but," says he, "now it was a man that was my master, and not a beast or a devil as before."

The Governor's son was ordered by his father to take up his residence at Wynasses, a town inhabited by a tribe called the Pories. Knivet accompanied his master, and the duty allotted to him was to proceed to the different native villages and barter with the Indians, *i.e.*, exchange knives, hatchets, and other implements for their wives and children—a traffic common with the Spaniards and Portuguese. But let us remember the old adage, "that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones;" for, infamous as the two above-mentioned people treated the poor Indians, in slave traffic they were no worse than our own ancestors. At the period of which I write, no British adventurer could have been found who would have refused the purchase of a slave cargo. *Arcades ambo!* all was fish that fell to the nets of the seagoing of all the nations of Europe.

Curious, nay, sometimes very serious, were the adventures encountered by Knivet among the Indians. Proceeding with a dozen slaves, who carried his goods to the nearest Indian town, he was taken into the largest house and desired to stretch himself at full length in a hammock; but, to his astonishment, no sooner had he done this than at least twenty women came into the room, and, some placing their heads upon his shoulders and the others on his knees, they one and all set up such a dolorous howling and shrieking that the poor fellow gave himself up for lost, believing this could only be a prelude to his execution—a belief only the more confirmed when the females suddenly quitted the room and were succeeded by an old painted savage, who, without taking any notice of the tenant of the hammock, marched rapidly to and fro, flourishing his weapons, gesticulating and muttering to himself.

"It is all over with me now," thought Knivet, "if I do not make a bold rush at him." But, as he was preparing to carry out this resolve, the illustrated, or tatooed, old gentleman came to a sudden halt by his side, stared him full in the face, stroked his head, bade him a hearty welcome, and ordered his servants to bring the stranger the best refreshments the house afforded. Our hero afterwards thought himself singularly fortunate at such a result, when he discovered that the queer old fellow was the king or chief of a tribe of cannibals whose custom it was to catch, cage, fatten, and eat all with whom they happened to be at enmity.

In this house, which he dignified with the name of palace, Knivet remained some time, for the chiefs of neighbouring towns would come to

him to transact business. On one occasion, while in this house, he met with an adventure that was well-nigh of a tragic nature. He was sitting alone, when another royal old savage made his appearance, accompanied by a couple of women. The old fellow, placing his arms around his wives' necks, danced about the room like a madman for some few minutes; then, going up to the Englishman, hatchet in hand, he exclaimed, in hectoring tone,—

"Dost thou see these women? They are my wives; by my valour I gained them, and I have sworn to obey their desire, which is to slay thee, as I have slain many other men."

"No, don't," replied Knivet. "I am no enemy of thine; on the contrary, I have brought many things here that your countrymen desire;" and (pointing to his goods) he added, "but, if you *do* offer me any violence, thou and all thy countrymen will have to pay a heavy penalty."

Taking no notice of this reply, the old savage darted towards the Englishman's goods and began to divide them between the ladies. Now this was more than even our patient hero could tolerate; so, leaping from his hammock, sword in hand, he attacked all three. There was a terrible scuffle, and so much noise, that the old King, the proprietor of the house, ran into the room, and, seeing his visitor's danger, drove the other old fellow and his two wives out of the place, not, however, without a vow from the latter, that he would return in a few days with his tribe, take away the goods, and, moreover, have Knivet sacrificed, according to the custom of their people. And the old fellow kept his promise, for, within a week, he returned, at the head of a large force; but Knivet's host, being determined to protect his guest, met the enemy at the head of a party so much larger and more formidable, that peace was concluded between the savage chiefs without a drop of blood having been spilt.

Matters having been thus satisfactorily arranged, and his purchase completed, our hero returned to his master, but with so much experience of the danger and difficulties to be encountered in slave-buying, that, although his master was kind, considerate, and even offered to pay him well for his trouble, he stoutly refused to go upon such another expedition. Here I may offer it as my belief, that his refusal to follow up such a vocation was fear of its dangers rather than disgust or shame at its immorality—nay, inhumanity.

The consequence of this refusal was, that he was sent back to the Governor, who at once employed him in fishing. One day, while watching for a dog-fish, he fell asleep on the rock and was awakened by

a tugging at the line which he had fastened around his body. Now a serio-comic adventure happened—"a pull-devil-pull-Baker" incident—the huge fish tugged at one end of the line to get away, Knivet tugged at the other to land it; in the struggle, the man's leg got entangled in the line, and, falling near the edge of the rock, the fish gave a long pull and a strong pull, and over went the fisherman into the sea, and was speedily but incontinently following in the fish's wake; moreover, having his naked body bumped and torn against the sharp rocks. Now, most assuredly, he would have been lost, but luckily he had a knife slung about his waist. With this he cut the line and eventually managed to gain the shore, but so beaten and torn that he was unable to walk for two or three weeks.

Next came a glimmer of sunshine. One day while fishing, this time in a boat, he caught sight of what he took to be an English ship. "Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, "here is a chance of escape at last." Then sending the Indians, his brother fishermen, ashore on some pretext, he set sail in a westerly direction; but, alas! a contrary wind arose, his boat was dashed to pieces upon the rocks of an adjacent island, and its tenant, torn, bleeding, and famished, thrown upon the land, where he would certainly have perished of his wounds and hunger had it not been for the coming of some canoes, which had been sent by the Governor in search of him.

Poor Knivet! he was ever jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire—as a punishment for attempting to escape, he was led through the town, with his hands bound behind him, amid the jests and jeers of the people, and then cast into a loathsome dungeon and fed only on bread and water. But worse, if any evil could be worse, he was condemned to be hanged as a renegade, nay, even brought out into the market-place to suffer, but again his good angel interposed. The priests interceded with the savage Governor, and his sentence was commuted to that of being publicly whipped with cords—a sentence so cruelly carried out, that, to use his own words, he was thrashed "until he had not a spot of skin remaining upon all his body."

As soon as Knivet had sufficiently recovered to be able to work, he was sent once more to the sugar plantation, but this time, as a security against any further attempt to escape, they fastened to each leg a lump of iron, weighing thirty pounds; moreover, the Governor consigned him to the care of a Portuguese, who, like his former master, was so good a hater of the English, that he never met his slave but he caused him to be severely beaten. "Often," says the poor fellow, "I complained to the Governor of this man's barbarous conduct, and showed him the marks

of his cruel hand, in scars and bruises, with which my whole body was covered, but he had no compassion, and abandoned me to the tyranny of his officer.

For nine months he seems to have patiently submitted, but at length being awakened one night by a heavy blow in the ribs, the maddened seaman arose, and snatching up a sharp knife that lay at hand, stabbed the wretch twice. He then made the best of his way to the forest, where he walked to and fro, praying that rather than fall again into the power of the cruel Portuguese, he might be devoured by a wild beast. While cogitating as to the next steps to be taken, he heard the voices and foot-falls of pursuers, and, to escape them, ascended a huge tree and hid among its leaves and branches. Here he had a narrow escape, for the men beneath discharged their arrows amongst the foliage. Fortunately for Knivet he remained untouched, and the enemy hearing no cry, as in all probability they would, had he been wounded, left the spot. So terrified, however, was the miserable man, that he kept to this nest for two days and nights—indeed, until sheer hunger compelled him to descend, when he made his way towards the sea-shore. On the road he fell in with three savages lying asleep, with their fishing-tackle by their sides. With the latter, he knew that he should be enabled to gain a meal, and starving as he was, he seized it, and, says he, "I did it very modestly, and never waked the savages to tell 'em anything of the virtue or vice of what I had done."

Near the sea-shore he came across another savage asleep, who upon examination he found to be one of his fellow-slaves, but great was his delight when, upon awaking him, Knivet found that their cases were similar: like him, the poor Indian had shed blood and fled from his tyrant; moreover, the Indian was a great man among his own people, to whom he promised to introduce our hero, provided only that they should be successful in reaching his country.

A treaty of defence and offence being concluded, the Indian and the Englishman set out to seek good fortune. Their first effort was to swim from the island to the mainland, a distance of two miles, which, by the way, Knivet tells us, made them very feeble and weary; but worse, when they reached terra-firma, they found themselves in a horrible wilderness, where lions, tigers, and fearful serpents abounded, and the only food they could obtain was wild honey, palmetoes, and a sort of snake, which the cannibals call boaeyna. Thirty-seven days the twain lived and journeyed in this wilderness; but at the end of that time Knivet's heart rejoiced, he was about to be rewarded for all his patient toil and suffering—they had, in fact, to his surprise, reached the town of the Pories, where he

had before been so well received, and his old host was no less rejoiced to see him on this occasion. Our hero had another cause to feel joyful—he saw an opportunity of revenging himself upon his enemies, for the old chief having heard of the barbarities of his allies, the Portuguese permitted himself to be persuaded by Knivet to renounce their alliance, nay, to go to war with them, and so defend our hero against any attempt to re-capture him. But—ah! that little word; in how many enterprises has it proved the truth of the axiom—"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

The chief, friendly himself to the wanderer, was not powerful enough to induce his people to break with the Portuguese. Thus the poor fellow was suddenly seized, bound hand and foot, and in that condition once more given over to his old master, the Governor's son, who happened, unfortunately for our hero, at the time, to be among the Pories buying slaves. Did ever mortal meet with such ill luck?

"Will you remain with me and faithfully do my bidding, or go back to the Governor and be hanged?"

Such was the choice offered to Knivet by his master; and choosing the first as the lesser evil, he at once was ordered into the interior to purchase slaves, and in this expedition among the "feathered" animals, as from their dress he terms the American Indians, he was so successful that he brought back with him ninety slaves—a performance which so pleased the Governor that he was at once promoted to a lucrative post in the sugar-mills.

Thus, for the ensuing twelve months, he seems to have revelled in comparative prosperity; but, alas! fate had not yet tired of persecuting the poor fellow, for a war breaking out between the Indian allies and the Portuguese, and a nation called the Tamoyas, Knivet accompanied his master to do battle against the latter, and for many months, what with the arrows of the Indians, the treachery of his comrades, the savage beasts and reptiles, and the terrible diseases common to that most pestilential climate, he held his life but by a slender tenure. His most terrible peril, however, while with this motley army, arose as follows:—

The Portuguese having driven the Tamoyas from their encampment, took possession of their quarters, in which, by the way, the only food they could find was frogs, and upon which they lived. It so happened, however, that a tribe of large snakes, regarding the spot as their own especial hunting-grounds, these same frogs being the reptiles' chief food, were in the habit of attacking the place at night, to the great terror of the Portuguese. One night, a party being out for the purpose of catching

frogs, one of them was attacked by a huge snake, nay, would soon have fallen a prey to the reptile, but Knivet coming forward, killed it with his club. For this act, upon his return to head-quarters, the officer in charge of his company reprimanded our hero severely, telling him he had been absent without leave. At this, Knivet fired with anger—a quarrel ensued—they fell to blows, and the officer fell dead at his feet.

The consequence of this act was, that the Englishman was placed in the stocks, tried, and cast for death, nay, even led to the place of execution. Some of the officers, however, regarding Knivet's crime as a duel and not a murder, interceded with the commander-in-chief for his life, and, notwithstanding they met with a refusal at first, succeeded in getting him off, and in three months more, at the close of the campaign, obtained for him permission to go where he would.

Knivet now continued with his old master, during his war of extermination against the natives, and afterwards returned to the Governor. The latter officer now treated him with kindness; hence, perhaps, the reason that he was soon after enabled to escape in a ship on her voyage to Africa. But again he was seized and sent back a prisoner to the Governor. This time, however, the Portuguese chief only laughed at his attempt, and being himself recalled to Lisbon by his sovereign, mercifully carried our hero with him, where, after a long voyage and one very narrow escape of being shipwrecked, they at length arrived in safety. Whilst living at the Governor's house, Knivet was near dying of a dangerous sickness, and the neglect of his master; but a good nun had him conveyed to a hospital, and well attended. After this he became interpreter to the merchants who traded with Brazil, and accumulated money; but his cup of misery was as yet not full to the brim, for his old master becoming incensed with him for refusing to return to the Indies in the capacity of interpreter, caused him to be cast into a loathsome dungeon, where he languished for many months. "In this distress," says the chronicler, "he continued for a long time, but how long we are not certain, as neither also how he was delivered from thence, but certain it is that he did see England again, and rejoice with his friends after all the various scenes of his disastrous fortune."

THE DEFENCE OF KARS.

THE STORY OF THE DEFENCE OF KARS.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

HOWEVER averse we may be to war, we must acknowledge that it is often a stern, a most cruel necessity; that it is calculated to draw out many of the nobler and most admired qualities which exist in the human heart and mind, and that it exhibits more than most other events a man in his true colours. There were many gallant deeds performed during the late war with Russia; but, taking all things into consideration, none surpass the defence of Kars, or more completely prove what can be done by courage, energy and perseverance, devotedness and unanimity, when directed by wisdom and science. All these qualities were displayed in a remarkable degree by the British officers who undertook the defence of Kars against the well-disciplined troops of Russia, with materials which ordinary men would have considered utterly useless. I feel particular pleasure in writing a short account of that heroic undertaking, from having soon afterwards met some of the British officers engaged in it in Russia itself. There no longer enemies, but as honoured visitors they were received by the Russians with that respect which their gallantry had won. They were visiting the gallery in St. Petersburg, as I was, of that talented artist and persevering Siberian traveller, the late Mr. Atkinson. While exhibiting his magnificent pictures, Mr. Atkinson gave us a deeply interesting account of his own adventures when he was engaged in making the sketches from which he had painted them, and altogether I look back to that morning as one of the most agreeable spent during a short visit I made, soon after the war, to Russia.

But to our story about Kars. While the British, French, and Sardinian troops were before Sebastopol, the Russians hoped, by sending a powerful army by way of the Caucasus, to attack the Turkish dominions in Asia on the east, and to compel the Allies to dispatch some of their forces to the assistance of the Sultan. The English Government had foreseen that the Russians would do this, and had accordingly sent out Colonel Williams and other officers to put the frontier Turkish fortresses in a state of defence. On the confines of the Turkish dominions in Armenia, and to the south-east of the Black Sea, stands the town of Kars. It is situated under a precipitous and rocky range of hills, running east and west, and in most parts impassable for artillery. This

range of hills is bisected by a deep gorge, through which flows the river Karschai, over which are thrown four or five bridges. On the south side of Kars a fine level plain stretches away for many miles till it meets a range of easy-sloping heights. Kars has a picturesque old feudal-looking castle, built on the summit of a craggy rock, rising out of the gulley, with the brawling river at its base, and commanding the whole of the city. The streets of the town are narrow and dirty, and there are very few even tolerably good houses, while the appearance of the population is sordid in the extreme. Besides the castle, there were no fortifications of any consideration. This was the place which, early in 1855, General Williams, Colonel Lake, Major Teesdale, Captain Thompson, and other English officers were sent to defend, with a disorganized Turkish force, under them, against a well-equipped Russian army, commanded by General Mouravieff. General Williams had received the rank of Ferik or Lieutenant-General in the Turkish army, with the title of Williams Pasha. He and the gallant men with him had numberless difficulties to contend with. The Turkish officers were generally utterly worthless—the neighbouring tribes of Kurdistan broke into revolt—the troops were ill clothed, and ill fed, and unpaid, and the whole *morale* of the army was at the lowest state, while the town itself was to be placed in a defensible condition, to withstand the assaults of the powerful army advancing towards it. The soldiers were upwards of two years in arrears of pay—their shoes were worn out, their uniforms were in tatters, and a large number were suffering from scurvy, caused by unwholesome food and their long confinement in the ill-ventilated huts of Kars. General Williams and his companions were first engaged in fortifying the town of Erzeroum, which will be found on the map some distance to the west or rear of Kars, and from thence they proceeded to the defence of the latter place. The Russians were at that time assembling an army at Gumri, and were evidently meditating a speedy attack on Kars. No time was to be lost in preparing for it—the English officers set manfully to work to overcome all obstacles, and to put the place in a proper state of defence. All vied with each other in zeal. In all weathers—at all times of the day and night, in the saddle or on foot—they were to be found labouring with head and hand, sometimes in the trenches with spade or mattock, sometimes drilling troops, receiving chiefs, settling disputes, encouraging the wavering, and organizing various departments of the service. Here is a description of General Williams when the enemy had arrived before the town :—"We are all in the saddle at half-past three, a.m., and ride round the works; the troops are certainly full of enthusiasm, and Williams Pasha or Ingleez Pasha is already a great

favourite. They see him everywhere; he is with the sentries at the menaced point ere the morning has dawned, anon he is tasting the soldiers' soup, or examining the bread, and, if anything is wrong here, his wrath is terrible. His eyes are everywhere, and he himself is ubiquitous. Each soldier feels that he is something more than a neglected part of a rusty machine: he knows that he is cared for, and he is encouraged, and confident of being well led." To Colonel Lake, however, belongs the credit of having formed the chief fortifications round Kars, as he was there while General Williams was still at Erzeroum. They were of considerable extent. The chief battery was on the summit of a semicircular range of hills, to the west and north-west, and at the distance of two miles or more from the town. This was the Thamsap battery—this was Major Teesdale's position, and here General Kmety had his camp. To the north again was a line of fortifications known as the English Redoubts, where Colonel Lake commanded. The river flowed between this town and the above-mentioned batteries. To the east, at a distance of a mile from the town, was Captain Thompson's position—the Karadagh Battery, and from thence a line of batteries circled round to the south, till they joined the river on the west. Thompson's and Lake's positions were connected by a bridge thrown across the river by the latter. The strongest position was a closed work, constructed by Colonel Lake, on a height overlooking the city to the west, and known as Veli Pasha Tabia, or Fort Lake. It was armed with four heavy and several lighter guns, and was the key of the whole northern position. Day and night, officers and men were employed in strengthening this extensive line of fortifications, the whole northern part being on a succession of rugged heights, commanding the surrounding country. No one worked harder or was more enthusiastic than the gallant Teesdale, and there also was the brave Thompson and Dr. Sandwith, the chief of the medical staff, who gives a most graphic account of the first attack of the Russians. It was the 16th of June, the Feast of the Bairam, when the Turks generally deliver themselves up to idleness and rejoicing, and all duty is neglected. But the vicinity of danger kept the garrison of Kars on the alert, and early in the morning news was brought that the enemy were advancing on the town. The alarm was quickly raised, and all the citizens rushed to the batteries. Every one was in gayest apparel—the gallant Karslis slung on their scimitars, buckled on their cartridge-pouches, and shouldered their rifles, and in groups by the dozen, with hearts beating high and glistening eyes, scaled the rocky heights above the city. Here is a picture:—"The women crowd the house-tops, and cry to each passing warrior, 'God sharpen your swords! Remember us—we are praying for you—go,

fight the infidels—God speed you!' In a short time each man is at his post, where, by those looking down from the batteries, were to be seen the dark masses of the enemy steadily advancing over the broad plain of rich meadow land, covered with brilliant yellow flowers. As they advance, a beautiful living panorama is before the spectators—the enemy throw out their Cassocks and Georgian skirmishers of irregular cavalry; these are met by the Bashi-Bazouks, and a series of tournaments occur in the enamelled grassy space intervening between the stern masses of advancing troops and the breastworks of Kars. Two or three regiments of cavalry now advance from the Russian lines, and, after a trot of a mile or two, charge the retreating squadrons of Turkish cavalry. The rout of the latter is complete, but the Bashi-Bazouks, under a gallant native chief from Damascus, Ali Bey, fight well while retreating—suddenly puffs of dense white smoke issue from the Karadagh and Hfiz Pasha batteries, and the screaming balls are seen to plough through the dense Russian masses. The enemy's artillery is now brought up, but their balls glance harmlessly from the dense earthworks. The horsemen from both sides are mingled, and rush for the entrance; but the Cossacks fall under the deadly fire of the batteries, while those on whom our guns cannot play are singled out by the Turkish riflemen, who line the rocky sides of Karadagh. The attempt to rush into the works has failed; after less than an hour's cannonading the enemy retires, while this repulse raises the spirits of the garrison to the height of enthusiasm. The Turkish loss has been trifling, perhaps twenty, while that of the enemy must have been considerably more." So the fighting went on: sometimes the enemy approached the entrenchments and retired without making an attack—at other times they attempted to storm the place, but were driven back with slaughter. The British officers did not cease to strengthen their position; but they had soon to contend with a more terrible enemy than the Russians within their own entrenchments.

All their supplies had been cut off—their provisions fell short, and fierce Famine made its appearance. Discontent among the troops—the irregulars chiefly—naturally followed; the town was closely beset by Cossack horsemen on every side. Still the war was carried on in a civilized manner, and, from the first, the Russian General Mouravieff showed himself a truly chivalric and humane man. It was felt that, should Erzeroum be taken, a vast number of siege-guns would be brought against Kars, and its doom be sealed.

Another attack was made by the Russians on the 7th of August, and they were driven back with considerable slaughter. But it is with the English officers we have to do:—"No sign of despondency clouded the

honest face of General Williams. His 'Good morning' salutation was as cheerful as on the morrow of the first little victory. He was thin—he could not well be thinner: no wonder, for he never seemed to sleep. Long ere daylight broke he was with the sentries of Tahmasp, the point nearest the Russian camp, and his glass learned every movement; anon he was encouraging the Bashi-Bazouks and settling their differences, or anxiously arranging some plan for feeding the townspeople; and in his confidential conversation with his officers on the state of affairs, he would impress on them the duty of maintaining a bright and hopeful bearing, since all the garrison looked up to them for encouragement. Thompson lived altogether on the Karadagh, and his glass ranged the horizon from early morning until night; nor did he then go to a quiet couch; for, though he turned in, yet, after an hour's light slumber, he would visit each sentry round the whole works, and no part of the position was as well guarded as that where this Argus had taken up his quarters. Teesdale lived with the gallant Hungarian, Kmety, and acted as chief of his staff. Besides his graver duties, he was constantly harassing the Cossacks with parties of riflemen, or menacing and attacking the Russian cavalry with a company of rifles and a couple of guns." Thus day after day skirmishing went on, but provisions became more and more scarce; scurvy, the cholera, and fever broke out; numbers died, but the courage of the brave leaders never flagged. There was no longer provender for the horses, and some of the cavalry, with a fearful loss, cut their way through the enemy and escaped.

But the day of battle was not longer to be delayed—that day which was to win the renown a soldier covets for the gallant strangers who led the Turkish forces. On the 29th of September, before daybreak, one of the advanced sentries on Tahmasp heard a suspicious sound in the distance, something like the rumbling of wheels and the measured tramp of infantry. Kmety was soon on the spot. He applied his ear to the ground, and recognized the rumble of artillery-wheels; while still the measured tread of infantry was heard advancing nearer and nearer up the valley. The night was moonless, and very dark. Again all was silent. The Zebek riflemen look well to their percussion caps; the word is passed to the artillery-men, "*peshref*" (grape); the advanced posts creep into the lines with the ominous words, "*Ghiaour gueliur*" (The infidels are coming). A dark mass, faintly seen through the gloom, is observed. It is moving; it is a column of men! A gun is pointed in the direction, the match is applied, and a hissing shower of grape flies into the mass. An unearthly scream of agony from mangled human frames follows the thunder of the gun, when both are drowned by a loud

hurrah which rises on all sides, and soon the whole line of breastworks is assailed in front and flank. All surprise is at an end. The Russians advance in close column on the breastworks and redoubts, while some Russian batteries, well placed on a commanding eminence opposite, pour shot, shell, and grape into the redoubts. Steadily each column advances, while grape, round-shot, and musketry are pelted into them. They still rush on; their officers, with wondrous self-devotion, charge in front, and, single-handed, leap into the redoubts only to fall pierced with bayonets. Their columns, rent and torn, retire to re-form. Meantime, on the left flank and rear of the position, the breastworks are carried; a number of tents are occupied by Russian troops, while their officers, ignorant that the redoubts are closed, flatter themselves that the position is won. Kmety now, however, hastily gathers together a formidable body of his best troops; Teesdale turns some guns towards the rear and works them vigorously; Kmety's riflemen pour into these partially victorious Russians a continued and well-directed fire, which holds them in check, and wofully thins their ranks. Meantime, the sun has risen, and shows each position of the enemy. A sulphurous cloud envelopes the scenes of fiercest conflict, while reserves in formidable numbers crown the distant slopes. Fresh columns of the enemy charge again and again the front line of breastworks and batteries, from which they are at first driven back: they are received with a deadly and withering fire; and thus the fight continues. But this is not the only struggle going on. The line of breastworks and forts protecting the heights on the north of the town, are attacked simultaneously by overpowering numbers, and being defended only by a weak force, mainly of Laz irregulars, are carried and occupied by Russian troops, who pile arms and wait for further orders; while the Russian artillery-men employ their time in busily shelling the town, which they now command. Meantime, General Williams from the centre of the camp is watching events. He dispatches a body under Kherim Pasha, which appears suddenly on the flank of a large body of Russians now gaining ground in the rear of the Turks on Tahmasp. A loud yell arises of triumph and vengeance. Baba Kherim waves his sword; his troops pour a volley into the enemy; Kmety and his men, hitherto overpowered, raise a responsive cheer: they rush on, crying, "*Sungu! sungu!*" (The bayonet! the bayonet!) Teesdale pours fresh grape into the staggering masses; the Russians waver—they give way—the havoc slacks not. The Turkish artillery hurl round shots into these columns of brave and devoted men. Captain Thompson, on the extreme east, is with might and main working a heavy gun, and keeping the enemy in check.

Once, and once only, there is a slight sign of giving way, but General Williams dispatching reinforcements, changes the backward into a forward movement. The loud hurrahs of the Russian hosts are mingled with the yells of the Turks, who fight like tigers, charging repeatedly with the bayonet. White-turbaned citizens are seen plunging into the fight, hewing with their scimitars; athletic and savage Lazistan mountaineers fight with the clubbed rifle, or hurl stones at the advancing foe, while the latter, ever obedient to a stern discipline, advance again and again to the deadly batteries, and are blown from the very mouths of the guns. Strong proof is there of the excellence of Colonel Lake's batteries. For seven and a half hours the furious contest rages; when about mid-day the Russian columns are seen running down the hill, their cavalry and artillery steadily protecting their retreat. A confused mass of citizens follow them with the utmost temerity, firing into their retreating ranks. But where was the Turkish cavalry? Two thousand horsemen would have destroyed the Russian army, but none remain. The enemy re-form, and march off unmolested.

The victory was complete, and the brave garrison looked forward with hope to relief, but relief did not come — cholera did, and famine. The provisions decreased, and many soldiers died of starvation of cholera, sometimes fifty in a night. News, however, came that Selim Pasha had landed at Trebizond, and was advancing to their succour, and so they resolved not to yield. Still the relief did not come. Famine, disease, and death stalked round the camp. Human endurance could last no longer. The 25th of November arrived, and General Williams and his aide-de-camp, Teesdale, rode over, under a flag of truce, to the Russian camp, to propose a capitulation. They were well received by the humane Mouravieff. Terms most honourable to the brave garrison were speedily arranged; private property was to be respected; the troops were to march out with colours and music, and surrender themselves prisoners; "and write," said the Russian General to his secretary, "that, in admiration of the noble and devoted courage displayed by the army of Kars, the officers shall be allowed to retain their swords, as a mark of honour and respect."

Thus was Kars defended chiefly by the wisdom, courage, and perseverance of a few Englishmen, gallantly supported by the Turkish troops, and thus it fell; not before the arms of Russia—but in consequence of the mismanagement, roguery, and pusillanimity of Turkish Generals and officials. It would be difficult to point out to young soldiers an example more worthy of imitation than that set by the gallant officers who have been mentioned in these pages.

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

CHAPTER VI.—THE PICNIC.

A VISION of beauty now breaks upon the scene! This vision is tall, graceful, and commanding in figure. It has long black ringlets, piercing black eyes, a fair delicate skin, and a bewitching smile that displays a row of—of "pearls!" The vision is about sixteen years of age, and answers to the romantic name of Flora Macdonald. It is sister to that stalwart Hector who first showed Mr. Sudberry how to fish; and stately, sedate, and beautiful does it appear, as, leaning on its brother's arm, it ascends the hill towards the White House, where extensive preparations are being made for a picnic.

"Good morning, Mr. Sudberry," cries Hector, doffing his bonnet and bowing low to Lucy. "Allow me to introduce my sister, Flora; but (glancing at the preparations) I fear that my visit is inopportune."

Mr. Sudberry rushes forward and shakes Hector and sister heartily by the hand.

"My dear sir, my dear madam, inopportune? impossible! I am charmed. We are just going on a picnic, that is all, and you will go with us. Lucy, my dear, allow me to introduce you to Miss Macdonald——"

"*Flora*, my good sir; pray do not let us stand upon ceremony," interposes Hector.

Lucy bows with a slight air of bashful reserve; Flora advances and boldly offers her hand. The blue eyes and the black meet; the former twinkle, the latter beam, and the knot is tied: they are fast friends for life!

"Glorious day," cries Mr. Sudberry, rubbing his hands.

"Magnificent," assents Hector. "You are fortunate in the weather, for, to say truth, we have little enough of sunshine here. Sometimes it rains for three or four weeks, almost without cessation."

"Does it indeed?"

Mr. Sudberry's visage elongates a little for one moment. Just then George and Fred come out of the White House laden with hampers and fishing-baskets full of provisions. They start, gaze in surprise at the vision, and drop the provisions.

"These are my boys, Miss Macdonald—Hector's sister, lads," cries Mr. Sudberry. "You'll join us, I trust?" (to Hector.)

Hector assents "with pleasure." He is a most amiable and accommodating man. Meanwhile George and Fred shake hands with Flora, and express their "delight, their pleasure, &c., at this unexpected meeting which, &c., &c." Their eyes meet, too, as Lucy's and Flora's had met a minute before. Whether the concussion of that meeting is too severe, we cannot say, but the result is, that the three pair of eyes drop to the ground, and their owners blush. George even goes the length of stammering something incoherent about "Highland scenery," when a diversion is created in his favour by Jacky, who comes suddenly round the corner of the house with a North-American-Indian howl, and with the nine dogs tearing after him clamorously.

Jacky tumbles over a basket, of course (a state of disaster is his normal condition), bruises his shins and yells fearfully, to the dismay of his mother, who runs shrieking to the window in her dressing-gown, meets the gaze of Hector and Flora Macdonald, and retires precipitately in discomfiture.

No such sensibility affects the stern bosom of Mrs. Brown, who darts out at the front door, catches the unhappy boy by one arm, and drags him into the house by it as if *it* were a rope, the child a homeward-bound vessel, and *she* a tug-steamer of nine hundred horse-power. The sounds that proceed from the nursery thereafter are strikingly suggestive: they might be taken for loud clapping of hands, but the shrieks which follow forbid the idea of plaudits.

Poor Tilly, who is confused by the uproar, follows the nurse timidly, bent upon intercession, for she loves Jacky dearly.

The nine dogs—easy-going, jovial creatures—at once jump to the conclusion that the ham and cold chicken have been prepared and laid out there on the green hill-side for their special entertainment. They make a prompt dash at the hampers. Gentlemen and ladies alike rush to the rescue, and the dogs are obliged to retire. They do so with a surprised and injured look in their innocent eyes.

"Have you one or two raw onions and a few cold boiled potatoes?" inquires Hector.

"I'll run and see," cries George, who soon returns with the desired edibles in a tin can.

"That will do. Now I shall let you taste a potato salad; meanwhile I will assist in carrying the baskets down to the boat."

Hector's and Lucy's eyes meet as this is said. There must be some unaccountable influence in the atmosphere this morning, for the meeting of eyes, all round, seems to produce unusual results!

"Will Mr. McAllister accompany us?" says Mr. Sudberry.

Mr. McAllister permits a quiet smile to disturb the gravity of his countenance, and agrees to do so, at the same time making vague reference to the groves of Arcadia, and the delight of dining *al fresco*, specially in wet weather,—observations which surprise Mr. Sudberry, and cause Hector and the two brothers to laugh.

Mrs. Sudberry is ready at last! The gentlemen and Hobbs load themselves, and, followed by Jacky and the ladies, proceed to the margin of the loch, which sheet of water Mr. Sudberry styles a "lock," while his better-half deliberately and obstinately calls it a "lake." The party is a large one for so small a boat, but it holds them all easily. Besides, the day is calm and the water lies like a sheet of pure glass; it seems almost a pity to break such a faithful mirror with the plashing oars as they row away.

Thus, pleasantly, the picnic began!

George and Fred rowed, Hector steered, and the ladies sang,—Mr. Sudberry assisting with a bass. His voice, being a strong baritone, was overwhelmingly loud in the middle notes and sank into a muffled ineffective rumble in the deep tones. Having a bad ear for time, he disconcerted the ladies—also the rowers. But what did that matter? He was overflowing with delight, and apologized for his awkwardness by laughing loudly and begging the ladies to begin again. This they always did, with immense good humour. Mrs. Sudberry had two engrossing subjects of contemplation. The one was the boat, which, she was firmly persuaded, was on the point of upsetting when any one moved ever so little; the other was Jacky, who, owing to some strange impulse natural to his impish character, strove to stretch as much of his person beyond the side of the boat as was possible without absolutely throwing himself overboard.

The loch was upwards of three miles in length; before the party had gone half the distance Mr. Sudberry senior had sung himself quite hoarse, and Master Sudberry junior had leaped three-quarters of his length out of the boat six times, and in various other ways had terrified his poor mother almost into fits, and had imperilled the lives of the party more than once.

"By the way," said Fred, when his father concluded a fine old boat-song with a magnificent flourish worthy of an operatic *artiste*, "can any one tell me anything about the strange old woman that lives down in the hut near the bridge?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed George, "I can tell you that she's an old witch, and a very fierce one too."

A slight frown gathered on Flora's white forehead, and a flash shot from her dark eyes, as George said this, but George saw it not. Lucy did, however, and became observant, while George continued,—

"But methinks, Fred, that the long visit you paid her lately must have been sadly misapplied if you have not pumped her history out of her."

"I went to paint, not to pump. Perhaps Mr. Macdonald can tell me about her."

"Not I," said Hector, lighting a cigar. "I only know that she lost her grandson about six years ago, and that she's been mad ever since, poor thing."

"For shame, Hector," said Flora; "you know that poor old Moggy is no more mad than yourself."

"Possibly not, sweet sister, but as you often tell me that I *am* mad, and as I never deny the charge, it seems to me that you have said nothing to vindicate the old woman's character for sanity."

"Poor thing," said Flora, turning from her brother, and speaking with warmth to Fred; "if you knew how much that unhappy old creature has suffered, you would not be surprised to find her somewhat cross at times. She is one of *my* people, and I'm very glad to find that you take an interest in her."

"'*My* people!' Flora then takes an interest in the poor," thought the observant Lucy. Another link was added to the chain of friendship.

"Do tell us about her, please," cried George. "There is nothing that I love so much as a story—especially a horrible one, with two or three dreadful murders to chill one's blood, and a deal of retributive justice to warm it up again. I'm dying to know about old Moggy."

"Are you?" said Flora saucily. "I'm glad to hear that, because I mean to keep you in a dying state. I will tell the story as a dead secret to Lucy, when I take her to see my poor people, and you shan't hear it for weeks to come."

George cast up his eyes in affected despair, and said with a groan, that he "would endeavour to exist notwithstanding."

"Oh! *I* know all about old Moggy," cried Jacky with energy.

Everyone looked at the boy in surprise. In the midst of the fore-

going dialogue he had suddenly ceased to tempt his fate, and sat down quietly with a hand on each knee and his eyes fixed intently on Flora Macdonald—to the surprise and secret joy of his mother, who, being thus relieved from anxiety on his account, had leisure to transfer the agony of her attention to the boat.

"What do *you* know about her, child?" asked Flora.

"She's jolly," replied the boy with prompt vivacity.

"Most genuine testimony in her favour," laughed Hector, "though the word is scarcely appropriate to one whose temper is sour."

"Why do you think her jolly, my boy?" said Flora.

"'Cause I do. She's a old brick!"

"Jacky, darling," said Mrs. Sudberry, "do try to give up those ugly slang words—they're *so* naughty—that is to say—at least—they are very ugly if they're not positively naughty."

"She's a jolly old brick," retorted Jacky, with a look at his mother that was the concentrated essence of defiance.

"Dear child!"

Lucy sniggered and coughed somewhat violently into her handkerchief, while Flora, repressing a smile, said,—

"But why does Jacky like old Moggy so much?"

"Hallo! don't run us ashore," shouted Mr. Sudberry, starting up with a sudden impetuosity which shook the boat and sent a pang to the heart of his wife, the sharpness of which no words can convey. A piercing shriek, however, betrayed the state of her feelings as the boat was swept violently round by George to avoid a point of rock. As they were now drawing near to the spot where it was proposed that they should picnic, Jacky suddenly became alive to the fact that in his interest about old Moggy he had been betrayed into a forgetfulness of his opportunities. No time was to be lost. Turning round with a cheer, he made a desperate plunge at the water and went much farther over than he had intended, insomuch that he would certainly have taken a "header," into its depths had not McAllister grasped him by the baggy region of his trousers and gravely lifted him into his mother's lap. Next moment the boat's keel grated sharply on the gravel, to the horror of Mrs. Sudberry, who, having buried her face in the bosom of her saved son, saw not what had occurred, and regarded the shock as her death-warrant.

Thus agreeably the picnic continued!

CHAPTER VII.—THE PICNIC CONCLUDED.

WHAT a glorious day it was, and what spirits it put everybody in! The sun shone with an intensity almost torrid; the spot on which they had landed was green and bright, like a slice out of the realms of fairy-land. No zephyr dared to disturb the leaves or the glassy water; great clouds hung in the bright blue sky—rotund, fat, and heavy, like mountains of wool or butter. Everything in Nature seemed to have gone to sleep at noon, as if Spanish principles had suddenly imbued the universe.

And what a business they had, to be sure, with the spreading of the viands and the kindling of the fire! The latter was the first duty. Hector said he would undertake it, but after attempting to light it with damp sticks he gave it up and assisted the ladies to lay the cloth on the grass. Then George and Fred got the fire to kindle, and Mr. Sudberry, in attempting to mend it, burnt his fingers and put it out, whereupon McAllister came to the rescue and got it to blaze in right earnest. Jacky thereafter tried to jump over it, fell into it, and was saved from premature destruction by being plucked out and quenched before having received any further damage than the singing of his hair and eyelashes. He was thus rendered a little more hideous and impish-like than Nature had intended him to be.

Jacky happened to be particularly bad that day. Not only was he more bent on mischief than usual, but fortune seemed to enhance the value (so to speak) of his evil doings, by connecting them with disasters of an unexpected nature. He tried to leap over a small stream (in Scotland styled a burn), and fell into it. This necessitated drying at the fire—a slow process and disagreeable in all circumstances, but especially so when connected with impatience and headstrong obstinacy. Then he put his foot on a plate of sandwiches, and was within an ace of sitting down on a jam tart, much to his own consternation, poor boy, for had he destroyed *that*, the chief source of his own prospective felicity would have been dried up.

It is not to be supposed that every one regarded Jacky's eccentricities with the forgiving and loving spirit of his mother. Mr. Sudberry, good man, did not mind much; he was out for a day's enjoyment, and, having armed himself cap-à-pie with benevolence, was invulnerable. Not so the other members of the party, all of whom had to exercise a good deal of forbearance towards the boy. McAllister took him on his knee and gravely began to entertain him with a story, for which kindness Jacky kicked his shins and struggled to get away; so the worthy man smiled

sadly, and let him go, remarking that Ovid himself would be puzzled to metamorphose him into a good boy—this in an undertone, of course.

Hector Macdonald was somewhat sanguine and irascible in temper. He felt a tingling in his fingers, and an irresistible desire to apply them to the ears of the little boy.

"Come here, Jacky!" said he.

Flora, who understood his feelings, smiled covertly while she busied herself with cups, plates, and pannikins. Lucy, who did not understand his feelings, thought "he must be a good-natured fellow to speak so kindly to a child who had annoyed him very much." Lucy did not admit that she herself had been much annoyed by her little brother's pertinacity in interrupting conversations between her and Hector, although she might have done so with perfect truth.

Jacky advanced with hesitation. Hector bent down playfully and seized him by both arms, turning his back upon the party, and thus bringing his own bulky figure between them and young Hopeful.

"Jacky, I want you to be good."

"I won't!" promptly said, and with much firmness.

"Oh, yes, you will!" A stern masculine countenance within an inch of his nose, and a vigorous little shake, somewhat disconcerted Jacky, who exhibited a tendency to roar; but Hector closed his strong hands on the little arms so suddenly and so powerfully that, being unexpectedly agonized, Jacky was for the moment paralyzed. The awful glare of a pair of bright blue eyes, and the glistening of a double row of white teeth, did not tend to reassure him.

"Oh, yes, you will, my little man!" repeated Hector, tumbling him over on his back with a smile of ineffable sweetness, but with a little touch of violence that seemed inconsistent therewith.

Jacky rose, gasped, and ran away, glancing over his shoulder with a look of alarm. This little piece of by-play was not observed by any one but Flora, who exchanged a bright glance and a smile with her brother.

The imp was quelled—he had met his match! During the remainder of the picnic he disturbed no one, but kept at the farthest possible distance from Hector that was consistent with being one of the party. But it is not to be supposed that his nature was changed. No—Jacky's wickedness only sought a new channel in which to flow. He consoled himself with thoughts of the dire mischief he would perpetrate when the dinner was over. Meanwhile, he sat down and gloated over the jam tart, devouring it in imagination.

"Is that water boiling yet?" cried Mr. Sudberry.

"Just about it. Hand me the eggs, Fred."

"Here they are," cried Flora, going towards the fire with a basket.

She looked very sweet at that moment, for the active operations in which she had been engaged had flushed her cheeks and brightened her eyes.

George and Fred gazed at her in undisguised admiration. Becoming suddenly aware of the unpoliteness of the act, the former ran to relieve her of the basket of eggs; the latter blushed, and all but upset the kettle in an effort to improve the condition of the fire.

"Fred, you goose, leave alone, will you!" roared George, darting forward to prevent the catastrophe.

"This is really charming, is it not, Mr. Macgregor?" said Mrs. Sudberry, with a languid smile.

"Macdonald, madam, if I may be allowed to correct you," said Hector, with a smile and a little bow.

"Ah, to be sure!" (with an attempt at a laugh), "I have such a stupid habit of misnaming people."

If Mrs. Sudberry had told the exact truth she would have said, "I have such difficulty in remembering people's names that I have made up my mind to call people by any name that comes first into my head, rather than confess my forgetfulness." But she did not say this; she only went on to observe that she had no idea it would have been so charming.

"To what do you refer?" said Hector, "the scenery, the weather, or the prospect of dinner?"

"Oh! you shocking man, how *can* you talk of food in the same breath with——"

"The salt!" exclaimed Lucy, with a little shriek.

Was there ever a picnic at which the salt was not forgotten, or supposed to have been forgotten? Never!

Mr. Sudberry's cheerful countenance fell. He had never eaten an egg without salt in his life, and did not believe in the possibility of doing so. Every one ransacked everything in anxious haste. "Here it is!" (hope revived). "No, it's only the pepper." (Mitigated despair and ransacking continued.) "Maybe it'll be in this parcel," suggested McAllister, holding up one which had not yet been untied. "Oh! bring it to me, Mr. Macannister!" cried Mrs. Sudberry with unwonted energy, for her happiness was dependent on salt that day, coupled, of course, with weather and scenery! "Faugh! no, it's your horrid onions, Mr. MacAndrews."

"Why, you have forgotten the potato salad, Mr. Macdonald," exclaimed Lucy.

"No, I have not; it can be made in five minutes, but not without salt. Where *can* the salt be? I am certain it could not have been forgotten."

The only individual of the party who remained calmly indifferent was Master Jackey. That charming creature, having made up his mind to feed on jam tart, did not feel that there was any need for salt. An attentive observer might have noticed, however, that Jacky's look of supreme indifference suddenly gave place to one of inexpressible glee. He became actually red in the face with hugging himself and endeavouring to suppress all visible signs of emotion. His eye had unexpectedly fallen on the paper of salt which lay on the centre of the table-cloth, so completely exposed to view that nobody saw it!

"Why, here it is, actually before our eyes!" shouted George, seizing the paper and holding it up.

A small cheer greeted its discovery. A groan instantly followed, as George spilt the whole of it. As it fell on the cloth, however, it was soon gathered up, and then Mr. Sudberry ordered every one to sit down on the grass in a circle round the cloth.

"What a good boy Jacky has suddenly become," remarked Lucy in some surprise.

"Darling!" ejaculated his mother.

"A *very* good little fellow," said Flora, with a peculiar smile.

Jacky said nothing. Hector's eye was upon him, as was his upon Hector. Deep unutterable thoughts filled his swelling heart, but he spoke not. He merely gazed at the jam tart, a large portion of which was in a few minutes supplied to him. The immediate result was crimson hands, arms, and cheeks.

While Hector was engaged in concocting the potato salad the kettle upset, extinguished the fire, and sent up a loud triumphant hiss of steam mingled with ashes. Fortunately the potatoes were cooked, so the dinner was at last begun in comfort—that is to say, every one was very hot, very much exhausted and excited, and very thirsty. Jacky gorged himself with tart in five minutes, and then took an opportunity of quietly retiring into the bushes, sheltered by which he made a detour unseen towards the place where the boat had been left.

Alas! for the picnic party that day, that they allowed Hector to prevail on them to begin with his potato salad! It was partly composed of raw onions. After having eaten a few mouthfuls of it their sense of taste was utterly destroyed! The chickens tasted of onions, so did the cheese and the bread. Even the whisky was flavoured with onions. The beefsteak-pie might as well have been an onion-pie; indeed, no

member of the party could, with shut eyes, have positively said that it was not. The potatoes harmonised with the prevailing flavour; not so the gingerbread, however, nor the butter. Everything was oniony; they finished their repast with a sweet onion-tart! To make things worse, the sky soon became overcast, a stiff breeze began to blow, and Mr. McAllister "opined" that there was going to be a squall.

A piercing shriek put an abrupt termination to the meal!

Intent on mischief, the imp had succeeded in pushing off the boat and clambering into it. For some time he rowed about in a circle with one oar, much delighted with his performances. But when the breeze began to increase and blow the boat away he became alarmed, and when the oar missed the water and sent him sprawling on his back, he gave utterance to the shriek above referred to. Luckily the wind carried him past the place where they were picnicing. There was but one mode of getting at the boat. It was at once adopted. Hector threw off his coat and vest and swam out to it!

Ten minutes later, they were rowing at full speed for the foot of the loch. The sky was dark and a squall was tearing up the waters of the lake. Then the rain came down in torrents. Then it was discovered that the cloaks had been left at Hazlewood creek, as the place where they had dined was named. To turn back was impossible. The gentlemen's coats were therefore put on the ladies' shoulders. All were soaked to the skin in a quarter of an hour. Jacky was quiet—being slightly overawed, but not humbled! His mother was too frightened to speak or scream. Mr. Sudberry rubbed his hands and said, "Come, I like to have a touch of all sorts of weather, and *won't* we have a jolly tea and a rousing fire when we get home?" Mrs. S. sighed at the word "home." McAllister volunteered a song, and struck up the "Callum's Lament," a dismally cheerful Gaelic ditty. In the midst of this they reached the landing-place, from which they walked through drenched heather and blinding rain to the White House.

Thus, drearily, the picnic ended!

(*To be continued.*)

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE FOURTH—OF SPORTS.

I SAY nothing about Croquet—under another name, I have written thereon. I say nothing here; my known love of truth would oblige me to speak of my successes, and that might offend the ladies, whom I love.

SPORTS AND GAMES.

But at Aunt Sally I can tell you I have carried all before me. At the last Derby I knocked the pipe from the fair lady's mouth sideways, cut out the Duke of Richmond's eye, and upset the unworthy proprietor.

Cricket is my favourite game. The last time I played at Lord's, I made nine hundred and fifty-seven runs without stopping, wore out the twenty-four legs of the twelve best scouts, and caused Parr, Lilywhite, and Julius Cæsar to commit suicide from the new bridge at Westminster, in despair at my great success. I pensioned the families of the three unfortunate bowlers, and found twenty-four wooden legs for the scouts.

GOOD PLAY.

As my mother's name was Hood, and her father's great grandfather's second cousin's mother's uncle's ancestor Robin of that name, you will readily understand my passion for archery. With a good yew bow and four arrows I once stood on Blackfriars-bridge and did my best. With one shaft I aimed at the railing above the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and took off a fly, that was regaling upon the back of a bald man's head; with my second, disabled a dishonest person, who was trying to enter the doors of the Crystal Palace without paying his shilling. I planted my third on the right side of the north-east face of the Westminster clock, just under the figure nine, where it still remains, and can be distinctly seen by daylight; my fourth flew straight down the Thames, to a man whom I dislike, named Smith, who was coming to London by the Gravesend boat, caught him on the calf of his leg, and lamed him for life.

DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

As a mere child, I was fond of games and sports. I am the last boy who is positively known to have possessed a real "alley tor."

I had a humming-top: it hummed so loud that all the bees in the parish were taken in by its noise. They settled in it at once,—five and forty different swarms (it was a very large top), and there they remain to this day. The honey is of a beautiful flavour. I played foot-ball till I broke all the shins in the school, but left soon after in disgust, as, in consequence of my good play, we were called the Hobblers. I once at Wimbledon struck a ball out of the trap with such force that nothing could stop it, until it caught Louis Napoleon under the left ear, as he was riding along the Boulevards in Paris, and thereupon caused four innocent Italians, friends of Mazzini, to be arrested on a charge of treason.

A TOP FULL OF HONEY.

At "fly the garter," in overing a back of nine-and-forty feet, I so forgot to restrain my jump that I went clean out of sight into the next county, where, finding no conveyance handy, I had to walk back alone: this was very tiring work, I assure you.

WANT OF CAUTION.

At quoits I cannot play. I well remember pitching my "shoe," as we used to call the quoit, fairly at the "hob," as I thought, but my bias being wrong, landed the iron ring fairly on to the shoulders of the village constable, then passing by. His head looked surprised at having to grin through such a collar. Neither can I play hockey; enough players cannot be found to stand against me, and I always play single-handed: it is my fancy so to do.

A BAD AIM.

But I am very fond of kite-flying. Once I flew a kite too strong for me, off my legs I went, up in the air far out of sight; what I should have done had I not bumped against Coxwell's balloon, I can't say; but, as it happened, old Glashier, who was looking over the edge of the car, lifted me in, to the great detriment of his scientific apparatus; but balloons are not quite useless. I am glad to have arrived at that opinion, for some time ago, not then believing in them, I aimed with my famous vulcanized india-rubber catapult, at Nadar's great ærial machine, and as I had charged my curious substitute for a sling with a sharp-edged piece of granite, I tore a long gash in the upper chamber, discharged the gas, and brought the poor Frenchmen down at a run. Not wishing to take their lives, I had the humanity hastily to wheel a waggon, loaded with greens for the neighbouring market, to the spot where I saw they must inevitably fall. A few bruises and broken limbs, of which you have already been told in the papers, were the only misfortunes they had to endure.

BALLOONS USEFUL.

But, if I did not believe in balloons, I once kept up a shuttlecock from Christmas Day to Good Friday, and should not then have let it drop had I not such a passion for hot-cross buns, that I felt obliged to give over just before breakfast-time.

SINGULAR PASSION FOR BUNS.

I need not tell you of my gymnastic feats, although once, when my shoes were thin in the sole, and my feet sore with a long march, I walked nine hundred and ninety-nine miles within a thousand hours, spraining my wrist at the commencement of the thousandth mile. My fencing qualities are as well known: I once picked all the buttons off the buttoned-up coat of a professor of the foils, who was a button-maker's nephew; but fencing to me is a means of warfare rather than a mere sport.

WALKER.

Riding for me—a good bare-backed steed on the spreading Llanas of South America. And as for driving, I once drove the mail coach from London to Dover (I was very young then) blindfold, and only upset it once, through the villany of the guard, who cried "Woa!" to my "Gee-up!" Not that I dislike quiet—Oh, no! the gentle sport is quite to my taste. I must say that I prefer fly-fishing, although I do not use the ordinary enticements. In Scotland last year, finding the made flies of no avail, I just hung my cocked hat on to my line, and, of course, as I expected, rose a fine salmon the first strike—away he swam, I after him—on he went, on went I—down a hole he dived, and down dived I, till out he came quite exhausted, and by a subterranean water-passage, into the river Tyne at Newcastle, where I caught him, you may be sure.

THE COCKED-HAT FLY.

I have already troubled you with some of my feats of swimming, but one little incident I had almost forgotten.

A love passage.

The lady I adored lived at Dieppe, I at Dover, and once a week, until the time when she ran off with the King of Bavaria, I swam backward and forward between the two places.

A SECOND LEANDER.

As for rowing, I have beaten both the Universities, and all the watermen on the Thames, but I am forced to leave it off, my stroke is too powerful; London sight-seers will not readily forget the last time, when I pulled my boat by sheer force of rowing clean out of the water, over the heads of the people, landing it on the roof of the water-side tavern, which had been selected as our goal and resting-place. I was adjudged to lose that time, and serve me right too.

A BAD STROKE.

Talk of sports on the ice—give me skating, as practised in Holland, where people skate to market with loads on their heads. I have been so used to skate long distances with a load on *my* head, that starting off in the winter of 1860 from Rotterdam, without my accustomed six hundredweight, I could not stop myself—try all I would—until I reached the North Pole, upon which I cut my name in German text, and came back faster even than I went, for fear of the polar bears. But quick travelling recalls a run I had—overland—to Constantinople and back, which occupied me just two hundred hours by the Horse Guards' clock, and wore out seven pairs of shoes; I safely delivered my despatches to the English ambassador, and as safely brought back my answer to the Foreign Secretary.

THERE AND BACK AGAIN.

I can wrestle.

I once encountered all the Cornish and Westmoreland men at Hornsey Wood House on a Good Friday, and disabled them so completely that in my charity I was obliged to found a hospital for disabled wrestlers, and I shall be glad to receive your subscription.

THE DISABLED WRESTLERS.

But if I encourage wrestling, I object to prize fighting. Under an assumed name, I beat Heenan, but it was only with a view to putting a stop to such disgraceful exhibitions; and in the same spirit, not liking horse racing as at present carried on, I won the last Derby merely to thwart the chicanery of the betting men, by bringing in a horse not expected to win.

By-the-by, did you ever see any nigger-hunting? It is a capital sport, especially when (as I did) you outrun the slavedrivers, catch the fugitive, run off with him, and give him his liberty on the borders of Canada; I am always humane.

You know I am a good shot. I once went out with a double-barrelled Manton and a Colt's revolver; as I was shooting a score of rabbits with my right-hand barrel, I caught sight of a covey of partridges and brought them down with my left. At that moment a few gulls flew over my head; I gave them shot number one from my "Colt,"—then, and as if by magic, arose at all points of the compass a variety of game:

MAKING GAME.

A heron and four pelicans, a flock of wild geese, a flight of pigeons, a brace of pheasants, an eagle, a penguin, and a cloud of parrots from Brazil. I turned a stately "right-about-face," discharging the barrels of my rifled revolver, and brought all down but the eagle—I aimed too low for him, so ricoched on to the penguin, who, having no wings to

speak of, flew very badly. This occasion is dear to me, not so much for the marksmanship which it displayed, as for the presence of mind which it brought forth, and which, I say, is of even more value.

PRESENCE OF MUNCHAUSEN'S MIND.

I have killed so many 'possums that I am under engagement with the remaining few to whistle when I come near to them, and so give them opportunity for coming down to me and saving my ammunition. The racoons and the squirrels have long ago asked me as a favour to confine myself to game more worthy of my skill.

Of course I do not think of shooting parrots; I challenge them to a talking-match instead, and, as soon as I find a word too hard for them to repeat, they come to me at once, and save ruffling their feathers. I always give them my own name,

TALKING-MATCH.

MUNCHAUSEN.

When I see monkeys up a cocoa-nut tree I simply take advantage of their natural gifts; but, instead of throwing stones at them that they may pelt back cocoa-nuts, I pretend to knock my head with a pebble, and they imitate me so well with the nuts that they crack their own skulls and fall down at my feet stunned, still holding the cocoa-nuts in their long arms. With gorillas such tricks will not answer—they do not care to imitate so closely, they are afraid of being laughed at; my only plan with these sensitive creatures is to shout out derisively,—

NATURAL GIFTS.

"Who screwed the nigger's head off? Yah!" Then, while they hide their faces and sob with shame, bring them down at my leisure;—yet they are very ferocious, if you but give them time to recover themselves and cry,—"Go along!" which I, by the way, never did.

THE SHAMEFACED GORILLA.

After all, however, I must say that downright hunting is the sport of sports for me. I have hunted the hare till he has stood on end, and the fox till he has bitten his tail off and thrown it back at me for a bribe.

I followed a wild boar until he got tired and turned upon me. *What did I do?* My brother hunters far behind; alone, I slipped on one side, and turning sharply on him as he passed, tied his tail into such a tight double knot that he could not shut his mouth to bite, and so was harmless. Thus quelled, I led him back to our place of rendezvous, and that is the reason why pigs have curly tails.

WHY PIGS HAVE CURLY TAILS.

When I went elephant-hunting I captured so many that there was some talk, at the time, of introducing them into England; but it was found that dray-horses work cheaper, so the scheme was abandoned. However, I found one thing out—it was so much trouble to climb on to my own particular white elephant's back, that I taught the intelligent creature to carry me with his trunk; and, indeed, this mode of carriage was the immediate means of taming the great beast, for, while hunting him in the forest of Ceylon, he had taken me unawares, had caught me up in his trunk, thinking, no doubt, to dash my brains out against the nearest tree. I laughed. The elephant paused and stared; a new experience for him. Why did I not scream? I laughed louder and sang a song. What was the good of ridding a laughing man of his brains? The white elephant had found its master; he obeyed me from that moment. Such is the power of the human will, which reminds me of the power of common salt. I went out with the usual well-filled salt-box, looking for an ostrich, upon whose tail I might sprinkle a few grains; presently I started one. Off it went, I after it. Munchausen is fleet, the ostrich was fleeter—indeed, the bird would have escaped me altogether had I not thrown the box at it. *One grain of salt fell on to the nethermost feather of its tail*, the bird was mine, its power gone, it sank down exhausted before me.

NEW MODE OF CARRIAGE.

THE SALTED TAIL.

I remember one day, I was sitting down, quietly resting at the edge of the jungle, a panther came slowly behind me, thinking, instead of springing, to creep upon me; but I watched until the murderous paw was extended over my shoulder, and then caught it firmly in my grasp, holding it while I rammed the butt end of my rifle down its throat. Tigers and lions I have served in like manner, and always with success.

IRON GRASP.

Once the great heat of the sun, and the utter fatigue of my two Arab followers, forced me to catch an enormous crocodile, and, by propping open his jaws with a young tree, to convert him into a convenient tent, in which we lived comfortably and coolly on the banks of the Nile for three weeks, when the rapid rising of the waters warned us to forsake our retreat.

THE CROCODILE TENT.

I once had the misfortune to fall upon a large fretful porcupine—it spoiled my hunting for seven weeks. Even now I have one quill remaining (with which I write on grand occasions), which has not nor can be extracted. Hem!

Most hunters run down kangaroos and kill the poor creatures; but when I was last in Australia I used to catch the largest I could and

train them into beasts of burden. I have one in my stables with such enormous powers of jumping (I must own his hind legs are out of all proportion), that he can sometimes cover ten miles at a leap. When I brought him home, no one would believe in his dexterity, until I put him over St. Paul's Cathedral for a start, and then in a second leap landed him at Sandringham, where he stopped, and I dismounting, had the honour of presenting a rather valuable present of chinchilla furs to the infant prince, who, however, I am sorry to say, was rather frightened at my unusual means of conveyance.

THE USE OF KANGAROOS.

When I go bear-hunting I never use fire-arms, although I never forget my fiddle. Such is the charm of music that the grisly fellows will dance to my playing until they fall down exhausted, an easy prey. With wolves I find nothing but pure science can cope. I go forth into the forests armed with a galvanic battery, attached to which I have no end of double copper wires, to each wire a bait of horse-flesh—I quietly wait until all the hungry packs within several leagues have gathered around, and then, when they are on the point of rushing at me, I throw out my wires, they seize the baits—I discharge my battery —they are all blown up. In hunting the giraffe, I just turn my back on the herd, and stooping, put my head between my legs. The giraffes, so imitative are they, although no one but myself knows it, stop short, turn about, try to do the like, and all break their necks in the attempt.

"MUSIC HATH ——"

SCIENTIFIC SPORTING.

But there, I must come to an end. I could go on all night; I have drawn badgers and bullied buffaloes; I have hunted on camel-back and on elephant-back; I have hunted the chamois, the flea, the hedgehog, the hippopotamus, the mole, the rat, the bison, the otter, the rhinoceros, the scaly lizard, the seal, the sloth, the squirrel, the steenbok and the harte-beest, the tapir, the urus, the walrus, and the zebra.

A MODEST CATALOGUE.

I have snared sharks, charmed snakes, caught chameleons, stopped turtles, speared eels, chased crabs, potted lobsters, netted butterflies, fought stag-beetles, and flown falcons; but I am the last boy in the world to boast of my achievements.

HARRY UPTON'S "LARK."

By ANNE BOWMAN.

CHAPTER III.—THE TERRORS OF LARK ISLAND.

"A LOT of savages on the beach, with a canoe to carry them off!" cried Harry, "but, Dick, we'll die game—we won't be roasted alive."

Harry's words were not encouraging—Dick felt paralysed—he was no coward; but there was something enfeebling in the very idea of being roasted alive. He shuddered—then his head turned giddy, but he recovered to snatch up his gun and say—

"Harry, I'll never see you put down by any dog living. We're equal to a dozen chaps that's soft and white-livered. Let's go at 'em!"

"Wait a bit, old fellow!" answered he, "they seem to have no more than spears and axes; we must give them a taste of gunpowder, and it may put them to flight."

"Then, Harry, I say, we'll not be the lads to strike the first blow!" said Dick. "Maybe, they may mean us no harm, and it would be hard to sleep with blood on our conscience. Let's see first what they're after."

"I'll tell you what they're after!" answered he; "they're making to this very wood with axes, and we must never run."

"Not we!" said Dick, "but maybe they may be coming on for nought worse than to fell wood, and they've as much right to that as we have!"

Still the young men continued to retreat; but as they turned on a more open spot they were again exposed to the observation of the natives, who hailed their appearance with a wild yell. But at the moment the fugitive deer crossed just between them, and Harry, impatient to display his power, fired upon it, the deer fell bleeding at the feet of the savages, who, with a loud cry, turned and fled with dismay to their canoe, and the boys had soon the pleasure of seeing them paddling off the coast.

"Wasn't that a grand dodge, Dick!" said Harry. "We've given the fellows a fright they won't get over in a hurry, and we shall bag our deer into the bargain. Let us go and carry it off."

They descended to the beach for their deer—a fine animal, and found, besides, a pile of long bamboo canes, probably meant for the handles of spears, some ropes of twisted cocoa-nut fibre, and an iron axe, a real treasure.

"How shall we get all these things carried off?" said Harry.

Dick was silent and looked disturbed, and Harry went on—

"I say, old fellow, it's all fair spoils of conquest, *loot*—come in finely in the hour of need, for how could we have got on without an axe?—we have no chance of building a hut without it—let us borrow it, anyhow. Then these bamboos would come in useful, too!"

The bamboos might easily be replaced, so Dick agreed there could be no objection to carry them off, but certainly a good deal of difficulty. They were at a considerable distance from their encampment, and had already filled their bags with fruit and birds, besides the deer, which Dick now shouldered. However, they bound up the bamboos in a huge sheaf, with the axe safely in the midst, and between them managed to drag or bear their burthen through the woods to the tent. Terry had, however, tracked them, and met them half way, and his assistance was not despised. Dick and Ellen undertook to skin and cut up the deer, while Terry plucked the birds, which, with the spicy coat of the nutmeg and some grains of rice, made an excellent stew.

"Musha! sure wasn't it a blessed day that the foot of us stepped on this same land of plinty!" exclaimed Ellen, "and niver axed to pay a penny in the world, at all, at all! Sure, yer honners, wouldn't it be a beautiful thing altogether to be getting shipwrecked in this same garden of the world, barring Teddy himself, the darlin', being missing, worra!"

The boys did not choose to disturb the cheerful contentment of Ellen, by raising her alarm about the savages; and she evidently looked on the axe as part of the wreck, when she saw her protectors rise next morning with the light, to begin to test their new prize.

"I'm thinking, Harry," said Dick, "we'd safer look out a bit 'afore we start on a hut. If this turns out to be an island, so and good, there's no getting away from it; but we're not sure yet that it mayn't be a part of some great country, and then I'd say we'd as well be moving on."

"Where could we be better?" replied Harry, impatiently. "It's sure to be a savage country, if it be either Borneo or Australia; but I tell you what, I don't mind taking a stretch round the coast to survey our kingdom, and, if it does turn out a small island, we can do it before night!"

So it was agreed, and Terry was allowed to accompany them. They made a hearty breakfast, took guns and bags, and passed down the wood to the spot from which Mackenzie had sailed, proposing to make it their starting-point, to keep as much as possible under the shade of the trees, and to rest in the burning hours of mid-day.

It was very difficult to make way along the shore, where in many

places the trees grew down even into the sea, and they calculated that they completed little more than one mile an hour. At the end of the third hour they reached the spot where they had seen the savages, and found all as still as they left it. Here they rested an hour, and then, though the sun was still scorching, they went on through thickets and jungles swarming with noisy birds, until, greatly wearied, they were arrested by a huge cliff running out into the sea, and at present, from the state of the tide, perfectly impassable.

They sat down to wait for ebb tide, collected oysters, and with the biscuits they had brought refreshed themselves, and lay down under the shadow of the rock to sleep until they were able to turn round the headland; then they found themselves in a small bay, running deep into the land, and about half-a-mile across, where it was guarded by another jutting rock. They continued to walk over the now uncovered strand, close to the cliffs, and found piles of wreck lying; but the object that most attracted them was a boat, lying bottom uppermost on the rocky beach, which they recognized to be the jolly-boat of the lost vessel, which went out with the first party.

"Here's a prize!" cried Harry. "We'll fit her up as a pleasure-yacht, and sail round our island at our ease. Let us see if she be sound."

They righted the boat, and examined it thoroughly. There were some damages, certainly, but they were chiefly above the water-dip, and might be perhaps repaired. In one locker, tightly hasped down, they found hammer, nails, and caulking, ready for accidents; in another, fitted as a bottle-case, were several bottles, which, well corked and fixed in their places, had not suffered in their inverted position. The boys soon found a piece of drift wood suitable for their purpose, and Dick, who was tolerably skilled in mechanic arts, patched and caulked the boat. Then amongst the wreck they found several oars, more or less serviceable, and with some difficulty, as the tide was down, they drew the boat to water, launched it, and taking up their oars, resolved to complete their survey by the sea.

They had to row out to deep water, in order to round the next headland, and then came on a bare rocky strand, along which they had not long rowed before they discovered it to be the very spot where they had been landed, and only divided by the next cliff from their starting-point in the morning.

"Here we are, my boys!" cried Harry, "we've done the thing in style. Now for my report:—an island, about seven or eight miles in circumference; most part of the coast dangerous; uninhabited, except by casual visitors; and now in possession of the valiant Messrs. Upton

and Meadows, who have named it—what shall we say, Dick? *Lark Island*, I propose, as it seems to be the end of our lark!"

"I don't know that," replied Dick; "we needn't stay here unless we like; this boat is as good as Mackenzie's. But we'll try how we get on at Lark Island."

"Plase, yer honners!" said Terry, "will it be a beer-barrel I'm seeing rowling yonder?"

There was certainly a large hogshead lying, not rolling, on the beach, and they were tempted to row ashore to take the heavy cask into the boat; and then, turning the cliff, they landed at the spot from whence they set out, and drew up their boat into a leafy concealment beneath the mangrove trees. Terry looked proudly at his prize, the hogshead, and said, "Will we rowl it up bank to mother, yer honners?"

"That's not possible," replied Dick. "It's not liquor—we'd better knock in the head and see what we've got, before we bother about it."

This was soon done, and the exultation of Terry passed all bounds when it was found to be filled with potatoes, in good condition.

"Musha! musha!" cried he, "sure wouldn't it be my luck, and the famine-faver niver comin' at all, at all! in regard to no stint; pratees for iver! Sure, thin, yer honners would niver be laving this same?"

"Well!" said Harry, "as we have killed no game, we can't do better than fill our bags with potatoes, for we shall never be able to take the hogshead up to the tent."

"Better let it bide where it is," said Dick. "Who knows how soon we may have to take to the boat ourselves? and it would be no bad thing to have our potatoes on board."

"Who could live on potatoes, old fellow," replied Harry, "with no means to cook them?"

"We might ship a broad flag-stone to make a fire on," said Dick, "and roast our potatoes; but there's time to think of that after, and now the dark is coming on like a shot, as it always does here."

It was true that the sudden night of these regions had surprised them, and they proceeded through their now well-trodden path up the wood, as speedily as their heavy loads of guns and bags would permit. Before they reached the tent they were terrified to hear the shrieks of the family, blended with a hoarse roaring, and, forgetting all weariness, they hurried forward, to see Ellen, with her hair dishevelled, clasping one of her babes, and brandishing a long bamboo cane, as if fighting with some unseen enemy.

As soon as she saw the youths, she cried out in frantic tones, "It's in the three, he is—the villain of the world! Won't it be the pair of

twins he'll be wantin', the spalpeen, and he atin' up the flower of them, the darlin'! Worra, worra! sure, thin, yer honners will niver be lookin' on the murtherin' baste, patient, and niver shootin' yer guns into his ugly skin, the thafe!"

In the darkness, it was some minutes before the boys made out the hideous face of a baboon grinning among the branches of the mango-tree, and then, to their horror, they saw that the beast held one of the infants, which it was fondling in an uncouth way, while the terrified child shrieked at the caresses of its frightful nurse. The animal had perched on a branch beyond the reach of the youths, and they could not shoot without danger to the child. They were distressed and perplexed: Harry flung potatoes to induce it to relinquish its hold; but it caught them dexterously in its huge mouth, and only clasped the babe closer to its rough breast. There was something ludicrous, though terrible, in the sight. Dick tried to reach the hind legs of the beast with a burning brand, snatched from the fire; but it merely removed to another perch, chattering and roaring.

"Would yer honner be lennin' me the hammer?" said Terry to Dick, who had brought away that valuable tool from the boat.

Possessed of the hammer, the boy, deaf to the injunctions of his friends, stealthily climbed the tree at some distance from the perch of the baboon, while Harry and Dick, fearing an attack on the courageous lad, endeavoured to divert the attention of the beast from the rustling sound by throwing stones, shouting loudly, and threatening with the gun, which they feared to fire; but at every attempt against it, the crafty beast lifted the babe, and menaced them with flinging it down, which from that height must have destroyed it.

With wonderful agility and caution Terry continued to crawl along the branches until he got behind the baboon; then, lifting up the heavy hammer with both hands, he smote the beast on the head. It uttered a frightful scream, and the lad caught the babe as it was falling from its grasp, and with one hand swung himself to the ground, the heavy body of the stunned animal falling at the same time. To make sure of the enemy, Harry shot it through the head, while the excited mother was endeavouring to pacify the rescued child.

But while they were rejoicing in the belief that all danger was over, they were alarmed by sounds of hoarse cries, and saw six or eight large baboons come forward to the spot where their companion lay dead. With gestures of rage mingled with grief, they grinned frightfully as they drew up to attack the lads; Ellen and her young children having fled to the shelter of the tent. The beasts commenced

the battle by arming themselves with large stones, which they hurled at the enemy with such force, that, if they had not avoided them, the consequences must have been fatal, and they saw that they must defend themselves in earnest.

"Hit the big fellow! he's the leader," cried Harry to his friend, and they both fired at the beast, which fell dead; Harry fired his second barrel with effect, and the whole troop fled in dismay, leaving the two dead animals on the field, and the conquerors far from feeling comfortable.

Not even the delight of recovering her child unhurt, or the satisfaction of seeing the dearly-loved potatoes, could tranquillize Ellen; and the good supper of stewed venison, which she had prepared for the boys, lost half its relish from this untoward adventure.

"They certainly are an ugly crew to live among," said Dick. "What think you, Harry? It seems hardly worth while to set on to build a hut with savages on one side of us, and on the other brutes like these," kicking the dead animal.

They were immense creatures, nearly black, with fierce vindictive faces, and the huge pouches in the cheeks which distinguish the baboon tribe.

"But you must understand, Dick," said Harry, "that this fellow is not strictly a baboon. I have his picture in my Natural History; he is the *Black Macaque.* What a big beast! I'd hardly like to stand up with him in a fair fight. The worst is, more of the tribe may come on us in the night, so we shall have to keep up a watch; that will be a great bore, when we are only two men, or three, even if we give the lad Terry a turn."

"Terry was the champion in this fight; give him his due, Harry," said Dick.

"Well, it was a plucky dodge, I will say," replied Harry; "and I don't think it's of any use staying here to be set upon by those bold ugly brutes; so, to-morrow, we must really think about the boat. Now let us eat our supper, Ellen."

"Sure, thin, won't yer honners be helpin' me first to trail away the dead corpses," answered Ellen, "seein' their people will be all gatherin' up, in regard of wakin' their dead this same night; and we, ivery soul livin' be kilt with the fright, barrin' we're aten up livin', and niver settin' eyes on Teddy no more, musha! the darlin!!"

It seemed that the ferocious beast had taken advantage of Ellen being engaged in her cookery to carry off the babe, which was crawling on the turf, probably mistaking it for one of its own race. Now, after

supper, she carefully collected her children round her in the tent, while the weary boys, after their day of toil, were compelled to watch in turns, gun in hand, but fortunately without disturbance.

Next morning, after breakfast, the whole family set out to the beach, Ellen being afraid to be left alone with her children; but the boys, Dan and Rory, already accustomed to work and to wander, trotted along briskly, Dan crying out,—

"Will I be takin' Mary the twin, mother; seein' Terry the boy is carryin' the bags, and the axe, and the big post, himself?"

The big post was the mast of the boat, which was once more transported to the shore, to try if it could be made serviceable to the boat; and, with some little trouble, the boys succeeded in accommodating it to their little vessel. Only three of the oars they had picked up were in sound condition; but, among the wreck at the spot where the savages had landed, Terry declared he had seen some lying. Dick was therefore left to guard the woman and children while the lad and Harry went off in search of the oars; they found many broken as they proceeded, but these they had not tools or skill to repair, so they left them. Then they came on a small barrel, still filled with rum, and perfectly sound; this Harry looked on as a treasure, for he proposed to start the rum into the sea, and roll off the cask to fill with fresh water at the stream. Terry stared at this proposal, and said,—

"Musha! yer honner, wouldn't Dennis Moriarty at the shebeen be the man to put down gowld itself for this same rum, in regard to the fair; and he niver turnin' it out to pison the fishes at all, at all, seeing he'd be getting the pennies for the sups, sure wouldn't he!"

But the rum was poured out, and the cask left until they returned, and they continued their search nearly to the landing-place of the savages before they succeeded in picking up three sound oars from amidst the mountains of wreck.

"These will do, Terry," said Harry, after a thorough investigation; "now let us turn back for our cask."

"Plase, thin, will yer honner be telling me," said the boy, in a tone of dismay, "would it be the big bastes swimmin' out over the say?"

Harry started when he saw that the objects which had attracted the attention of the boy were three canoes, filled with naked savages, rapidly approaching the old landing-place. He drew away the boy, without delay, under the shadow of the cliff, where he hoped they might escape notice, and told him they must hurry back with all speed, for these men were much more to be dreaded than the ferocious beasts.

"Worra! would we be running away, yer honner, and me havin' this same big oar and letting the spalpeens teeste the shillala, and the gun that shoots right and left, and niver missin' man nor baste, in regard to yer honner knowin' its ways—sure thin we'd niver run. at all, at all!"

But Harry knew that the gun and the shillala would be insufficient to drive off such a host; and he would not relax speed until they reached the empty rum-cask, which they rolled before them to the boat, returning much sooner than Dick expected.

After telling his friend of the arrival of the savages, Harry added, "It's no good loitering here, Dick. The boat is sea-worthy; I think we can sail her; we have a fair lot of provisions, and, if we can't hit on Australia, there are crowds of islands in this sea, and we may surely land on one quieter than this. What say you, old man?"

"There's them storms," observed the prudent Dick.

"Of course, I know there may be," replied Harry; "but we may not fall in with a gale on the sea, and if we stay here we must fall in with savages or macaques! and I'd like to know which would be worst?"

Dick groaned. "I'm feared, Harry, it's a judgment on me. I oughtn't to have run off from the old man."

"What bosh! Didn't he bid you begone?" replied Harry. "Now don't you turn spooney when we have all these brats on our hands. We need be plucky, or how can we take care of them, and fill their gaping mouths? A heap of chaffing I should get from my old chums if they knew I was guardian to Mrs. Byrne and family. Come, Terry, my boy, we can get work out of you; help to sling the cask up to the stream and fill it; and then we must haul down the sail that the greedy Scotchman wanted to prig. Don't you get into a fright, Ellen; no baboons will visit you in the boat; and you, Dan, make a fire to boil meat, and rice, and potatoes, to victual us for the voyage."

"Sure, thin, yer honners will niver be sailin' off agin over the black say," said Ellen, "and Teddy, the darlin', niver knowin' it at all; and how will he be findin' us on the say, worra!"

"We'll go to Teddy, Ellen," replied Harry, "if it please God to direct us in the right track; now we must run."

The empty cask, swung on a rope, was not difficult to haul up to the water, but, when filled, was not so easy to lower to the boat; but they managed to embark it safely. They brought down also the venison, the biscuit, and the cooking utensils; the sail, and all the rest of their property. They were not experienced sailors; but, from observing the men on their voyage out, they knew how everything ought to be done.

It took much time, however, before they got up the sail to their satisfaction.

Then, after Ellen had broiled, roasted, and boiled a considerable quantity of provisions, they commenced to stow it. They filled one locker with potatoes, besides those which were cooked; the water-cask and the biscuit, with as much cooked meat as would keep while it was untainted, and their remaining property, were neatly arranged, and finally, Ellen's great dread lest the baboons should be watching her "pair of twins" from the "threes," decided them to sail at once.

"Musha! would I be darin' to mate Teddy, for shame!" she continued, "and niver showin' him his own? Sorra iver they'd be comin' at the darlins, the bastes; on the say, in regard to the water bein' dape, and them such heavy brutes, and niver havin' the sinse to make boats anyhow."

And so it was, that with hearts rather relying on the mercy of God than on their own skill, the eight poor castaways launched their boat and embarked, and, with small skill in navigation, committed themselves to the innumerable perils of the Indian Ocean. They had not rowed above a hundred yards out to get into deep water, when, looking towards the north, the two youths saw the fleet of canoes coasting round towards them. They remained stunned and silent with dismay for a few minutes, then a cry of terror from Ellen roused them.

"Worra! worra! will they be wild men or wild bastes? Would we be aten up, yer honners? Sure, thin, in regard of this same being a Christian boat, we'll be runnin' faster than them haythens!"

"There's a touch of wind from the north-east, Harry," said Dick. "Think you we hadn't better be getting up that sail?"

"Not a doubt of it, old chap," answered Harry. "We'll do our best, and there's no old hands here to be chaffing us as lubbers."

Terry was no mean help, and amongst them they got the sail spread, but not before the canoes had approached alarmingly near, and had greeted them with a shower of arrows which, fortunately, all fell short. Happily, the breeze soon filled the sail, and they were carried rapidly from the land and from their enemies, and the disappointed savages, finding they had no longer any chance of coming up with them, discontinued the chase, and paddled off towards the south. Soon after, the sudden darkness fell, and the youths ventured to rest on their oars and take some sleep, allowing the boat to drift with the gentle breeze.

The morning woke them to labour; they were already out of sight of their island, and had no wish to go farther out to sea, but to steer, as well as they could, directly south. They ate a biscuit and a slice of

cooked venison, the Irish family preferring the cold potatoes, and each drank a cup of water, which had still a flavour of rum, not unpleasant at first, but which in the end became disgusting to them. Then they worked hard until the scorching sun compelled them to lie down under the shelter of cloaks and blankets, Ellen loudly lamenting the umbrella left in the sinking ship.

In vain they looked round for some vessel that might take them up; on the second day, near a small island, they saw a fleet of canoes, which they carefully shunned; and, on the third day, at a great distance, they made out some larger boats, with men in bright scarlet dresses, and these Harry believed must be the pirates in their prahus, of which he had read such terrible tales. Of course they kept aloof from this dangerous fleet, and trusted their humble sail might escape notice, or be despised by these greedy rovers.

After two days of that burning climate, their meat had to be thrown overboard, and, after five days more of biscuit and water only, they began to be very weary of the sameness of their diet.

Then, as they sailed very near to a richly-wooded isle, Harry, who was the most discontented of the party, proposed that they should land to search for fruit, eggs, or birds. But at the moment night fell, so, having moored the boat to one of the mangrove-trees, they refreshed themselves with some of the oysters adhering to the stems, and rested in the boat.

Early in the morning they landed, and, to their great joy, the first tree they saw was the cocoa-nut palm, the huge nuts hanging in clusters, fifty feet above their heads, tempting but unattainable.

"We cannot manage anyhow to climb for them," sighed Dick; "but what if we were to fire a shot at them?" They fired at the lofty crest of the palm with such success that the concussion brought down three nuts, one being immediately opened to satisfy the children with the delicious milk, and the other two stored in the lockers.

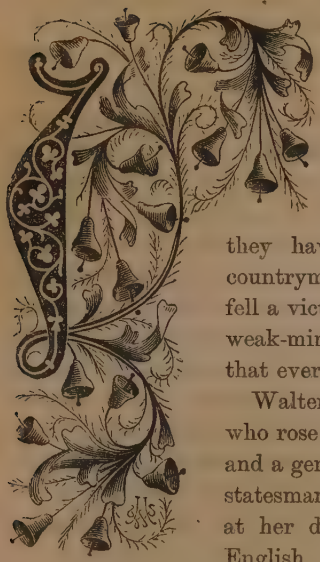
By this time Ellen had made tea for them, and boiled a quantity of eggs, which Terry had purloined from the ducks' nests in the bamboo jungles. After this grateful refreshment, Terry set out for the young birds, and the two elder youths penetrated a mile or two into the island to gather the mangoes and bananas, which grew in great profusion. They were about to return with their prizes, when they were attracted by a light smoke to turn into a grassy glade in the wood, and were alarmed to find the smoking embers of a recent fire, while around lay many bones, which Dick, in great horror, declared were "human bones!"

(*To be continued.*)

RALEIGH IN THE TOWER.

WAS RALEIGH JUSTLY EXECUTED?

A Paper read at the W—h—m Debating Club.)



I HAVE chosen for my lecture this evening a subject which is of particular interest to all Englishmen. The character of Sir Walter Raleigh has been popular with most writers; and although some historians have raised their powerful pens to blacken his fair fame, yet they have never succeeded in convincing our countrymen that Raleigh was not a martyr, who fell a victim to the revenge of Spain, and to the weak-mindedness of one of the feeblest monarchs that ever sat upon the English throne.

Walter Raleigh (the shuttlecock of Fortune), who rose from the position of a poor country squire and a gentleman volunteer until he became a great statesman in the reign of Elizabeth, found himself at her decease in an unenviable position at the English Court, for Cecil, who, even before the death of the queen, had corresponded with the cowardly King James, fearing that between him and his once intimate friend Sir Walter there might exist too close a rivalry for power, did all he could to aggravate the prejudice which the Earl of Essex had already excited against Raleigh in the king's mind. Another reason for causing James to dislike Raleigh is to be found in the fact that both he, Lord Cobham, and others united to force the king to sign certain articles, one of which was a limitation of the number of his countrymen, before he was allowed to ascend the throne. A much less acute man than Raleigh must soon have noticed that he was not a welcome visitor at the Court of the modern Solomon. Not only was he removed from his captaincy of the guards, which was given to a Scotchman, but he was soon accused of taking part in a plot against the king and the royal family. The object of the plot—the chief parties in which were said to be Raleigh, Lord Cobham, and his brother George Brooke—was to place Arabella Stuart, daughter of the king's uncle, upon the English throne, by the aid of a

Spanish army and Spanish money. The whole public life of Raleigh plainly shows that he would be about the last man to further the ends of Spain, and the Duke of Sully, in his Memoirs, tells us that at that very time Raleigh informed him of the plans of the Spanish agents, in their endeavours to draw that monarch into an alliance with them against the Courts of France and the United Provinces. Raleigh, however, was arrested for writing a letter to Cobham to put him on his guard, and both these men were committed to the Tower.

Cobham, than whom a greater traitor never lived, was the chief witness against Raleigh. When this fellow was examined, he was shown a letter written by Sir Walter to Cecil, hinting that Cobham was in correspondence with the Spanish ambassador. This so alarmed the coward, that he then revealed what he said was Raleigh's project, and, although Raleigh produced a note written by Cobham and fully acquitting him, yet the counsel for the Crown brought in a third letter written by Cobham the night before, in which the charge was repeated. On the 17th of November, 1603, at Winchester, Raleigh's trial took place. The prosecution was conducted in the most virulent manner by Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, and the brutal passions which he there showed brand his name with eternal infamy. Lord Campbell admits that his coarse conduct towards the accused has not only brought permanent disgrace upon himself, but upon the English bar. A short account of his address will amply prove the truth of this charge.

Attorney-General: "Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived."

Raleigh: "You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly."

Attorney-General: "I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treasons."

Raleigh: "I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times."

Attorney-General: "You are an odious fellow; thy name is hateful to all the English realm for thy pride."

Raleigh: "It will go near to prove a measuring-cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney."

Attorney-General: "Well, I will now make it appear to the world that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou."

In less than a quarter of an hour the jury returned and found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to die. Some of the wretches were afterwards so touched in their conscience that they asked pardon of Raleigh upon their knees. But it was not fated that the good knight

was to die yet. The king, than whom a more silly monarch never sat on this throne, determined now to show his mercy and wisdom by playing with the feelings of the unfortunate men he had condemned to death. First he brought Cobham and some other traitors to the place of execution, and after dragging them to and fro, on the plea that one was to die before the others, he made them all meet on the scaffold, and after they had assented to the justice of their sentence, the sheriff informed them that the king, in his mercy, had given them their lives. It was decided that Raleigh and his fellow-conspirators were to be confined in the Tower during the king's pleasure. It has been remarked that the royal ingenuity in obtaining full confessions from these men, and his clemency, were universally applauded. I admit the trick was ingenious and worthy of its master, but of his clemency I entertain great doubt; besides, of what worth could a confession be obtained under such circumstances? Granting that a man is likely to tell the truth when about to die, what faith can we place in the solemn asseverations of a wretch like Cobham, who not only perjured himself, but behaved like a cur throughout his trial, and who was probably informed that he would not suffer? One important fact pleads in favour of this assertion. Cobham was the brother-in-law of Cecil, who was at that time secretary and chief favourite of the king, and, above all, Raleigh's bitterest enemy. When, therefore, we recollect that Raleigh, on the evidence of such a villain as Cobham, was confined in the Tower for nearly thirteen years, we cannot but wonder at the harshness of the decree. Almost all historians join in terming the trial a mockery. All lawyers admit that the evidence brought forward was of the flimsiest nature. All men know that James, prejudiced by Essex and Cecil, hated Raleigh as only a weak, cowardly wretch can hate and fear an upright, straightforward, honest man. And I ask you, what can be the opinion of every sound thinker when he reads that even the jury—a jury of whose sense of justice the king had so small an opinion, that he himself prayed never to be tried by a Middlesex jury—fell on their knees before Raleigh and asked pardon for the verdict they had given? The sentence is a lasting disgrace to the memory of that king who had so few virtues to recommend him, and of whose weak-mindedness we receive an additional proof in the way in which he allowed his traitorous favourites to gain influence over him in the case just cited.

One would have thought that Raleigh's enemies, having by their machinations and false plots caused him to be immured in the Tower during the king's pleasure, or, in other words, for life, would have been content with their victory, and have refrained from heaping any further

indignity on the good man. It was not so. On his committal a grant was made of his property to two of his friends, in order that it might be distributed amongst his creditors and family. Raleigh possessed a wealthy estate named Sherbourne, a grant of which he had formerly obtained from Elizabeth, and settled upon his eldest son Walter. His enemies, therefore, now caused the deed of conveyance to be closely scrutinized, and as the clerk who had engrossed the document had omitted one word, Sir John Popham, the Chief Justice, gave it as his opinion that the deed was valueless and could convey nothing. As soon as this decision was known, Robert Carr, a favourite of the king, and as despicable a Scotchman as ever walked the earth, begged it from his royal patron, and actually obtained the estate. Raleigh's noble wife, who had received permission to share her husband's imprisonment, appealed to the king on her knees against this gross act of injustice, but without success, the foolish king only answering, "I mun have the land; I mun have it for Carr."

This heartless speech roused the lion in the high-spirited lady, and on her knees, even in the presence of the king, she implored Heaven to punish those who had thus brought her and her children to ruin. That this prayer was only too truly answered is well known; the fact stands prominent as a striking instance of retributive justice. Carr was soon sent to the Tower for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. His life was spared by the king, and he was sent to his house in the country, where he passed the remainder of his days loathing and loathed by the wretched woman, his wife, whose husband he had so cruelly slain. The fate of the Stuarts is too well known to be repeated here; the noblest scion of that race, Henry, the friend of Raleigh, a young prince who, if he had been spared, might have averted the calamity of the civil war, died while Raleigh was imprisoned, and, as rumour says, by poison.

Raleigh, rejoicing in the companionship of his beloved wife, now commenced writing his great book, "The History of the World." Of this wonderful production it has been stated that it is a work of such stupendous labour and research, of such extensive language and vigorous genius, that in his own and every succeeding age, in this and in other countries, it has excited the astonishment and admiration of the studious and learned. Had Raleigh been the traitor that his enemies said he was, would he not rather have passed his time in fomenting plots against his foes instead of occupying himself by raising one of the noblest monuments of genius ever built by man?

At length, in 1614, a change of royal favourites induced Raleigh's friends to believe that the time was opportune for his release.

Carr, having been committed to the Tower, Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham (whose sole merit was his face), was the chief star at Court, and to him a bribe of £1,500 was offered for the liberty of Raleigh, who not only longed for freedom, but was anxious to take steps in strengthening Guiana, a settlement of which he had taken possession for Elizabeth twenty years before. Not only was Raleigh released, but the greedy king, thirsting for the possession of some gold-mines which Sir Walter believed existed in Guiana, gave him a commission, directed to "Our trusty and well-beloved Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt.," constituting him not only general and commander-in-chief of the enterprise, but also governor of the new country, with authority to settle and power to execute martial law, in such a manner as the king's lieutenant-general, by sea or land, was entitled to exercise it. Raleigh now devoted all his time, money, and energy to the fitting out of a great expedition; not only did he lay out his own fortune in the furtherance of this scheme, but that of his wife also, so convinced was he of the existence of the mines in question. It is sad to think that his great design was not crowned with success—that this scheme, the end of which was the advantage of England, was frustrated by the perfidious treachery of the man who then reigned over these isles.

Words fail me to describe the contempt with which all Englishmen must regard the Scotch pedant James, not only for his weak-mindedness, his stupidity, his treachery, but also for his want of feelings of humanity. Even at the death of his own son he refused to allow the Court to wear mourning, and actually ordered his attendants to proceed with the Christmas entertainments, which were in progress at the time of Prince Henry's demise. Raleigh, trusting that the king was at least a man of common honesty, placed in his hands, before starting, the plan of the expedition; the king returned this trust by actually presenting to Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, this very plan, although the expedition was itself directed against Spain; consequently, on the arrival of the vessels at St. Thomas, the Spaniards were fully prepared to resist the force which Raleigh had sent forward, under the command of Captain Keymis. In the engagement that followed, Raleigh's eldest son and the Spanish governor were slain, and Keymis returned to the fleet covered with the opprobrium of defeat. Nor was this all: Sir Walter, naturally enraged at the unsuccessful attempt that had been made, did not hesitate to lavish bitter reproaches upon his officer. Captain Keymis, the faithful follower of Raleigh for so many years, was so deeply afflicted, that he at once returned to his cabin and shot himself: then, doubting that the wound was mortal, he thrust a long knife into

his left breast, and stabbed himself to the heart. This blow completed Raleigh's ruin. The Spaniards, in their wildest hopes, could never have thought that he would have fallen so completely into the trap that, thanks to the perfidious treachery of King James, they had laid for him. Poor Sir Walter, stung to the heart with the dreadful failure of his grand scheme and the death of his eldest son, was forced, by a mutiny among his men, at once to return to our English shores. On his arrival, Gondomar, a crafty, subtle Spaniard, was in ecstasies when the tidings of Raleigh's defeat were brought to him. Now was the time for the Spaniards to revenge themselves upon the man who in the preceding reign had so often humiliated them; who, in company with Frobisher, Hawkins, Drake, and other naval heroes, had almost swept their shipping from the seas, and had made England the first maritime power in the world. Rushing into the king's apartments, the Spanish ambassador shouted in the royal ears, "Piratas! piratas! piratas!" and then left the king's presence without waiting for a reply. Such was the homage in which this besotted monarch was held by the attendants at his Court! The result may readily be imagined. The king, who was longing to make a match between Prince Charles and the Infanta, was not at all disposed to offend Spain, and was even willing to incur yet further indignity rather than destroy the friendly relationship that existed between the two countries. Urged on by Gondomar, who was constantly dinning into his ears the word "piratas," he at once issued a proclamation declaring his detestation of Sir Walter's conduct, and summoning him to appear before the Council. To the particulars of Raleigh's attempted escape there is no occasion to make allusion. Its success was, as usual, prevented by treachery, and so sad and sickening are these different acts of perfidy, and so little does the escape affect the debate this evening, that I prefer to pass over it altogether: suffice it to say, that Raleigh was again imprisoned in the Tower, and although he had many powerful friends, among whom was even the queen, yet her intercession had no avail to save his life. So convinced, however, were his persecutors of the weakness of their case, that actually two months were occupied in deliberating in what way they could proceed against him. To Sir Thomas Nelson, keeper of the State papers, was assigned the odious task of endeavouring to draw from him a confession of treasonable intercourse with the French agents. In this, however, it need scarcely be said, he signally failed.

About the middle of October a letter arrived from the King of Spain, expressing a wish that Raleigh should be executed in England rather than surrendered to him. A privy seal was therefore given to the judges of the King's Bench, commanding them to proceed against him

under the former sentence, and on the 28th of October, 1618, Raleigh was wakened at eight o'clock in the morning and conveyed to Westminster. Yelverton, the attorney-general, called for execution, observing, "Sir Walter Raleigh hath been a statesman and a man, who, in regard to his parts and quality, is to be pitied; he has been a star at which the world hath gazed. But stars may fall; nay, they must fall when they trouble the sphere in which they abide." Being asked what he could say why judgment should not be awarded against him, Raleigh replied, that "he hoped the judgment he received to die so long since could not now be strained to take away his life, since, by his Majesty's commission for his late voyage, it was implied to be restored, in giving him power, as marshal, on the life and death of others, and since he undertook the same to honour his sovereign, and to enrich his kingdom with gold, whereof this hand," he said, "hath found and taken in Guiana." He would have gone on, but Chief-justice Montague interrupted him, telling him that treason was not pardoned by implication, and that he must say something else to the purpose, or they must proceed to give execution. Raleigh replied, "If your opinion be so, my lord, I am satisfied, and so put myself on the mercy of the king, who, I know, is gracious; and, under favour, I must say, I hope he will be pleased to take commiseration on me, as concerning this judgment which is so long past, and which, I think, here are some could witness; nay, his Majesty was of opinion that I had hard measure therein." The plea was overruled, and execution was granted for the next day, when the aged warrior was conducted to the scaffold, in Old Palace Yard. I have no wish to linger over the details of his death. He died like a true hero, and "every man," says a witness, "who saw Sir Walter Raleigh die, said it was impossible to show more decorum, courage, or piety, and that his death would do more hurt to the faction that sought it, than ever his life could have done."

Before I commence the concluding section of my argument, I cannot refrain from quoting the words of a great historian on the subject of his execution:—"Raleigh's death is an indelible stain on the character of the king, who betrayed him to the Spaniards, and then put him to death, after he had virtually pardoned him, and on a charge of which he must have known him innocent."

It now becomes my task to ascertain how far Gondomar was justified in accusing Raleigh of piracy. There can be no doubt that this was the sole cause of his death. If, then, I can prove that he in no way was guilty of the act of which he was accused, I presume that nobody will be inclined to gainsay the terms of the resolution I am desirous of passing this evening.

Raleigh had in the preceding reign taken possession, in the name of England, of the territory where he imagined was situated the gold mine, which was the object of his search, and was, therefore, plainly only going to claim for his country what justly belonged to her. Indeed, Raleigh declared that Gondomar had only complained against him, in order to prevent him complaining against the Spaniards, when, landing his men on a territory appertaining to the crown of England, they were invaded and slain before any violence was offered to the Spaniards; and, again, it is hard to imagine a man can justly be called a pirate, who sails under the king's commission and authority, and particularly when the king himself stipulates that he is to have a fifth of the gold and silver thence imported. There can be no doubt that the king murdered Raleigh because his plot failed. Had it been successful, James (a Scotchman, remember) would have been too well pleased with the money thus acquired to care a fig for the remonstrance of the Spaniards. Besides, if Raleigh was guilty of piracy, how comes it that he was not tried for that offence? James knew well that no jury would have convicted him for sacking St. Thomas. Even Hume, who has done his utmost to blacken the character of Raleigh, and whose absurd panegyrics on the contemptible monarch men only laugh at, admits the point; and this, I take it, is the sole argument upon which the case can turn. The sacking of St. Thomas was the only act of Raleigh's expedition; and if, then, even his enemies admit that for this he could not possibly be tried, for what offence was he executed?

The gross injustice of carrying into force a sentence passed sixteen years previous, and which the king's commission must have annulled, cannot be too strongly dilated on. Besides, had Raleigh felt inclined, he might, by another bribe of £700, have obtained his full pardon on his release from the Tower. He was not at all desirous of thus wasting his money, for Lord Bacon, whom he consulted on the point, thus addressed him:—"Spare your purse in this particular, for upon my life you have sufficient pardon for all that is past already, the king having, under his broad seal, made you admiral of your fleet, and given you power of the martial law over your officers and soldiers." When we consider that Lord Bacon held the high office of chancellor, nobody wil be bold enough to gainsay his opinion upon such a simple point of law. But even if, for the sake of carrying this argument *ad absurdum*, I admit that the king was justified in the course that he adopted, it then remains for me to prove that Sir Walter Raleigh was perfectly innocent of participation in the plot for which he was first condemned to death.

It is well known that the mind of the weak-minded monarch had

been prejudiced against Sir Walter Raleigh by the traitorous favourites of Elizabeth, and that he at once feared the plain, straightforward man, who was, as Aubrey says, "a man every way that a prince would be afraid of than ashamed." When James feared a man, in accordance with his cowardly and suspicious nature, he neglected no plan to get rid of him. Shortly after his accession he removed Raleigh from his captaincy of the guards, and it was soon after this that Sir Walter was accused of taking part in the conspiracy, to which I have previously alluded. It might be sufficient for the present purpose to state that this plot has not only been called a riddle of state, but has never even been solved. It appears that Laurencia, a merchant of Antwerp, came over in the train of Count Aremberg, who was sent by the Archduke Albert to congratulate James on his accession to the throne. Lord Cobham, who had been formerly acquainted with this man, received him as a visitor, and, through him, was introduced to Aremberg, with whom he held an important interview, the substance of which he communicated to Raleigh, telling him that Aremberg, knowing how averse Raleigh was to a peace, was anxious to offer him a sum of money to stop his opposition. In the following month, another branch of this conspiracy was detected. In this, George Brooke, the brother of Cobham, was clearly implicated, and was accordingly sent to the Tower. Cecil at once suspected that his brother was one of the conspirators, and, knowing of Raleigh's intimacy with him, concluded that Sir Walter was also connected with the plot. It was on this surmise that Raleigh was arrested, and it was on no better evidence than that which I stated in a former part of this lecture, that he was condemned. Would any value, at the present time, be placed on the evidence of a man, who one day writes a letter criminating and charging a nobleman with treason, and the next day states that what he has written is untrue; and who, on the third, denies his communication of the second day, and again repeats the accusations of the first? When we remember, too, that Cobham was the brother-in-law of Raleigh's avowed enemy, Cecil; that the jury were changed the night preceding the trial, because they were suspected of too much independence; that of the commissioners appointed to try him, some were his determined enemies, and had conducted the examinations against him; others cared little whether he rose or fell, and the rest were probably subservient tools of the Government; that all the skill and virulence (as the account of the trial proves) of Coke, were directed against him, in order to intimidate the jury,—can we reasonably doubt that the trial of Raleigh was one of the most iniquitous and unjust proceedings in the reign of James I.?

REMARKABLE TRAVELLERS.

By WILLIAM DALTON,

Author of "The Wolf-Boy of China," "The Tiger Prince," &c.

PINTO THE ROVER,

SERVANT, SOLDIER, SAILOR, PIRATE, AND JESUIT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

"FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude," Shakespeare puts into the mouth of one of his characters. "Pinto, thou Prince of Liars," writes Cervantes, the great traveller's contemporary. Hence, to verify the old proverb, "Give a dog an ill name and hang him," writers, from his own day down almost to our time, have sought to hold him up to furthermost posterity, as one whose adventures are totally unworthy of belief. "Hit him hard, he has no friends," must indeed have been in the minds of the majority of authors who have had occasion to mention our hero's name, and *who*, that has written of the East, has not? Yet never was the platitude, "Truth is stranger than fiction," more completely verified than in his marvellous autobiography.

There is, however, to be said, in excuse of his detractors, that with respect to foreign travel, and more especially anterior to the wide diffusion of books, the extension of commerce over the world, and the facility of transit, that "stay-at-homes" had, at least, a show of right to believe that "travellers tell strange tales;" for were they not like a certain little mouse, who, having been born in a box, was, when for the first time lifted to the top, so stricken with wonder at the vast space around, that he cried to his parent, "Why, mother, there is a world outside ours!" But now that those far-off countries have become better known, Pinto's story of his adventures is no longer regarded as fiction.

As an earnest of his truthfulness, let it be remembered that he was an unlettered man, that he wrote from memory, that he is nowhere *boastful* of *his own* exploits, but, on the contrary, he seems to have been the least important among his shipmates; and neither let it be forgotten that the strange tales he relates he knew would not redound to the credit of himself or his countrymen. In truth, he was emphatically "a man who *had* something to say, and said it to the best of his ability."

"I find in Pinto," says the earliest of his vindicators, Purchas, "little boasting, except of other nations, none at all of himself, but as if he intended to express God's glory, and make man's merit of nothing but misery. And, however it seems incredible to remember such infinite particulars as this book is full of, yet an easy memory holdeth strong impressions of good and bad, especially new-whetted, filed, and furbished with so many companions in misery, their best music in their chains and wanderings being the mutual recounting of things seen, done, and suffered. More marvellous is it, if a liar, that he should not forget himself and contradict his own relations."

Let me add, in conclusion to these introductory observations, that although the countries in which our hero's adventures chiefly happened, now are *better* known, they still remain comparatively unexplored ; but the more and more they have been travelled through, the more has Pinto's story been verified. The editor of the *Annales des Voyages* tells us, that having had occasion, in preparing the volume of that work on China, to consult all accessible works about that country, he had been more and more confirmed in his opinion of the reality of Pinto's adventures, and the general correctness of his memory—an opinion which is endorsed by the great Chinese scholar, Remusat. Adding to the foregoing my own humble testimony to my hero's general truthfulness—a testimony based upon many years' study of the peoples and nations of the far East—I will now introduce Pinto to the reader.

Fernam Mendez Pinto was born about the year 1511, in the city of Monte mor Ovelho, in Portugal. His parents were in a very humble position of life. Like most of the children of the very poor of great cities, Master Pinto seems to have been precocious in mind and habits, for, at the age of ten, his uncle, desirous, *perhaps*, to rescue him from the streets, and reform his habits, but certainly to advance him in life, placed him in the service of a great lady, in the city of Lisbon, where he remained but one year and a half—a short time, truly, yet sufficiently long enough for the young gentleman to exhibit his talent —perhaps *propensities* would be the better word, for at the end of that term the eleven-and-a-half-year-old page met with (he tells us) an *accident*, which, had he been caught, would have placed his life in the hands of the law. To avoid, however, such a mishap, the precocious lad fled to a port named Pedra, and, with apparent good fortune, at once obtained a small service in a ship just about to sail.

So far, he had escaped the consequences of his crime ; it proved, however, to be but a "jump from the frying-pan into the fire," for the vessel had scarcely got out of sight of land before it was captured by a

French pirate. But worse, at least, for the time being, the pirate, shortly afterwards capturing a more valuable prize, became so much enraged with the poverty of Pinto and companions, that he severely beat and otherwise ill-treated them; then, after frightening them nearly to death by a threat that he would sell them all as slaves to the Moors in Barbary—a threat only not carried out to suit his own convenience, he set them ashore on the Portuguese coast, stripped of their clothes and covered with stripes.

Quitting his shipmates, Pinto, now like another Gil Blas, set out upon his adventures inland, and in a short time succeeded in obtaining a situation in the family of a great man, named Francisco de Faria. This master he seems to have served well, for the latter introduced him to the service of a still greater man, the Commander of the Knights St. Jago. These two noblemen he served for five years; but the vocation was too monotonous and too ill-paid to satisfy an enterprising lad like Pinto, who had resolved, by "hook or by crook," and at any risk, to make his fortune. He had, in fact, become seized with the mania of his age—a voyage to the Indies, where the Portuguese were then, day by day, becoming paramount, the priests making converts, or burning natives whom *they* were pleased to call pagans; the soldiers taking countries; and the merchant adventurers amassing wealth. Neither was there much difficulty then of a young man obtaining service and promotion, for it was by the daring enterprise and rapacity of such men as Pinto that the Portuguese, who, up to his day, had but few regular troops in the East, had already acquired so extensive an empire there.

For the better understanding of our hero's adventures, I may here note, that at the same time that the Portuguese were making their conquests, a similar set of adventurers, under Columbus, Cortes, Pizarro, and their followers, had acquired, and still were extending, a vast Spanish empire in America. Curiously, the two nations, in their circuit round the globe, meeting at the Moluccas, fought desperately for the supremacy over those rich islands, the Portuguese being ultimately the conquerors.

Equally necessary, in a brief sketch of Pinto's times, is it to understand, that while the power of the Spaniards and Portuguese was growing in America and the East, the Turks were the dread and terror of all Christian nations. In the West they had lately occupied Hungary, laid siege to Vienna, and possessed themselves of all the fortresses hitherto held by the Venetians in the Archipelago and the Morea. Having obtained supremacy in Egypt by dethroning the Mameluke sovereigns, and by the renunciation of the caliphs (long exiles in Egypt), of the headship of the Mahometan Church, they were now waging against the Portuguese a

war of extermination, both in the East and in the Red Sea, at both of which points we shall see it was our hero's fortune to see service against them. But to resume our narrative.

So much fighting was just then going on all over the world, that Pinto found no difficulty in obtaining a passage to Diu, a Portuguese settlement on the coast of Hindostan; indeed, he reached there just in time to have a few bouts with the Turks, who had for some time been besieging Diu in great force, although ultimately without success.

In was in the year 1537 that Pinto arrived at Diu. Shortly after the defeat of the Turks, he fell in with a sea captain of his acquaintance. This man, being about to proceed to the Court of Abyssinia on a political mission, that is, to make a treaty of offence and defence between his own countrymen, who already possessed great influence among the Abyssinians against the Turks, who at the time were moving heaven and earth to convert those semi-Christians to Mohammedanism—"here," thought Pinto, "is an opportunity of making a fortune by a royal road;" and so he begged and obtained permission from the captain to join the mission.

On the voyage thither, and, indeed, during their arduous and toilsome journey inland, across the vast mountains, deserts, valleys, and lakes of Abyssinia, they met with no adventure worthy of note. On their reaching the capital of the Ethiopian empire, they were received in great state by the son of the empress, who escorted them with a body of horse to the palace of the sovereign. Her majesty was delighted with her visitors, telling them that their arrival was as grateful to her as the nightly dew to the fresh garden, and as the arrival of Queen Helena had been to the Holy Land. Moreover, she lodged them magnificently, and upon their departure presented them with a sum of money, equal to 240 ducats.

Here let me observe, by way of parenthesis, that the sovereigns of Abyssinia trace their descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, the last of whom, the present reigning emperor, as appears by despatches, which arrived in England in the month of March last, is likely to get into trouble with the English Government. Taking affront at some imaginary failure of ceremonial on the part of three Protestant missionaries, his sable majesty caused two of these gentlemen to be beaten to death, and another, the Rev. Mr. Stern, to be flogged, and then incarcerated in a dungeon, so foul that, at the time of the departure of the despatches, his life was despaired of.

So far, the Portuguese mission was successful; but on the seas in those days there were dangers not dreamt of in the present. The grief,

however, that they came to on their return was the consequence of their own avarice. Setting sail from Arkiko, on the Abyssinian coast, they saw at a distance three Turkish ships. These they resolved to seize; but they "caught a Tartar." The prize would be valuable, and so they rowed incredibly hard and reached them, but proving to be armed galleys, instead of peaceable merchant-vessels, a terrible fight took place, the result of which was the capture of the Portuguese, eleven only of whom, out of fifty, remained alive after the contest. The killed were cut into quarters and hung at the main-yard as a token of victory. Pinto and other survivors were taken to Mocha, and paraded through the streets in chains. Then, even as now, the hatred of the Mussulman to the Christian was intense and cruel. The priests excited the people, assuring them that any insult or injury that they might offer to such infidels, would obtain for them plenary indulgence for their sins. At this, an unbounded zeal arose to maltreat the poor wretches; even the women and children, though confined in the houses, came to the windows, collected, and threw over them all manner of filth. At night, they were thrown into a dungeon, and kept there for fifteen days, without any food except a little barley-meal soaked in water.

The Portuguese were conducted several times to the market-place and exposed to sale; but, owing to civil commotions which raged in the town, no purchaser came forward, and they were glad to fly back for shelter to their dungeon. At length, when the disturbances were over, the captives were sold, and as for Pinto, "fortune, his sworn enemy," he tells us, "made him fall into the hands of a Greek renegado, who used him so cruelly, that he was several times upon the point of poisoning himself." But this tyrant, afraid of losing his slave, disposed of him to a Jew, who carried him to Ormuz, in the Persian Gulf, where he was ransomed by the Portuguese Governor.

About the time of Pinto's arrival at Ormuz, Gonzalo Vaz Coutinho, in a well-armed galley, and in conjunction with the Queen of Onor, was about to go in search of Turkish prizes. Pinto took service with Coutinho. Soon they fell in with a Turkish galley. The queen, however, with, as it proved, better judgment than the Portuguese warriors, told them not to attack the Turkish vessel, as it would prove too much for them. Nevertheless, they did make the attack, and were beaten with a dreadful loss, and a great number killed. Among the latter was the Governor's son. Enraged at this defeat, the cowards unreasonably upbraided the Queen, nay, even threatened to avenge it upon her. But the lady, a Hindoo, solemnly protesting that her dismay could not have been deeper had she been compelled to eat cow's-flesh at the principal gate of

"A TERRIBLE FIGHT TOOK PLACE."

the temple where her father was buried, than it was at the disaster which had overtaken her allies, the *generous* warriors desisted from injuring her.

Making the best of their defeat, the Portuguese sailed at once for Goa, the chief settlement of their countrymen in India. At this city Pinto hired himself to Pedro de Faria, who was going to Malacca as Governor. In this new service our hero's conduct seems to have been highly approved. On the arrival of Pedro de Faria at the seat of his government, he was surrounded by the envoys of the neighbouring chieftains, soliciting his favour and protection, one of whom was from the King of the Battas, a warlike people of Sumatra, bearing gifts of precious woods, and a letter written on the back of a palm-tree leaf; and at the same time praying for the assistance of the Portuguese against the people of Achem. Faria granted his request, and dismissed the ambassador with presents of fire-pots, darts, and other murdering instruments, whereupon the latter departed from the fortress so pleased that he shed tears of joy. Now came Pinto's promotion, "the reward," he tells us, "of his good conduct." The ambassador of the King of the Battas was about to return to Sumatra, and Faria, deeming it good policy to send a spy under the name of agent or envoy, chose Pinto. Nor could he have selected a better man, for the chief duties apportioned to him were to learn what he could of the whereabouts of a certain "Isle of Gold," which the Portuguese believed to exist in those seas; and, moreover, to examine into the condition of the natives and their country, in order to report whether Sumatra might be worth the conquering.

Now comes some of those stories, which, although at the present time are simple enough of belief to the most ignorant, gained for him his unenviable reputation. But that they *were* wonderful in *his* day, we may understand by his telling us, by way of preface, that, from the delicate regard he has for his own reputation for veracity, he is fearful to describe them. While ascending the river in Sumatra, he fell in with many strange animals. One of these he calls the caquessertan, which he describes as hopping and flying together, like the grasshopper—doubtlessly the cassowary. He saw serpents with heads as large as calves, and was told that these reptiles hunted their prey as follows:—They get up a tree, and, winding their tails about some branch of it, let their bodies hang down to the root, and then laying one of their ears close to the ground, hearken whether there be any animal stirring, so that if an ox, a boar, or any other beast doth chance to pass by, they presently seize on it, and so carry it up into the tree, where they devour it. There is no difficulty in recognizing in this wonderful creature the boa-constrictor. Then, again, in the

great baboons which he describes, and tells us with much astonishment, frequently attack the negroes of the country, we recognize the formidable pongo—*ex pede Herculem.* From this we may judge the truth of the whole of his stories, allowing a little for colouring, which rarely, in fact, amounts to the more expressive word "exaggeration."

We shall see, however, that although there is little reason to question the truth of his confessions, our hero was less punctilious in his dealings with the potentate of the Battas. Arrived at Court, he was received with every manifestation of welcome.

"Man of Malacca," said the Lady Chamberlain, for it was an aged female who introduced him to the sovereign, "thy arrival in the king, my master's, land, is as agreeable to him as a shower of rain is to a crop of rice in dry and hot weather; wherefore enter boldly, and be afraid of nothing."

The king, it will be remembered, had, by the mouth of his ambassador, prayed for aid against his enemies; such aid had been promised by the Governor Faria, and was now repeated by Pinto, who vowed not to leave his Majesty till such time he had conquered all his enemies. The envoy's sincerity, however, may be estimated by his own words.

"This poor king," says he, "presently believed all that I said to be true, chiefly because it was conformable to his desire; so that, rising out of his throne whereon he sat, I saw him go and fall on his knees before the skeleton of a cow's head set up against the wall, whose horns were gilt and crowned with flowers."

The poor king, however, notwithstanding these big-sounding words, soon found that *Portuguese* promises, at least, were, according to the homely adage, "like pie-crusts, made to be broken," for he was beaten upon every side by his enemies, the men of Achem—men who cared so little for the Portuguese, and, moreover, so hated them, that they exultingly styled themselves, "drinkers of the blood of the miserable Caffres (Portuguese), who are tyrannical men and usurpers, in a supreme degree, of other men's kingdoms in the Indies and the islands of the sea."

As we have seen, Pinto's main object was to discover the whereabouts of the Isle of Gold; so, having learned from the king that the auriferous land was situated beyond the Callender river, 160 leagues from Sumatra, in 5° south, environed by many shelves and dangerous currents, regardless of all promises, he quitted the dominions of the Battas, and proceeded on a mission to another of the petty Princes of the Archipelago, his purpose being, as before, to discover whether his Majesty and his subjects were worth the trouble of plundering. But a Nemesis was at hand to chastise him for the falseness of his acts and the criminality of his designs.

Upon the return voyage from this last mission the vessel was wrecked, Pinto and four of his shipmates alone succeeded in reaching the land alive; better, perhaps, had they shared the fate of their drowned fellows, for they had to crawl through the mud that lined the shore, tormented by myriads of insects, and in continual fear of the serpents and savage beasts, whose roars they could hear in the neighbouring forests. One of these men died from exhaustion in our hero's arms. With the remaining three he reached a small river, which it was necessary to cross; but the two foremost of the party had scarcely reached the middle of the stream, when they were seized by alligators and dragged to the bottom. Terrified nearly to death, Pinto and his surviving comrade retreated from the river-bank to the sea, in which they remained standing, as in a place of safety, until their eyes were delighted by the approach of a small vessel.

The captain of this ship took them upon board, and promised to take them to Malacca; but, believing the two shipwrecked men had possession of valuable jewels, he soundly thrashed them with rattans, with the hope of making them give them up; but, finding the flogging useless, and supposing they had swallowed the gems, administered to them so potent an emetic that Pinto's companion died, and he himself had a narrow escape. He was then taken to a neighbouring island, to which, from the ship, he was literally dragged ashore, nearly dead from famine and ill usage; but, as his weakness made him an unprofitable slave, no food was given to him, and "he was turned a-grazing in the fields like a horse." After some time thus wretchedly spent, a Mahometan merchant, hearing he had friends at Malacca, purchased him from the natives for a sum equivalent to about seventeen shillings and sixpence of English money, and took him with him to the Portuguese settlement.

Pinto having recovered from his illness, Pedro de Faria, who still had confidence in his abilities, intrusted him with another mission to one of the native kings, to redeem from captivity certain Portuguese. Having honestly performed his trust, and being in possession of a certain sum of money of his own, he determined to trade for himself. Fortunately, as he then believed, at Pan, on the east shore of the Malay peninsula, he fell in with Antonio de Faria, a kinsman of his patron.

Antonio had been sent upon a political mission, but, hoping to "earn a penny on his own account," he had borrowed, at Malacca, twelve thousand dollars, all of which he had invested in cloths, expecting to realize by the venture six hundred per cent.—in other words, to make a fortune at once.

In this same venture Pinto embarked his "little all;" but scarcely had they set up their stores than a popular commotion broke out, and the mob, freed from authority, attacked the warehouses and carried off their goods—a reverse, a calamity, indeed, if we consider that the cloths had been purchased with borrowed money. Satisfied, however, for the present, to escape with their lives, they fled to another place, called Patana, in the Gulf of Siam.

In this city a subscription was set up for the ruined adventurers by their countrymen then resident there; moreover, they obtained from the king of the country permission to indemnify themselves for their loss in all shipping belonging to the guilty city of Pan—truly an Asiatic mode of settling matters. Had the Portuguese attacked the shipping of Pan alone, there would have been some show of at least a kind of dramatic justice; but, in truth, they converted this permission into a licence for piracy.

Empowered by this roving commission, they fitted out an armed vessel, and at once attacked and captured three Chinese merchant junks. Rich once more, but in commodities not vendible in Patana, Antonio de Faria, himself remaining at the latter place to await the result, sent them for sale to the populous city of Lugor. Pinto was on board the vessel, probably as supercargo, and as sanguine as his friend; but, alas! on entering the very river of Lugor, an Arab junk attacked them; lances, darts, and stones began to rain like hail, till not one of the crew remained unwounded. The Portuguese then ceased all resistance, when the Arabs rushed on board, and began killing outright all who remained alive. Pinto and some others leaped into the sea and swam ashore, one only of the party being drowned.

Once more on terra-firma, they found themselves in the heart of a morass, wounded, stripped of everything, and in danger of perishing with hunger. Moreover, so environed were they with marsh and jungle, that for six days they were unable to extricate themselves. On the seventh day, seeing a large barque passing up the river, they fell on their knees, and, lifting up their hands, began with the most doleful cries to implore help.

But Eastern sailors are pitiless, and they would have sailed onwards, regardless of the misery of these poor wretches; not so the women, their hearts beat with love and kindness, whether they be placed within the fairest or most dusky bosom. Thus an old lady came up from below, and, commiserating the sad spectacle, insisted upon the sufferers being taken on board.

The old lady (she may have been thirty, for in Siam and China females

are called old ladies long before that age) hearing the Portuguese story, capped it by another and a worse one—an illustration, too, of the amiability of the Siamese, who are now our dear friends and allies. Her husband and her three sons had been trampled to death by the elephants of the King of Siam; her three grown-up daughters had been thrown into burning furnaces; thirty-two of her relatives had shared the same fate! Thus life had become a burden to her, that could only be alleviated by the opportunities of serving the unhappy. Surely this woman was a Christian at heart. Have I not said aright that women are the same all over the world? It may be information to my readers to tell them that in Siam such tragedies have happened from all time; worse, far worse, they happen even at the present day, while under the influence of Christian Europeans.

More interested, however, were the Portuguese by the intelligence that the pirate who had despoiled them so cruelly was Coja Acem, a chief who had seen his father and two brothers killed by the equally cruel though more civilized Portuguese, and that she had often heard the chief vow vengeance on all who were of their country; moreover, so terrible was his hatred, that he had given himself the title of the "Drinker of the blood of the Portuguese."

The despoiled adventurers heard the lady quietly, but inwardly made a vow of vengeance against Coja Acem—one, too, that we shall see hereafter, was fearfully kept. For the present, they were made happy. The charitable dame took Pinto and his companions with her, fed, clothed, and gave them money sufficient to return to Patana, where Antonio de Faria was awaiting with burning anxiety to clutch the glorious profits of his "venture."

The feelings of this avaricious man, upon hearing the news of his loss, may be better imagined than described. He was dumbfounded: ruin stared him in the face, double ruin—for he had traded upon borrowed capital! In a sentence, he remained for nearly an hour without motion or speech. Neither Faria nor Pinto dared to meet their creditors in Malacca; so, after a little reflection, they resolved to replenish their fortunes by piracy. Faria swore upon the holy evangelists that he would instantly set out in search of the robbers, and never return till he had obtained vengeance.

The adventurers found no difficulty in collecting a band of volunteers, and even in equipping and arming a little barque, in which they forthwith set sail. The rule upon which they proceeded was to attack every junk they fell in with, and thought themselves able to take, on the principle that it might possibly be that of Coja Acem; but when it

proved otherwise, it was not thought necessary to make any distinction in the mode of treatment—"all," in fact, "was fish that came to net." Sailing along the coasts of Cambodia, Cochin China, and Chiarripa, they, at the expense of a little blood, acquired considerable wealth.

Having, by piracy, obtained three junks and a smaller vessel, they anchored in a bay where they saw four *lanteas* (native vessels), from whence issued so loud a concert of musical instruments, that our adventurers could hardly hear each other's voices. The native vessels remained for about two hours at a little distance, as if watching the Portuguese, when one of them coming alongside, Pinto learned that this was the escort of a bride of distinction, daughter of the Governor of the neighbouring town, who was coming to meet her Celestial husband, and supposed that their armament was his. The bride had been much surprised and dismayed at his not having come immediately on board; she wrote, therefore, a long letter, professing her tender love and longing desire to see him, adding, in the style of Oriental conceit, that she no longer knew where she was without him who was her only light. She concluded by warning him to beware lest, if he delayed till to-morrow's dawn, he should no longer find her among the living.

Now comes an incident which exhibits the unscrupulousness and wanton heartlessness of the adventurers. As soon as Faria saw the lantea approach, he had caused all the Portuguese sailors to go beneath, and ordered the Chinese only to remain on deck; then, causing one of the latter to invite the bride's uncle and two others to come on board, he had them seized and placed under hatches. The Portuguese then threw a rope round the mast of the lantea, to prevent its escape, and immediately boarded and took it; they then pushed forward to the other three lanteas, and entered, without resistance, that in which the bride was. This lady, her two brothers, and twenty seamen, they at once captured and took on board; as for many elderly ladies who were in the lantea, they sent them ashore.

Having effected this piece of rascality they put to sea, and soon after they fell in with five other lanteas, from whence the sound of music and rejoicing issuing, and floating, as it were, along the waves, announced that it was the bridegroom coming in triumph to meet his bride. As the latter passed along, the Portuguese gave him a salutation, which he gaily returned, little suspecting, poor fellow, that they were bearing for ever away from him the object of his affections.

So far, the rogues prospered. It was not long, however, before the justice of Heaven overtook them, and punished them for their evil deed.

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONCERNING FOWLS AND POOLS.

ONE morning the Sudberry family sat on the green hill-side, in front of the White House, engaged in their usual morning amusement—feeding the cocks and hens.

It is astonishing what an amount of interest may be got up in this way! If one goes at it with a sort of philanthropico-philosophical spirit, a full hour of genuine satisfaction may be thus obtained—not to speak of the joy imparted to the poultry, and the profound glimpses obtained into fowl character.

There were about twenty hens, more or less, and two cocks. With wonderful sagacity did these creatures come to perceive that when the Sudberrys brought out chairs and stools after breakfast, and sat down thereon, they, the fowls, were in for a feed! And it was surprising the punctuality with which they assembled each fine morning for this purpose.

Most of the family simply enjoyed the thing; but Mr. Sudberry, in addition to enjoying it, studied it. He soon came to perceive that the cocks were cowardly wretches, and this gave him occasion to point out to his wife the confiding character and general superiority of female nature, even in hens. The two large cocks could not be prevailed on to feed out of the hand by any means. Under the strong influence of temptation they would strut with bold aspect, but timid, hesitating step, towards the proffered crumb, but the slightest motion would scare them away; and when they did venture to peck, they did so with violent haste, and instantly fled in abject terror.

It was this tendency in these ignoble birds that exasperated poor Jacky, whose chief delight was to tempt the unfortunate hens to place

unlimited confidence in him, and then clutch them by the beaks or heads and hold them wriggling in his cruel grasp; and it was this tendency that induced him, in the heat of disappointment, and without any reference whatever to sex, to call the cocks "big hens!"

The hens, on the other hand, exhibited gentle and trusting natures. Of course there was variety of character among them, as there is among ladies; but, for the most part, they were wont to rush towards their human friends in a body and peck the crumbs,—at first timidly, then boldly,—from their palms. There was one hen—a black and ragged one, with only half a tail, and a down-trodden aspect—which actually went the length of jumping up on little Tilly's knee and feeding out of her lap. It even allowed her to stroke its back, but it evidently permitted rather than enjoyed the process.

On the morning in question, the black hen was bolder than usual; perhaps it had not breakfasted that day, for it was foremost in the rush when the family appeared with chairs and stools, and leaped on Tilly's knee, without invitation, as soon as she was seated; whereupon Tilly called it "a dear darling pretty 'ittle pet," and patted its back.

"Why, the creature seems quite fond of you, my child," said Mrs. Sudberry.

"So it is, mamma. It loves me, I know, by the way it looks at me with its beautiful black eye. What a pity the other is not so nice! I think the poor darling must be blind of that eye."

There was no doubt about that. Blackie's right eye was blinder than any bat's; it was an opaque white ball—a circumstance which caused it no little annoyance, for the other eye had to do duty for both, and this involved constant screwing of the head about and unwearied watchfulness. It was as if a solitary sentinel were placed to guard the front and back doors of a house at one and the same time. Despite Blackie's utmost care, Jacky got on her blind side more than once, and caught her by the remnant of her poor tail. This used to spoil Tilly's morning amusement, and send her sorrowful into the house. But what did that matter to Jacky? He sometimes broke out worse than usual, and set the whole brood into an agitated flutter, which rather damaged the happiness of the family. But what did that matter to Jacky?

Oh! he was a "darling child," *according to his mother!*

For some time the feeding went on quietly enough. The fowls were confiding. Mr. Sudberry was becoming immensely philosophical; Mrs. S. was looking on in amiable gratification; George had prevailed on a small white hen to allow him to scratch her head; Fred was taking a

rapid portrait of the smallest cock; Lucy had drawn the largest concourse towards herself by scattering her crumbs on the ground; Jacky had only caught two chickens by their beaks and one hen by its tail, and was partially strangling another, and the nine M'Allister dogs were ranged in a semicircle round the group, looking on benignantly and evidently inclined to put in for a share, but restrained by the memory of past rebuffs—when little Blackie, standing on Tilly's knee, and having eaten a large share of what was going, raised itself to its full height, flapped its wings, and gave utterance to a cackle of triumph! A burst of laughter followed—and Tilly gave a shriek of delighted surprise that at once dissolved the spell and induced the horrified fowl to seek refuge in precipitate flight.

"By the way," said Mrs. Sudberry, "that reminds me that this would be a most charming day for your excursion over the mountains to that Lake What-you-may-call-it."

What connection there was between the little incident just described and the excursion to Lake "What-you-may-call-it" we cannot pretend to state, but there must have been some sort of connection in Mrs. Sudberry's brain, and we record her observation because it was the origin of this day's proceedings. Mr. S. had, for some time past, talked of a long walking excursion with the whole family to a certain small loch or tarn among the hills. Mrs. S. had made up her mind,—first, that she would not go; and, second, that she would get everyone else to go, in order to let Mrs. Brown and Hobbs have a thorough cleaning up of the house. This day seemed to suit for the excursion—hence her propounding of the plan. Poor delicate Tilly seldom went on long expeditions,—she was often doomed to remain at home.

Mr. Sudberry shouted "capital! huzza!" clapped his hands and rushed into the house to prepare, scattering the fowls like chaff in a whirlwind. Fired by his example, the rest of the family followed.

"But we must have our bath first, papa," cried Lucy.

"Certainly, my love, there will be time for that."

So away flew Lucy to the nursery, whence she re-issued with Jacky, Tilly, Mrs. Brown, and towels.

The bathing-pool was what George called a "great institution." In using this slang expression George was literally correct, for the bathing-pool was not a natural feature of the scenery: it was artificial, and had been instituted a week after the arrival of the family. The loch was a little too far from the house to be a convenient place of resort for ablutionary purposes. Close beside the house ran a small burn. Its birth-place was one of those dark glens or "corries" situated high up

among those mountains that formed a grand towering background in all Fred's sketches of the White House. Its bed was rugged and broken—a deep cutting, which the water had made on the hill-side. Here was quite a forest of dwarf-trees and shrubs; but so small were they, and so deep the torrent's bed, that you could barely see the tree-tops as you approached the spot over the bare hills. In dry weather this burn tinkled over a chaos of rocks, forming myriads of miniature cascades and hosts of limpid little pools. During heavy rains it ran roaring riotously over its rough bed with a force that swept to destruction whatever chanced to come in its way.

In this burn, screened from observation by an umbrageous coppice, was the bathing-pool. No pool in the stream was deep enough, in ordinary weather, to take Jacky above the knees; but one pool had been found, about two hundred yards from the house, which was large enough, if it had only been deeper. To deepen it, therefore, they went—every member of the family.

Let us recall the picture:—Father, in shirt sleeves rolled up to the shoulders and trousers rolled up to the knees, in the middle of the pool, trying to upheave from the bottom a rock larger than himself—if he only knew it! but he doesn't, because it is deeply embedded, therefore he toils on in hope. George building, with turf and stone, a strong embankment with a narrow outlet, to allow the surplus water to escape. Fred, Lucy, Tilly, and Peter, cutting turf and carrying stones. Mother superintending the whole and making remarks. Jacky making himself universally disagreeable, and distracting his mother in a miscellaneous sort of way. "It's as good as Robinson Crusoe any day!" cries father, panting and wiping his bald forehead. "What a stone! I can't budge it." He stoops again, to conquer, if possible, but the great difficulty with father is that the water comes so near to his tucked-up trousers that he cannot put forth his full strength without wetting them; and mother insists that this must not be done. "Come, George and Fred, bring the pickaxe and the iron lever, we *must* have this fellow out; he's right in the middle of the pool. Now, then, heave!" The lads obey, and father straddles so fiercely that one leg slips down. "Hah! *there*, you've done it now!" from mother. "Well, my dear, it can't be helped," meekly, from father, who is secretly glad, and prepares to root out the stone like a Hercules. Jacky gets excited, and hopes the other leg will slip down and get wet too! "Here, hand me the lever, George; you don't put enough force to it." George obeys and grins. "Now, then, once more, with will—ho! hi! hup!" Father strains at the lever, which, not having been properly fixed, slips, and he finds

himself suddenly in a sitting posture, with the water round his waist! As the cool element embraces his loins, he "h—ah—h!" gasps, as every bather knows how; but the shock to his system is nothing compared with the aggravation to his feelings when he hears the joyful yell of triumph that issues from the brazen lungs of his youngest hope. "Never mind, I'll work all the better now—come, let us be jolly, and clear out the rest of the pool." Good man! nothing can put him out. Gradually the bottom is cleared of stones (excepting the big one), and levelled, and the embankment is built to a sufficient height. "Now for the finishing touch!" cries George; "bring the turf, Fred—I'm ready!" The water of the burn is rushing violently through the narrow outlet in the "dyke." A heavy stone is dropped into the gap, and turf is piled on. "More turf! more stones! quick, look alive! it'll burst everything—there! that's it!" All hands toil and work at the opening to smother it up. The angry element leeks through, bursts, gushes—is choked back with a ready turf, and squirts up in their faces. Mother is stunned to see the power of so small a stream when the attempt is made to check it thoroughly; she is not mechanically-minded by nature, and has learned nothing in that way by education! It is stopped at last, however. For a quarter of an hour the waters from above are cut off from those below as completely as were those of the Jordan in days of old. They all stand panting and silent, watching the rising of the water, while George keeps a sharp eye on the dyke to detect and repair any weakness. At last it is full, and the surplus runs over in a pretty cascade, while the accommodating stream piles mud and stones against the dyke, and thus unwittingly strengthens the barrier. The pool is formed, full three feet deep by twenty broad. Jacky wants to bathe at once. "But the pool is like pea-soup, my pet—wait until it clears." "I won't—let me bathe!" —"Oh, Jacky, my darling!"—"I will! I will!"———He does, for in his struggles he slips on the bank, goes in head foremost, and is fished out in a disgusting condition!

So the bathing-pool was made. It was undoubtedly a "great institution;" they did not know at the time that, like many such institutions, it was liable to destruction; but they lived to see it.

Meanwhile, to return from this long digression, Lucy, Tilly, and Jacky bathed, while Mrs. Brown watched and scolded. This duty performed, they returned to the house, where they found the remainder of the party ready for a journey on foot, to Lake "What-you-may-call-it!" which lake Lucy named the Lake of the Clouds, its Gaelic cognomen being quite unpronounceable.

CHAPTER IX.—A GRAND EXCURSION OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

LITTLE did good Mr. Sudberry think what an excursion lay before him that day, when, in the pride of untried strength and unconquerable spirits, he strode up the mountain side, with his dutiful family following, like a "tail" behind him. There was a kind of narrow sheep-path, up which they marched in single file. Father first, Lucy next, with her gown prettily tucked up; George and Fred following, with large fishing-baskets stuffed with edibles; Jacky next, light and active, but, as yet, quiescent; timorous Peter bringing up the rear. He, also, was laden, but not heavily. Mr. Sudberry carried rod and basket, for he had been told that there were large trout in the Lake of the Clouds.

Ever and anon the party halted and turned round to wave hats and kerchiefs to Mrs. Sudberry, Tilly, and Mrs. Brown, who returned the salute with interest, until the White House appeared a mere speck in the valley below, and Mrs. Brown became so small that Jacky, for the first time in his life, regarded her as a contemptible *little* thing! At last a shoulder of the hill shut out the view of the valley, and they began to *feel* that they were in a deep solitude, surrounded by wild mountain peaks.

It is a fact, that there is something peculiarly invigorating in mountain air. What that something is we are not prepared to say. Oxygen and ozone have undoubtedly something to do with it, but in what proportions we know not. Scientific men could give us a learned disquisition on the subject, no doubt; we therefore refer our readers to scientific men, and confine our observations to the simple statement of the fact, that there is something extremely invigorating in mountain air. Every mountaineer knows it; Mr. Sudberry and family proved it that day beyond dispute, excepting, by the way, poor Peter, whose unfortunate body was not adapted for rude contact with the rough elements of this world.

The whole party panted and became very warm as they toiled upwards; but, instead of growing fatigued, they seemed to gather fresh strength and additional spirit at every step—always excepting Peter, of course. Soon a wild spirit came over them. On gaining a level patch of springy turf, father gave a cheer, and rushed madly he knew not, and cared not, whither. Sons and daughters echoed the cheer, and followed his example. The sun burst forth at the moment, crisping the peaks, gorges, and clouds,—which were all mingled together,—with golden fires. Each had started off without definite intention, and they were scattered far and wide in five minutes, but each formed the natural resolve to run to

the nearest summit, in order to devour more easily the view. Thus, they all converged again and met on a neighbouring knoll that overtopped a terrific precipice which overhung a small lake.

"The—Lake—of the—Clouds!" exclaimed Lucy, as she came up, breathless and beaming.

"Impossible!" cried her father; "M'Allister says it is on the other side of the ridge, and we're not near the top yet. Where are Peter and Jacky?"

"I cannot see them!" said George and Fred, in a breath.

"No more can I," cried Lucy.

No more could anybody, except a hunter or an eagle, for they were seated quietly among grey rocks and brown ferns, which blended with their costume so as to render them all but invisible.

The party on the knoll were, however, the reverse of invisible to Jacky and his exhausted companion. They stood out, black as ink, against the bright blue sky, and were so sharply defined that Jacky declared he could see the "turn-up of Lucy's nose."

The reader must not suppose that Master Jacky was exhausted, like his slender companion. A glance at his firm lip, flushed cheek, sturdy little limbs, and bright eyes, would have made that abundantly plain. No, Jacky was in a *peculiar* frame of mind—that was all. He chose to sit beside Peter, and, as he never condescended to give a reason for his choice, we cannot state one. He appeared to be meditatively inclined that day. Perhaps he was engaged in the concoction of some excruciating piece of wickedness—who knows?

Suddenly Jacky turned with a look of earnest gravity towards his companion, who was a woe-begone spectacle of exhaustion. "I say, we'd better go on, don't you think?"

Peter looked up languidly, sighed heavily, and laid his hand on the fishing-basket full of sandwiches, which constituted his burden. It was small and light, but to the poor boy it felt like a ton. Jacky's eyes became still more owlishly wide, and his face graver than ever. He had never seen him in this condition before—indeed, Jacky's experience of life beyond the nursery being limited, he had never seen any one in such a case before.

"I say, Peter, are you desprit blow'd?"

"Desprit," sighed Peter.

Jacky paused and gazed at his companion for nearly a minute.

"I say, d'ye think you could walk if you tried?"

"Oh, yes!" (with a groan and a smile;) "Come, I'll try to push ahead now."

"Here, give me the basket," cried Jacky, starting up with sudden and tremendous energy, and wrenching the basket out of Peter's hand. He did it with ease, although the small clerk was twice the size of the imp.

Peter remonstrated, but in vain. Mrs. Brown, a woman of powerful frame and strong mind, could not turn Jacky from his purpose—it was not likely, therefore, that an amiable milk-and-water boy, in a state of exhaustion, could do it. Jacky swung the basket over his shoulder with an amount of exertion that made him stagger, and, commanding Peter to follow, marched up the hill with compressed lips and knitted brows.

It was an epoch in the mental development of Jacky—it was a new sensation to the child. Hitherto he had known nothing but the feeling of dependence. Up to this point he had been compelled by the force of circumstances to look up to every one—and, alas! he had done so with a very bad grace. He had never known what it was to help any one. His mother had thoroughly spoiled him. Strange infatuation in the mother! She had often blamed the boy for spoiling his toys; but she had never blamed herself for spoiling the boy! "Darling Jacky! don't ask the child to do anything for you—he's too young yet." So Jacky was never asked to help any one in any way, except by Mrs. Brown, who did not "ask," but commanded, and, although she never rewarded obedience with the laurel, either literally or figuratively, she invariably punished disobedience with the *palm*. Little Tilly always did everything she wanted done herself, and could never do enough for Jacky, so that she afforded no opportunity for her brother to exercise amiable qualities. Thus was Jacky trained to be a selfish little imp, and to this training he superadded the natural wickedness of his own little heart. But now, for the first time, the tables were turned. Jacky felt that Peter was dependent on him—that he could not get on without him. "Poor Peter, I'll help him—he's a weak skinny chap, and I'm strong as a lion—as a elephant—as a crokindile—anything! Come on, Peter, are you getting better now?" Thus they went up the hill together.

"Ha! there they are at last, close under this mound. Why, I do believe that Jacky's carrying the basket!"

Mr. Sudberry was bereft of breath at this discovery; so was every one else. When the boy stumped up the hill and flung down the basket with an emphatic "there!" his father turned to the small clerk—

"How now, sir, did you bid Jacky carry that?"

"Please, sir—no, sir;" (whimpering) "but Master Jacky forced it out of my hand, sir, and insisted on carrying it. He saw that I was very tired, sir—and so I am, but I would not have asked him to carry it, if I had been ever so tired—indeed I would not, sir."

"I'm not displeased, my boy," said Mr. Sudberry, kindly, patting him on the head; "I only wanted to know if *he offered.*"

"Of course I did," cried the imp, stoutly, with his arms akimbo—"and why not? Don't you see that the poor boy is dead beat; and was I goin' to stand by and see him faint by his-self, all alone on the mountain?"

"Certainly not!" and Mr. Sudberry seized Jacky and whirled him round till he was quite giddy, and fell on the heather with a cheer, and declared that he would not budge from that spot until they had lunched. Need we say that Mr. Sudberry himself was the subject of a new sensation that day,—a sensation of a peculiarly hopeful nature,—as he gazed at his youngest son; while that refined little creature crammed himself with sandwiches and gingerbread, and besmeared his hands and visage with a pot of jam, that had been packed away by his mother for her own darling's special use?

"My poor lad, you must not come any farther with us. I had no idea you were so much fatigued. Remain here by the provisions, and rest in the sunshine till we return."

So Mr. Sudberry gave Peter a plaid that had been carried up to serve as a table-cloth, and told him to wrap well up in it, lest he should catch cold. They left him there on the knoll, refreshed and happy, and with a new feeling in his breast in regard to Jacky, whom, up to that day, he had regarded as an imp of the most hopelessly incorrigible description.

"Over the mountain and over the moor" the Sudberrys wandered. The ridge was gained, and a new world of mountains, glens, gorges, and peaks was discovered on the other side of it, with the Lake of the Clouds lying, like a bright diamond, far below them. They descended into this new world with a cheer. A laugh or a cheer was their chief method of conversation now—their spirits as well as their bodies being so high. "Not a house to be seen! not a sign of man! the untrodden wilderness!" cried Mr. Sudberry. "Robinson Crusoe! Mungo Park! Pooh!" shouted George. "Hooray!" yelled Jacky. The whole party laughed again, and down the slope they went, at such a pace that it was a miracle they did not terminate their career in the lake with the poetic name.

At this point every one was suddenly "seized." Mr. S. and George were seized with an irresistible desire to fish; Fred was seized with a burning desire to sketch; Lucy was seized with a passionate desire to gather wild flowers; and Jacky was seized with a furious desire to wet himself and wade *with his shoes on.* He did it, too, and, in the course of an hour, tumbled into so many peat-bogs, and besmeared himself with

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—TRAVELS.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE FIFTH—OF TRAVELS.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

TRAVELLERS see strange things; but, as they tell shocking stories about what little they *have* seen, I must warn you all against such men as Burton, Speke, or Livingstone, before commencing my modest narration of the many wonders which I have been so fortunate as to fall across.

I have travelled everywhere.

I have seen everything.

I have been to the six quarters of the globe, have frizzled in the torrid and frozen in the frigid zone, sounded the depths of the ocean, scaled the heights of the Himalayas, suffered in the desert, and feasted with the Fastidious Fejees. It is all the same to me; travel I must.

ON STILTS.

Talk to me about discovering the sources of the Nile—when Speke and Grant were being bamboozled by the African chiefs, what did I do? I made myself a noble pair of stilts, so long, that I saw right over Lake Nyanza as if it had been laid out in an Ordnance map; and so strong, being of lignum vitæ, that neither African knife, saw, nor hatchet could cut them through. Many a time before and since have I found the benefit of this safe and quick mode of travelling; indeed, the only danger I have feared is from snakes,

SPITCH-COCKED SNAKE.

as they climb up my stilts almost before I am aware of them; but then I always carry a portable cooking-stove on my back, so that, at least, they have served me for dinner, being very tasteful food, either stewed, spitch-cocked, or fried.

BACKWARD WALK.

When stilts do not serve, the next best plan is to walk backwards, as I did to Palestine. This method has the benefit of entirely confusing the intellects of the natives; it keeps your mind well occupied with the aspect of the journey of the day

before, and hides from your eyes the horrors of the difficulties to come; you are better able to believe all the stories you are told; and if, being a coward (I am not), you are attacked by robbers, you have the opportunity of running away, without the shame of turning tail.

The worst of these two capital plans for getting along is, that unless you are as strong in the limbs as I happen to be, they will prove very tiring: it was, indeed, to rid me of this difficulty, that I invented the famous Munchausen hop; it combines rest with exertion. You start on your right leg and hop the first twenty or thirty miles, then change your support, and on the left leg, fresh and vigorous, hop another forty—so changing, on you may go, night and day, without stopping; at all events, if you do without sleep as I do. Nineteen of us started from Sydney, each with his little bag of oatmeal and his box of pemmican (an invention of my own), and hopped clean across Central Australia, making friends with the natives as we passed, and planting the cotton-tree of civilization into the bargain.

THE FAMOUS MUNCHAUSEN HOP.

I have tried my famous hop across the desert of Sahara; but, although it answered very well, on the whole, I prefer my camel—the heat of the sand is so apt to inflame the sole of the foot, unless, indeed, as in my case, you have a water-cart to go on before, cooling the ground, and that is an expensive operation, after all, in a country where water is so precious.

THE WATER-CART OF THE DESERT.

However, for a good start, which is half the battle on a long voyage, give me my steel spring; it is so simple, and, with a good aim, so safe. Take a steel wire, of the thickness of your thumb, and coil it into a spring; then temper it, and, after, fix it into the ground, its enormous power being held down by a strong wrought-steel catch, fashioned somewhat like a railway break; stand in the top coil of your spring, call to your man to "release!" and away you fly, straight as an arrow, to the spot towards which you have skilfully directed your spring.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

I call it "Jack-in-the-Box!" albeit, there is no box at all, and my name is not Jack; it is my favourite way of commencing a journey, saves so much trouble, and, what is more, expense. Of course it is as well to be careful of your direction before starting: the last time I made for Jericho, the spring swerved fifty-nine seventy-fourths of an inch too much toward the east.

Lo! before I knew what was the matter, I was in Japan.

This was a bother: it might have been worse. I found English, Americans, and Russians all at loggerheads with both Tycoon and Mikado, so got up a party of Daimios, whose friendship I had secured on a previous

visit, and, after having put down the Tycoon, and made mincemeat of the Mikado, just quietly disarmed the Daimios and their followers, establishing the honest English rule full in sight of Nagasaki. I take no credit to myself for this bit of sharp practice—it merely shows how much may be accomplished by a cool head and a powerful will.

THE ENGLISH COLONY OF JAPAN.

I would not by any means advise the use of my "Jack" for the purposes of the Alpine Club. Oh dear, no! They once tried it, and the whole party, including Tyndal, who slipped in at the last moment, were landed on the Peak of Teneriffe, where I hear, by telegram, they are now waiting for me to fetch them back again. My plan for mountaineering is of a more deliberate character; it is not founded on Jack-in-the-Box, but on that other toy, which is used for the marshalling of little wooden soldiers, and which, I believe, is called "lazy tongs." Now, if you look at the picture I have had drawn, you will see how calmly I seat myself on the top joint, and allow my two servants, the old man and his son, to lift me quietly upon just exactly the peak or ridge which I have previously pointed out to them. It is in this way that I have exhausted all the wonders of Mont Blanc, settled for ever the conflicting theories of glacier formation, put an end to the disputed questions with regard to the Himalayas, and from a mountain, the name of which I refuse to disclose, brought down safely, and deposited in the Asiatic section of the British Museum, the door, window, and thick end of the rudder of Noah's ark. I am now on my way with my "lazy tongs," my good old man and his son, to Teneriffe, hoping to restore Professor Tyndal and the Alpine Club to that "Royal Society" which they so much adorn.

"LAZY TONGS."

I was travelling on a high-pressure engine in Pennsylvania last year, when the crazy thing exploded, and we were all blown up. I do not know what became of the engine-driver and stoker—I have never been able to hear of them since; but for myself, I was sent in a great hurry across the Pacific Ocean, and where I should have stopped I cannot tell, had I not luckily struck my forehead against a knot in the south pole. It gave me a headache and a great bump, but saved my life, I believe.

TRAVELLING BY STEAM.

They are a gentle but intelligent race—the South Polacks; I believe, if it were not for a prejudice against daylight, which still exists among them, it would be possible to plant the cotton-tree of civilization even here. I lived with them happily for some weeks; but they have such a bad habit of snoring in their sleep, that I could not rest in my bed, so took advantage of a return whale, starting off for a glimpse of the sun, and, on his back, reached the bay of Panama, whence I took ship for England the very next day.

THE SOUTH POLACKS.

Talking of explosions, reminds me of being upset by a droschky-driver, in the outskirts of St. Petersburg, and rolling away with such a terrible impetus, that I rolled right through Russia, fell down a copper-mine in the Ural Mountains, put both arms and my right leg out of joint, was taken prisoner on suspicion of being a spy, and kept in Siberia, until, after pulling my arms and my leg back into their sockets, I wrote to the Emperor himself, and so obtained a tardy release: however, this was a hint to me that, feared as is the name of Munchausen, even disguise might be necessary.

THE RUSSIAN ROLL.

How to disguise? Well! When I went through China, I took care to travel on my hands, so as to hide from them my European and too well-known features, and by this means not only sufficiently concealed my identity, but so frightened the poor mandarins, that, as you will see in the centre of the picture, they all fell of a-heap, the old fat one, he of the "first order," in his terror seizing two of the pigtails of his brother officers, and there I left them.

HOW TO DISGUISE.

I do not deny that it requires a certain presence of mind, with some moral courage, to travel comfortably on your hands, and that it is also proper to wear a good thick pair of leather gloves; still, this upside-down fashion has its advantages, even on the score of economy, for you cannot wear out your boots, which, moreover, dangling above your head, serve as a kind of sunshade as you go along.

I would not advise any one to go to the Marquesas Islands on horse-back, unless they get good well-trained sea-horses, as I did; then they will find it easy enough. With the ordinary racer, I have myself failed to accomplish more than half the journey, being forced to put up at Cape Horn, and really glad to have safely galloped so far.

SEA-HORSES.

But if horses are untrustworthy, not so is the camel. I trained a large dromedary to such a state of perfection, that not only could the faithful animal go for years without wanting water, but, moreover, its supply was so pure and plentiful, that on my return to England I sold him to the New River Company, and well housed at Newington, near the Manor House, he serves as their principal reservoir. Unfortunately, one cannot well make an intimate friend of the camel, he is so wayward; but the elephant, although his power of endurance is not nearly so great, is more dependable. An elephant I once caught in Ceylon—the same old fellow that used to carry me on his trunk—was so intelligent, that, being in want of a clerk to help me in my correspondence and accounts, I taught my dear white elephant to read, write, and cypher; you will be astonished to hear that his handwriting was of the delicate angular pattern, and

THE LONDON WATER SUPPLY.

that he could never read the *Morning Star* with patience, because of its very careless punctuation. Alas! he is no more. I lost him in Egypt, where, had I not, with great skill and perseverance, harnessed and driven twelve crocodiles in hand, I should, I think, have been lost also. Even as it was, the great reptiles were quite useless in turning sharply round a corner, and reminded me how much more successful I had been with the Dover mail-coach, when, years ago, I set it off at such a speed, that, although I drove it over Shakespeare's Cliff into the sea, it went too fast to sink, and successfully made the voyage to the Sandwich Islands, where the chief, to whom of course I presented it, used the machine for his royal progresses, and is very proud of it, I assure you.

THE EDUCATED ELEPHANT.

TOO FAST TO SINK.

Yet, of all the plans for voyaging by sea that I have yet invented, I think my

"PATENT SELF-ACTING AND SELF-FLOATING RAILWAY"

is the best. The rail, which is made of indurated cork and india-rubber bands, thrown on to the water, looks like a strip of stair carpeting. The engine and carriage, a beautiful combination of the old copper kettle and the garden wheelbarrow, being attached to the near end, rolls itself up with such force in the strip of railway, as to expend its effort in throwing the rail off again; once more it rolls itself up, once more it casts off, and so on; alternately rolling up and casting off, it makes a safe, quick, and pleasant sea voyage at the rate of, say, twelve knots an hour: such is the advantage of science when wielded by boys like Munchausen. This simple machine has already run me over to the Friendly Isles and the Society Isles. I purpose next year to carry the mails between this country and Australia, if I find I have nothing better to occupy my time.

GEORGE STEPHENSON MUNCHAUSEN.

It was in this way I crossed the ice, and discovered the north-west passage; set the Franklin difficulty for ever at rest; tried, unsucessfully, to plant the cotton-tree of civilization, and finally introduced the art of dancing among the polar bears.

I tried travelling in a large bottle, but suffered sadly from want of fresh air.

As for Sindbad's notion of riding a bird-back, I shall never think the inconvenience of such primitive transit at all repaid by the rapid journey I made to Mexico and the Diamond Valleys Far before such an uncomfortable plan I must reckon the bellows system—another of my inventions—by means of which I gained access to the mines of Peru: it is accomplished by sheer strength of the left arm, with the aid of a common

BIRD-BACK *v.* BELLOWS AND BROOMSTICK.

house-bellows. You blow yourself in the direction you wish to go, the difficulty being to exactly accommodate the power of the blast to the force of the earth's gravitation, which is not easily done, I assure you. Now, the witch's broomstick does not require either strength or tact,—only demands steady nerve and the power of holding your breath.

A FROG-BACK IN FRANCE.

A frog-back in France, one is at one's ease. Of course you cannot do it with one frog, but take a shoal, tie them in a bag, sit on them gently, and cry in a shrill voice,

"*Parlez-vous ?*"

and they will hop off, carrying you along with them in a series of short, sharp jerks, very pleasant as soon as you get used to it, and not nearly so irksome as the jolting of a railway carriage.

HEAD OVER HEELS TO NEW ZEALAND.

I one day started head over heels, and turned five hundred thousand summersets before giving over, and with such vigour were these vaulted, that, when quite exhausted, I stopped for a rest, you will hardly expect to hear that I found myself in New Zealand ; but such is the fact, I assure you.

Shipwreck never frightens me, for, even if I forget to swim, I calmly travel down to my old friends the mermen, and make a jolly night of it. The worst is they are such confirmed drinkers, that one suffers for it in the head the next morning ; still I forgive them that, poor fellows, not only because they have nothing but ship's rum to pass away the time with, but because they always wash me with salamander soap, which protects me from fire in a most wonderful way : it is rubbed on with a stiff brush, hot.

EXTRACT OF GRAVITATION.

I once extracted the gravitation of the earth and decanted it into a small glass bottle, where, by means of skilful movements of the cork, I was enabled to travel wherever I pleased, so long as I placed myself in a parallel latitude with the place to which I intended to journey ; unfortunately for me, I one morning pulled the cork out too far, and, in consequence, shot straight up to the moon, where I smashed my bottle to a thousand pieces against the old man in the moon's bundle of faggots, but I came down safely enough on a double-edged rainbow, bringing with me a few of Jack's celebrated beans, from one of which I grew a fine strong beanstalk, and up it I took good care to climb so often as I wished to discover a new country, for there is this singular virtue in Jack's beanstalk, that, go up it as often as you may, its topmost branches will always land you in a new and undiscovered region.

JACK'S BEANSTALK.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE TREASURE ISLES.

(A.D. 1760.)

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

(*Continued from page* 192.)

MY preparations for landing were but just completed, when the mate sung out, "Breakers ahead!" I ran at once on deck. The fog had grown denser than ever. There was no land in sight, though I knew we must be within a mile of the shore. Not even the breakers were visible, but we could hear the roaring of them quite distinctly. I gave orders to lay to immediately; and, taking Taylor aside, told him that it was my intention to go ashore in the boat without a moment's delay. He flung up his hands and implored me not to venture.

"I swear to you, sir," said he, emphatically, "that there's no land within four hundred miles of us on any side. These are coral reefs; and to take a boat amongst them in this fog is to rush on certain destruction. For Heaven's sake, sir, stay aboard, at least, till the fog clears off!"

But I only laughed, and refused to listen to him.

"There's land, mate," said I, "within a mile. I saw it with my own eyes not two hours ago; and it's a land, let me tell you, that will make the fortune of every man on board. As for the breakers, I'll risk them. If the boat is swamped, it will be no great hardship to swim to shore."

"It will be death, sir," groaned the mate.

Of this, however, I took no notice, but proceeded to give my instructions. I left the command of the *Mary-Jane* in his hands during my absence, and desired him, if the fog cleared, to anchor in the large bay off which I knew we were lying. I then added that I expected to get back to the vessel before nightfall, but ordered that an exploring party should be sent ashore to search for me, if I had not returned by the end of eight and forty hours. To all this the honest fellow assented reluctantly enough, and bade me farewell with as sorrowful an air as if he were attending me to the scaffold.

The boat was then lowered; I took Josh Dunn for my rower, laid my own hands to the helm, and gave the word to put off. The men

on board uttered a feeble cheer as we parted company, and in less time than it takes to tell, the *Mary-Jane* was hidden from us by the fog.

"Josh," said I, as the sound of the breakers grew more and more audible, "if the boat ships water, we shall have to swim for it."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Josh, briskly.

"Straight ahead," I continued, "lies dry land; behind us the *Mary-Jane*. But a small schooner is more easily missed in a fog, Josh, than an island as big as Malta or Madeira."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Josh, as before.

"If you're wise," said I, "you'll strike out for the shore, as I shall. In the meanwhile, we had better fill our pockets with biscuit, for fear of accidents."

I then divided the contents of the biscuit-bag, and we stuffed our pockets as full as they could hold. By this time, the noise had so increased that we could scarcely hear each other's voices, and the white foam was already visible through the mist.

"Steady, Josh," cried I, "there are rough seas before us."

The words were scarcely past my lips when we were tossing in the midst of the surf, drenched with spray, and well-nigh deafened by the roaring of the waters. I saw directly that no boat could live in such a whirlpool—ours did not hold out for five minutes. Flung from billow to billow like a mere cockle-shell, she laboured onwards for something like a hundred yards, filled, heeled over, and disappeared suddenly from beneath our feet.

Prepared for this catastrophe, I rose like a cork, glued my arms to my sides, kept my mouth and eyes shut, and suffered the waves to carry me along. Finding, however, that instead of bearing me towards the shore, they only dashed me hither and thither among the breakers, I presently gave up all hope of floating in, and, being an excellent swimmer, struck out for land. Blinded, buffeted, breathless, now carried to the summit of a mighty wave, now buried in the very heart of a mountain of green sea, now fighting forward again, in spite of wind and spray, I struggled on with a superhuman energy that only the love of life and riches could have inspired. Suddenly, my feet touched land—lost it—touched again. I threw all my strength into one last, desperate effort, precipitated myself through the raging foam that broke like a vast barrier all along the shore, and fell, face downwards, on the pebbly beach beyond.

I lay there for some minutes, just within reach of the spray, and beyond the line of the breakers, so utterly spent and stupefied as to be scarcely conscious of the danger from which I had escaped.

Recovering, however, by degrees, I rose, looked around, and found myself on a shelving belt of shingle that reached far away on either side till lost in the fog. Beyond the shingle ran a line of low cliffs, along the summits of which, looking dim and distant in the misty air, rose the feathery tops of a far-stretching forest of cocoa-nut palms. Here, then, was the island, palpable, undeniable, actual. I took up a handful of loose pebbles, stamped on the shingle, ran along the beach. In all this there was no illusion. I was awake, sober, in full possession of my senses. All was as it seemed—all tried, and proved, and real.

Passing instantaneously from a state of wonder, half confused, half incredulous, to a wild, unbounded joy, I ran about for some minutes like a maniac—shouting, leaping, clapping my hands, and giving way to the most extravagant demonstrations of triumph. In the midst of this folly, the thought of Josh Dunn flashed across my mind. I grew sober in a moment. What had become of the poor fellow? I had never seen him from the instant when the boat capsized. Had he swum for the ship or the shore? Was he saved or lost? I went backwards and forwards along the beach, dreading to see his corpse washed up by every coming wave, but found no trace of him in any direction. Convinced, at length, that farther search was hopeless, I gave it up, and turned my face and footsteps towards the cliffs.

It was now, as nearly as I could calculate, about ten o'clock in the day. The heat was tempered by the fog and the sea-breeze, and I promised myself to reach the mountain-top before sunset. Making straight across the beach to a point where the cliffs looked somewhat lower and more broken than elsewhere, I succeeded in climbing up the face of the rock without much difficulty, and in gaining the skirts of the palm-forest above. Here I flung myself down in the shade, and proceeded to examine the contents of my pockets. The rum, ammunition, and other loose stores were lost with the boat; but I found that I was still in possession of all that I had stowed about my person. One by one, I brought out my tinder-box, telescope, pocket-compass, clasp-knife, and other trifles; all of which (except the compass, which was inclosed in a tight tin case) were more or less damaged by the sea-water. As for the biscuit, it was reduced to a nauseous pulp, which I flung away in disgust, preferring to trust to the cocoa-nuts for my subsistence. Of these I saw hundreds clustered overhead; and, being by this time quite ready for breakfast, I climbed the tree against which I had been lying, brought down three or four nuts, and made a delicious meal. I then unscrewed and cleaned the glasses of my telescope, consulted my compass, and prepared to continue my journey. Finding by the position

of the needle that the north lay to the right, following the line of shore below, I concluded that I must have swum to land at some point of the eastern extremity of the bay where I had hoped to anchor. This being the case, I had but to march due west in order to arrive at the foot of the mountain, which I proposed to myself as the object of my first day's exploration. Due west I turned accordingly, and, compass in hand, took my way through the green shade of the forest. Here the coolness, the silence, the solitude, were perfect. I could not hear my own footsteps for the moss that carpeted the ground; and though I saw several birds of brilliant plumage, they uttered no kind of note, but sat like painted creatures on the boughs, and looked at me without any sign of fear. Once or twice, I saw a small long-tailed monkey flitting like a squirrel through the uppermost tree-tops; but it was gone in a moment, and seemed only to make the place more wild and solitary. On every side, like graceful columns supporting the roof of some vast temple, rose hundreds of slender palm-stems, ringed with the natural record of their yearly growth; whilst here and there, through openings in the boughs, came glimpses of blue sky and shafts of golden sunlight.

When I had walked thus for about a mile and a half, finding the atmosphere growing clearer and brighter at every step, I suddenly emerged upon a grassy plain studded with trees like an English park, and traversed by a small winding river that glittered like moving silver in the open sunshine. Beyond this plain, at the distance of about another mile and a half, lay a second forest, more extensive, apparently, than the first; and beyond that again, defined so clearly against the deep blue sky that I could almost have believed I might touch it with my hand, rose a steep and rugged peak, clothed half-way up with trees, and surmounted by some kind of building, with a beacon on the top. The height of this peak I calculated at something less than two thousand feet. I recognized it at once as the same which I had sighted from the masthead of the *Mary-Jane* at sunrise that morning. I also recognized the plain and river, each lying in its proper geographical position, according to the chart.

Finding my every hope becoming corroborated as I went on, I now made no question as to the result of my undertaking, but pushed gaily forward, and amused myself by speculating about the treasure. Where should I find it? In what form? Perhaps we should have to mine for it; and in that case I made up my mind to seek all round the island, if necessary, for some safe harbour in which to anchor the *Mary-Jane*. I should then land all my crew, build a few temporary huts, and set the men hard to work at digging and smelting,

till our little ship would hold not another ingot. This done, I would sail straight for Jamaica, lodge my treasure in some colonial bank, purchase a large vessel, engage a numerous crew, and return at once for a fresh cargo of riches. What was to prevent me, indeed, from coming again and again, and carrying hence such wealth as no king or kaiser in all the world could boast?

Absorbed in dreams of untold grandeur and power, I felt neither fatigue nor heat, nor was conscious of the miles I traversed. There was now no fog, nor sign of fog, and the atmosphere was magically clear and bright. A soft air blew from the west. The rich grass of the savannah was thick with flowers. Even the mossy glades of the second forest were radiant with purple and scarlet berries, which I dared not taste, although they gave out a delicious odour. This forest proved more extensive than the first, and was more closely planted. All at once, just as I began to wonder how much farther it would lead me, I found myself upon the inner verge of the woods, with a strange and startling sight spread out like a panorama before my eyes.

The forest terminated abruptly, about half a mile from the foot of the mountain, and lay round it in one vast circular sweep, a zone of living green. Between these woods and the mountain lay the domes, obelisks, and ivy-mantled walls of a noble city, all deserted and in ruins. In the midst of these ruins rose the great solitary mountain towards which I had been journeying so long. More ruins were clustered about the base of it, and for some way up the lower slopes and buttresses of its sides. Above these came trees and underwood, and, towering higher still against the sky, a lofty peak of rock and rugged precipice. Examining this peak by the aid of my telescope, I saw some kind of small white edifice upon the very summit, surmounted, apparently, by a pyramidal ornament, supporting a glittering beacon. This beacon was the same that I had seen scintillating in the morning light, some ten miles off across the sea. I observed it long and earnestly. Was it made of glass, or of some reflecting metal? Did it revolve, or were these brilliant flashes, which seemed almost as if emanating from its very substance, mere refractions of the sunlight? These were questions which I found it impossible to solve without nearer observation. I could only turn my eyes away, dazzled and half blinded, and then press forward, more eagerly than ever, on my way.

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO NO. IV.

"The meek ey'd morn appears, mother of dews."—*Thomson.*

HARRY UPTON'S "LARK."

By ANNE BOWMAN.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SOLITARY OF THE LONELY ISLE.

"FOR my part," said Harry, "I don't believe these are human bones; how could the few savages who may inhabit this island get any one to devour, if it were not their infants or their grandmothers? These may be the bones of bears, or some other large beast; but, anyhow, it may be as well 'to run,' as we have no forces for a regular battle. But I'd like to have some birds; it would be stupid to go off empty-handed."

"And the savages may be hearing us shoot," said Dick.

"Well, I won't say that would be pleasant, old Wisdom," replied Harry, "so we won't mind the pigeons. Halloo! what's that?"

It was an arrow that only just missed its object, and a rustling in a thicket not far off proclaimed from whence it came. Harry, the reckless, would not retreat until he had fired into the thicket, and a loud yell showed that his shot had taken effect. But a dozen fierce faces appeared above the bushes, and swiftly as the boys fled, the flight of arrows that followed them had nearly proved fatal, for two actually pierced the straw hat of Harry. They were not many minutes in reaching the shore, calling out, as soon as they were within hearing, for the Byrnes to embark.

The mother, in alarm, clutched up her straggling children, and in a few minutes, the tide being up, they were fairly afloat—only just in time, for the savage assailants followed them to the strand, and discharged several volleys of arrows after them; but, by lying down in the boat, and allowing it to drift, they escaped the arrows, which passed over them. Fortunately, the savages had either soon expended their arrows, or become tired of their unprofitable warfare, for they desisted, and the voyagers sailed beyond danger, bearing away with them, besides the agreeable supply of fruit, broiled ducks and abundance of cooked eggs and potatoes, which enabled them for the next three days to endure their tedious voyage with some cheerfulness.

Then they had again to fall back on their prison fare, and they looked with longing eyes on the many rich-looking isles they passed, from some of which the spicy odour of their products proved an intolerable temptation.

"Plase yer honners," said Terence, "would it be a Christen man shoutin' on us, seeing he lanes to white, sure, musha! and we niver hearin' him at all, barrin' we see him houlding up the white rag, to spake to us."

Terence was very sharp-sighted, and the rest soon found he was correct: they discovered the figure of a man on the shore of a small island, who appeared to be signalling them.

"Sure the cratur's in disthress!" cried Ellen, "and yer honners will niver be turning the back to him at all, in regard to the savages and the wild bastes being afther him, plase God; and he nading a cast in this same boat, that same being our duty altogether, the cratur!"

"The boat's over heavy-laden as it is," said Dick.

"We must stretch a point, anyhow, if it be a bad case," said Harry. "You know, old fellow, we were ready enough to speak hard words against that cowardly Scotch knave, when he sneaked off and left us in our trouble. We'll just make up to him, and hear what he wants from us."

They drew up towards the island, which lay far apart from any other, and was of temptingly rich appearance. They soon heard the voice of the man hailing them, but when they were near enough to distinguish him, Harry gave a long whistle and cried out,—

"We have gone and done it, Dick. Hang me if it isn't that dirty dog, Mackenzie!"

"One wouldn't have chosen him out of a lot for a comrade," replied Dick; "but it would be hardly fair to turn away now."

"That's the vexation," said Harry. "I don't see that we can get out of it anyhow. But mind, Dick, we'll hold our own, for I know the fellow will try to pick the teeth out of our head."

"He'd better not, or he'll find out we can bite," grumbled Dick, as they drew up the boat to the beach.

"By my troth," said the man, with great effrontery, "wha wou'd hae thought we'd clash together again? It's joost a Providence, laddies; we'll share and share alike. I see ye've let on salvage fra' the auld ship, and it'll come in handy for me, alang wi' my ain belongings. Bring her in, laddies, while I rin to bring up my bits of things. How are ye graithed for proveesions? Here's lashings o' stuff here for gethering in."

"Is the island inhabited?" said Harry, haughtily, out of patience with the cool impudence of the man.

"Eenhabited," replied he; "ay, ye'll likely ca' him an eenhabitant; an auld feckless carl! wi' his preachings and gibings. Does he think

that I'd be that fule body to fling awa my insurance papers? Folks mauna luik ower mickle anent ithers, and heed nought for their ain graithing. He's been ower yonner at the diggings, and ta'en some fancy that there were misdoings amang 'em. Then, hech! sirs, off he cam' like a shot, and draps doon here. Wha kens what he is? Wha kens if he hae siller, or if he be puir? He a'e keeps a quiet tongue anent his ain; but he's ower free in bullying me; sae, hinnies, I'll joost flit alang wi' ye."

Harry and Dick, much annoyed at the prospect of such an offensive passenger, resolved, at all events, to land and seek "the carl" he spoke of, who might afford them information, if not assistance. They had no occasion to seek him, for, by the time they had moored the boat, a tall, gentlemanly man, of middle age, in a sort of shooting-dress, came up to them and said,—

"Young men, are you here from curiosity or from distress?"

"When you look at our small boat and our large party, sir," said Harry, "and hear that we had scarcely ever handled an oar till this necessity compelled us to try, you will, I think, agree that we might justly plead distress. But, for all that, we have had such frights with the savages of the islands that I hardly think we should have ventured to land here had we not been signalled by this man."

"And what does he require from you?" asked the stranger.

"A free passage," replied Harry, "to any shore to which it may please God to drift us; for we are as ignorant of our precise situation as of the means to reach a port. Yet we were very thankful when we picked up this boat, as it offered us the opportunity of escaping from savages and wild beasts."

Then Harry, encouraged by the friendly interest the stranger showed, related to him their whole history, not omitting Mackenzie's desertion of them in their utmost need.

"I have no doubt of your truth, young man," said the solitary, "and therefore I cannot think on what pretext Mackenzie can dare to claim assistance from you."

"Joost for charity," said the wily man. "'Do as ye would be done by,' and sae forth. I ken Scripter brawly."

"It is not the knowledge but the practice of piety that is laudable," answered the stranger. "Did you remember that you ought to do as you would be done by when you abandoned these youths in their distress?"

"Ou! sirs," said Mackenzie, "I werena unweeling to tak' the laddies in, setting aside yon Irish fry. It stan's to reason I werena gaun to even

mysel' wi' the like of them. Charity's a grand thing; but it behoves a mon to luik after his ain; and wha kens I hadna' fa'en amang thieves?"

The stranger looked indignant, and said to the youths, "For fear of treachery, you shall moor your boat in my own harbour."

He stepped into it, the boys following him, and, taking up a pair of oars, he rowed along the coast until they came to the mouth of a broad river, up which he drew for a mile, when they saw a leaf-covered hut standing on the bank of a little calm bay formed by a bend of the river. In this harbour lay a large handsome boat with two masts, and a sort of half-deck, with a cabin below.

"Here," said Mr. Manly, for that, he told them, was his name, "here your boat can lie in safety. I can see it from my house; but, above all, my faithful dog always guards strictly whatever his master places in his charge. But for him, yon false Mackenzie would before this have absconded in my boat."

When they landed, Mr. Manly conducted the whole party to his dwelling, which consisted of three large airy rooms or huts, the walls of bamboo, interwoven with leafy twigs, and the thatch, the leaves of the cocoa-nut palm.

"One of these huts," he said, "is my own private apartment, the second is for my cooking and my stores, and the third I erected partly to employ my hands and my mind, and partly to afford a refuge for any shipwrecked strangers. Enter, and be welcome. I will advise you how to proceed; and my first words of counsel are, 'Beware of the worldly, unprincipled Mackenzie.'"

When they were ushered into the spacious apartment in which Manly lived, he left them to retire to his kitchen, and they looked around on the comforts that surrounded them. In the midst was a large rough table, and stools evidently made by the same untaught hand. There were several shelves, containing books, fishing apparatus, and tools for labour. On one side stood a large strong chest, and near it a wooden bed-frame with a mattress of leaves, and a cotton coverlet. On the table were a writing-desk, a compass, and some other useful instruments, and a cocoa-nut bowl filled with the glorious tropical flowers so highly prized in England. In a short time the host returned, bringing in a dish of venison-steaks, one of boiled rice, and some delicious melons. The voyagers sat down with excellent appetite, and Mackenzie soon walked in and coolly sat down to join them, observing,—

"Ye'd forgetten yer rum when ye freighted yer boat, Manly; a' would be mighty grand gin ye'd a sup of grog to gi'e us."

"Plase yer honner," said Dan, "would it be the rhum ye were nading? Sure, thin, isn't it plinty of that same saled up in bottles in the lockers; and me the boy to be fetchin' it, an ye tell me that same?"

"Hech! sirs," said Mackenzie, "but ye ken brawly how to keep a quiet tongue anent your salvage. Wi' us it's enow to cry out 'halves!' and sae, I'll luik for my fair share of the gude liquor."

"You may take it all, for anything that I care," said Harry. "I never meant a bottle to be opened unless any one was sick. Dick and I have seen enough of drunkenness to abominate it."

"If you make use of the rum, Mackenzie," said Mr. Manly, "remember the liquor is, as you must know, the property of the owners of the unfortunate vessel."

Mackenzie whistled to express his contempt of this advice, and then left them to return to the coast, where, Manly said, he usually spent the whole day, watching for some vessel that might take him to Europe, that he might recover his insurance.

"You wonder to see me so contented in this absolute solitude, young men," continued Manly. "I will tell you the cause of my retirement; you are still in the morning of life, and it may be a lesson to you.

"I was the son of a rich merchant. I had only one brother, and we were brought up in luxurious indulgence and uncorrected self-will, for we had never known the precious discipline of a mother, having lost ours in our infancy. My father was worldly and selfish; he deemed that he fulfilled his duty to us when he spent large sums on our education, and allowed us money freely. He rarely admonished us when we were in error; but, if roused by some glaring fault, he became furious, using harsh and threatening words.

"I, who ought to have set an example to my younger brother, was more thoughtless and extravagant than he. I wasted money in gambling; I plunged into low society; I completed my offences by marrying a woman, unknown to my father, whose bad conduct and ignorance forbade her introduction to society. I then absented myself for weeks from my home, and I was informed that my brother had taken advantage of my disappearance to tell my father of all my excesses, and, above all, of my disgraceful marriage. My father was then in bad health, and I heard, by chance, that his illness was increased. I hastened to him, for, in spite of my errors, I loved him.

"I arrived too late. I found my father dead, and myself penniless; dependent on the charity of my brother, to whom everything was left. He made professions to which I would not listen; he offered me money, which I refused with indignation. I left him in disgust. I had

education, talents, and influential connections; many employments were open to me, but I was too proud to consent to earn a living among people whom I had regarded as my inferiors, and I recklessly set out for the gold fields of Australia, hoping there to win wealth, to restore me to my rank in society.

"On the voyage out, I lost my wife and child, and thenceforth I considered myself to be alone in the world. I went forward to the diggings; I laboured among men of all classes and all nations. I, who had disdained to sit at a desk in England to earn my living honestly, submitted to endure the hardest toil, and to mingle with robbers and assassins, that I might obtain riches at once. I was successful; gold flowed into my possession until I was sickened by the sight of it. I enclosed myself in my tent with the idol for which I had bartered my peace of mind, and looked on it with horror, for I now saw how useless it was to me.

"Still, there was one man of the gang in which I worked who had, to my mortification, known me. He had been a favourite servant in my father's house, and had been suddenly, and, I thought, harshly dismissed for some trifling irregularity. I heard one day that he had been robbed of his gold, and that night, as I lay on my sleepless bed, despising my useless wealth, I began to reflect that I might benefit this man by apportioning to him a large share of it. I was disturbed in these thoughts by hearing a stealthy movement, and, by the faint moonlight that shone through a rent in the canvas, I saw the ungrateful wretch, whose benefit I was contemplating, bending over my open chest, and filling a bag from the contents.

"I sprung from my bed and seized the midnight robber, who immediately drew his knife and made a blow at my breast; I warded it off with my left arm and received a desperate gash, while, with my right hand, I drew a pistol from my belt and shot him dead.

"At that moment I felt the chill of blood upon my soul; I went down to Melbourne to surrender myself to justice, and my act was declared to be justifiable homicide. But I could not regain peace; I considered myself marked out for reprobation, and determined to seek some remote solitude, and live far from the wickedness and ingratitude of men.

"I bought and fitted up the boat you saw; I embarked in it alone, with my gold, my books, and such necessaries and luxuries as I considered needful, and sailed from the haunts of men, designing never more to revisit them. I had heard of this lovely island, which was avoided by every one on account of some superstitious tale, and hither

I directed my course. I have remained here many years. I have occasionally assisted vessels in distress; and I saved Mackenzie, when his boat and his companion were lost.

"I have here regained my peace, for I have sought and found Him who is the only source of peace, and I have reflected that I condemned my brother unheard, and left my country unnecessarily. I have told you my story, young men, to warn you against the fatal consequences of seeking for gold instead of steadily labouring to make an honest living among the honest. Return to England: you have heads and hands; never be ashamed to use them worthily, rather than fall among thieves, or become gamblers, which men do who seek for gold, for the love of gold."

"Indeed, sir," said Dick, who was now in tears, "I'd fain go back to poor father, and just bide his hard ways, if it be God's will; but I can't see how we're to do it, for we're bound to look after Mrs. Byrne and her bairns, and they're a sad clog at our heels."

"Sure thin!" exclaimed Ellen, "it would niver be the lavin' us yer honners would be, and Teddy, the darlin', sakin' us in the middle of the say, and niver findin' us no more livin', in regard we'd be dead bodies altogether, barrin' we get out of this."

"We don't mean to leave you, Ellen," said Harry; "perhaps Mr. Manly will lay us down a chart to sail our crazy cobble to some port in Australia, from whence we can forward you to Teddy. Then, Dick, my man, we must work our way back to England. I'll try if my old schoolmaster will recommend me as a clerk, and you must take to the plough again. I'll object to nothing but being a stable-boy,—that I can't stand.

Mr. Manly smiled as he said, "You must spend some days with me. I would have accompanied you to Melbourne myself, but I have not yet learnt to be so forbearing as to endure the continual society of that base wretch Mackenzie for so long a time."

Delighted with their hospitable host, the boys hastened to collect dry leaves to form beds for the Byrne family in the kitchen hut; they spread their own beds in Mr. Manly's own apartment, and the stranger's hut was left to Mackenzie, none choosing to associate with him.

They spent three pleasant days, hunting, shooting, and gathering rice, which Manly showed them he dried, and then removed the husk, leaving the pure grain to cook with his meat. The bounteous island also produced the bread-fruit, that wondrous gift of Nature, which astonished Ellen when she was shown it, toasted and served instead of bread. When she ate it, she declared that if only Teddy were here she would be

"contint" to remain for ever in a country where the bread and the milk grew on the trees, and where there was no "rint" to pay.

On the fourth day, Manly took them round to show them the extent of his island. It was guarded by lofty cliffs, in most places inaccessible, and was a perfect garden of beauty. Deer, rabbits, squirrels, and monkeys abounded, and the richly-laden fruit-trees fed parrots, pigeons, and innumerable small birds.

The ground was covered with brilliant shrubs and flowers, and in the midst of the island was a lake filled with delicate fishes, while the reedy banks hid the nests of the aquatic birds which floated over the surface. From this lake flowed the river, which formed the only safe access to the island.

The sight of all this abundance was cheering to the elastic spirit of youth, and they wondered such a paradise should be so seldom visited.

"I have never seen a sail since I came here," said Manly, "except when a gale has driven it out of the regular course."

"Sure thin, yer honner," said Terry, who was perched on an orange-tree, "will it be a gale out on the say just now, in regard to a boat or a ship I'm seein' now with my own eyes, and that's thrue altogether?"

"There certainly is a sail a good bit out from the river's mouth," said Dick.

Manly drew out his glass, and looked attentively for a few minutes, then closed it with an exclamation of anger, saying, "Shall I never learn prudence? Shall I for ever be the dupe of the cunning? Young men, answer me: is the truth in you? or are you like the rest of mankind, false and treacherous?"

Harry looked indignant, Dick was distressed, and Terry said, boldly, "Musha! is it a lie you'd be thinkin' they'd spake? and it not in them! Would you be axing mother that same, and isn't her heart's blood she'd be givin' for their honners, ivery dhrop!"

"What's wrong with you, sir?" asked Dick.

"The wrong is to you boys," he replied; "that base scoundrel has carried off your boat!"

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Harry. "Do be kind enough to lend us your boat, Mr. Manly, that we may pursue and drag the rogue back to justice. He ought to be hanged!"

"I should decline being either judge or executioner," said Manly, smiling, "and therefore would rather not have him brought hither again. Come on, my dear lads, we shall all be cooler by the time we reach home, and better able to estimate the extent of the loss."

They proceeded silently until they were within sight of the hut, when they met Dan, with his head and arm bound up, and blubbering loudly.

"Plase yer honners," sobbed he, "didn't we belabour him; mother and Rory and me, ivery sowl of us, with a big shillala, worra! worra! and wasn't the spalpeen liftin' the mate roastin' for yer honners, and none else at all! and wantin' me to be helpin' him carry off the masther's big chest to the boat? and Turk the dog, as had run off afther the monkeys, seein' they'd not let him be, and me whistlin' him back straight, and he killin' the thafe altogether, barrin' he didn't jump into the boat, and rowing away down the wather to the say itself. Sure thin, didn't the baste be follerin' him, and howlin' and grinnin,' manin' to let him know what he were thinkin' on him, as cute as a Christen! worra! shure it was wondherful!"

They could not understand Dan's wonderful tale until they came to the hut, when they learnt from Ellen, in broken sentences, that Mackenzie had been seen to fill the water-cask and unmoor the boat. He had tried to obtain the biscuit-cask, which had been landed, but had been driven off by the prowess of Ellen and her sons, who could not, however, save the haunch of venison she was cooking. Finally, he had designed to carry off the gold, but Dan's presence of mind in calling up the dog had defeated him.

"Worra! the thafe of the world!" cried the woman; "sure he was niver carin' for his precious sowl, thavin' all our pratees, the spalpeen, barrin' the pigeon-pie."

The pigeon-pie was placed before the hungry ramblers, made in a large cocoa-nut bowl, covered with bruised potatoes, and baked in a frying-pan over the fire. So well was Ellen's cookery enjoyed, that in their thankfulness they declared that they did not grudge Mackenzie the venison, the lockers of potatoes, and the rum, for they had abundance around them.

"Now, my friends," said Manly, "I see that I can no longer remain in safety here. I am quite certain that if the villain Mackenzie succeed in reaching any port, his cupidity will induce him to return, with others like himself, to seize this dangerous gold. This must not be; it has been given me for some special purpose. I must return to England and try to work good with the root of evil. You shall accompany me, and, if you continue deserving, I will protect you. We will bring in venison, fowls, fish, eggs, and rice, and Mrs. Byrne must cook to provision the boat."

All hands were busied for the next day or two; then the lockers of the boat were well stored, the cabin fitted up for the Byrnes, and finally

the heavy chest of gold was embarked. Turk refused to be left behind, so a large supply of uncooked meat was provided for him. Then the pretty island and its natural riches were left to solitude.

For some time they voyaged pleasantly and without seeing a sail, until they were passing near the west coast of Australia, when they saw a large boat approaching from the south. By the glass, they made out that it contained several men, among whom, as they drew nearer, they recognized Mackenzie. It was a heavily-laden boat, creeping close to the coast, and making slow progress against the wind, which favoured Manly's boat, which he now steered farther out to sea, to avoid any encounter with the villain.

"I feel convinced that he has found some ruffians to aid him," said Manly, "and that he is now returning to rob, perhaps to murder us."

But the light well-built boat soon flew beyond the reach of the desperate gang. Manly still, however, continued to watch them through the glass, until, with a cry of horror, he announced that a large prahu, filled with pirates, had suddenly borne down on the doomed wretches. A few minutes decided the event; the boat disappeared; but whether the wretched crew sank with it, or had been transferred to slavery or to death in the prahu, they never made out.

They landed happily at Melbourne, nor was it long before Teddy came forward to claim his family, for he had come to Melbourne to try and make out what had become of them, and then to return to his country and his poverty. But Manly here stepped forward, and placed the happy and grateful family beyond the reach of famine and poverty.

Then Mr. Manly and the two boys sailed for England, and, arriving in safety, all made inquiries after their friends. Manly's brother received him with joy, and explained away all misunderstandings. Manly purchased the Manor, much to the consolation of Harry, who learnt that his father had died poor and friendless; but his friend Manly received him as his son, and had him taught to manage the estate. Will was made out and re-established as groom, but looked on by Harry as a real friend.

Old Meadows was dead, and Dick succeeded to his hoarded wealth; he settled comfortably on the farm, and Harry and he met daily. We are not sure about the decision of Sappho Birch, but rather believe that Dick won the day. The boys had many pleasant rambles and adventures together, in later life, but conducted with more prudence and discretion than their first frolic, Mr. Manly frequently warning them never to forget the cost of a *Lark*.

THE MICROSCOPE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

OUR last paper on the microscope treated of the instrument itself, and of the method by which the objects are prepared. In the present paper we shall find a short account of the objects which are most worthy of observation.

I assume that the reader does not intend to use his microscope merely as a toy, but that he desires to gain some insight into the works of Nature, and is, therefore, willing to set to work in a systematic manner.

It is now known that both animal and vegetable structures are built up by means of certain minute particles, technically called cells, and that in every part of a plant or of an animal can be recognized the constituents of which it is formed. We will, therefore, begin with the vegetables.

Some of the lowest plants, such as the minute algæ that inhabit the water, afford excellent examples of the simple vegetable cell; but as these plants are not readily procured by a beginner, we will select some familiar object wherein the cells may be found. If any soft and pulpy fruit be taken when it is quite ripe, and submitted to the microscope, the vegetable cell will be seen in a tolerably perfect form. The three rounded objects shown in the accompanying illustration are cells from the strawberry, specimens of which can easily be seen, if a very thin slice be cut with a razor or lancet, the latter being the preferable instrument. Be careful to dip the blade in water before cutting the fruit, and to float the slice from the blade to the glass slide by placing them both under water. Unless this precaution be taken, the section will not be flat, but will be crumpled up, and the cells will not be properly seen.

CELL, STRAWBERRY.

Within each of these cells may be seen a small rounded object, which is technically called the "nucleus;" and in some cases a smaller nucleus, called the "nucleolus," may be observed within the nucleus itself. The increase of cells mostly takes place by a process of division. A line

passes across the nucleus, which presently separates into two distinct parts, each of which recedes from the other, causing the cell to enlarge and alter its shape. Presently, a line is seen across the cell itself, and in due time the cell is also divided into two parts, each having its own nucleus.

In the present instance, the cell is totally spherical, because the fruit from which it was taken is soft, and allows the constituent cells to expand. When, however, the vegetable substance becomes hard, the cells are pressed closely together and their shapes are very much altered. Sometimes, when the cells are of nearly equal size, and the pressure is equal on every side, the cells form regular twelve-sided figures, called "dodecahedra," which, when that occurs, show a six-sided outline. A very thin slice of raw potato will show the twelve-sided cells beautifully, and has the further advantage of exhibiting the starch globules with which the cells are filled. Here is a figure of a potato cell, which presents a six-sided outline, just like that of a bee's waxen dwelling, and which is crowded with the beautiful globules of starch. If the reader likes to make a few dozen balls of clay, and to squeeze them together in a mass, he will find that the central balls will have lost their globular shape, and assumed a more or less regular twelve-sided form, very much like that of the potato cells.

CELL, POTATO.

Sometimes the cells run out longitudinally into cylinders, and attain the really enormous length of three inches; sometimes they become flattened, as in the skin or epidermis of many plants, and oftentimes they push out their sides into arms or rays, like stars, and form the tissue which is technically called "stellate." Here is a specimen of stellate tissue taken from the pith of the common rush, wherein the rays are seen to be very regular; generally, however, the rays are extremely irregular, and require some little practice to detect them. Stellate tissue may be seen in the white portion of orange-peel, in the thick fleshy substance of many aquatic plants, in certain leaf-stalks, and in many similar objects.

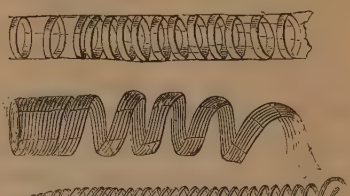
STELLATE TISSUE.

We will now see how the soft cells which form the pulpy fruit of the strawberry can be changed into the hard timber of the oak, or iron-wood tree.

Wherever a cell is destined to form part of a *permanent* tissue, it is strengthened by receiving certain additions to its walls. These additions

are technically known as "secondary deposit," and are made in various ways. Sometimes they extend in a thin layer over the whole cell-wall, leaving a number of little holes which are called "pits," and earning the name of "pitted structures." Very frequently, the secondary deposit is arranged in a series of rings, an example of which is given in the accompanying illustration. This object is taken from the misletoe. Good examples of the ringed structures may be seen in the anthers of many plants, and in the leaf-stem of the common rhubarb, an example of which is shown in the next illustration. Another very common form of secondary deposit is the spiral, which is generally used where strength and elasticity are united. Two examples of the spiral form are given in the illustration; the first taken from the lily, and the second from the "rhizome," or subterranean stem of the water-lily.

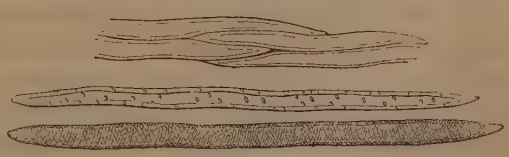
RINGED STRUCTURE.



RINGED AND SPIRAL STRUCTURES.

Another beautiful form of secondary deposit is seen in the fern root. If the root be cut longitudinally, and the dark hard fibres dissolved carefully out with nitric acid, the deposit will seem to have assumed the shape of a winding staircase, and is then called "scalariform," or ladder-shaped. Similar structures may be found in asparagus.

The reader will see that the hardness of the structure depends entirely on the amount of secondary deposit, and we accordingly find that when the wood is hard and fit to be worked with tools, the cells are almost wholly filled with the secondary deposit. In this state they are called "wood-cells." Examples of these cells may be seen in the accompanying illustration. In the first example, which is taken from the elder-tree, four cells are shown in order to display the manner in which their pointed ends are arranged. (The reader must remember that in all wood-cells the ends are pointed.) In the next example, which is taken from the chrysanthemum, the pitted structure is still retained; but in the last figure, which is drawn from the lime-tree, the entire cell is filled with secondary structure. The reader must understand that in this short paper I can only give the veriest outline of the subject, and profess to do nothing more than



WOOD-CELLS.

indicate the method of observation, leaving the pupil to work out the details by himself.

Another curious development of the plant-cells is the formation of HAIRS. These objects alone afford an inexhaustible field for the microscopist, and any one who chooses to work out the subject will find himself repaid if he makes a good series of preparations. In their primary forms, the hairs are seen merely as little projections on the epidermis, whether of the stem, leaf, or petal, and by degrees assume their varied and beautiful forms. In order to show the singular forms which hairs sometimes assume, an illustration is here given of the hairs of the lavender leaf. This is one of the hairs that give the leaf its silvery gloss. It consists of an upright stem, from the top of which a number of forked branches shoot out horizontally, much like an open umbrella held upright. The object of this remarkable form is, that the delicate vessels in which the perfume is held should escape injury. If the reader will refer to the second figure, which represents a much magnified view of the edge of the leaf, he will see the globular perfume-gland standing under the shelter of the branching hairs.

HAIR OF LAVENDER.

The following plants afford valuable examples of hair:—Arabis, marvel of Peru, sowthistle, tobacco, southernwood, hollyhock, snapdragon, pansy (in throat of flower), deutzia (under-side of leaf), verbena, alyscum, tradescantia, borage, cowage, and many others. The beautiful effect produced by the petals of flowers is caused by the imperfect hairs with which their surfaces are studded.

The POLLEN of plants is always worth observing, and some specimens are of remarkably beautiful shapes. Take that of althæa, crocus, cactus, heath, violet, daisy, lily, snowdrop, wallflower, willowherb (a very beautiful form), hollyhock, periwinkle, primrose, &c. Put some up in Deane's gelatine, and dry some, besides examining them all when fresh.

The microscopist ought to examine the structures of WOOD by making sections in the directions transverse and longitudinal. A razor will answer very well for the purpose, and the wood should always be soaked inside, and the razor wetted before the section is made. It is often useful to make diagonal sections of several woods, especially those of the pine and juniper. All the forest trees should be examined, and their roots and bark should not be omitted. Cut sections of cocoanut-

shell, vegetable-ivory, sugar-cane (a most beautiful object when mounted opaque), bamboo, butcher's broom, &c.

Mosses are always beautiful objects, and can always be found. Examine particularly the fruit or seed-vessel, and note the structure of its different parts. Put these on a slide, and breathe on them, noting at the same time any change which may take place.

The spore cases of ferns are extremely beautiful, and should be carefully examined. The little brown dots or streaks that are seen on the under-surface of the fronds are called "sori," and contain a large but variable number of the sporanges. These consist of stalked sacs or cases, and differ much in shape, according to the species of fern. If the fern be fresh from which the sorus is taken, the sporanges may be seen writhing and twisting like so many serpents, and sometimes it happens that one of the sporanges bursts, and suddenly covers the field of the microscope with minute black dots. These dots are the spores or seeds of the fern, and, when magnified with a very high power, they are seen to be variously shaped. One of the most remarkable spores is that of the equisetum, or mare's tail of the water. This spore looks like a ball with something coiled round it. As soon as the spore is discharged from its case, four threads are seen to uncoil themselves from around it, and by their elasticity to cause the spore to jump about as if alive. These fibres are technically named elasters, and are prolongations of the outer coat of the spore.

Fungi of all kinds should be examined. There is never any difficulty in finding fungi, though the autumn is the best time of year for this purpose. "Mould," as it is popularly called, is a form assumed by many species of fungus, which, though objectionable to the careful housewife, are full of interest to the microscopist. The well-known mushroom and toadstools are the highest of the fungi. The black spots on leaves are fungi, mostly belonging to the genus puccinia, and the best specimens are generally found on the wild rose or bramble. The black "smut" of wheat is another fungus, very pretty under the microscope, but very obnoxious to the farmer; and the "bunt" also belongs to the same vast tribe of plants, four thousand species of which are now known to exist.

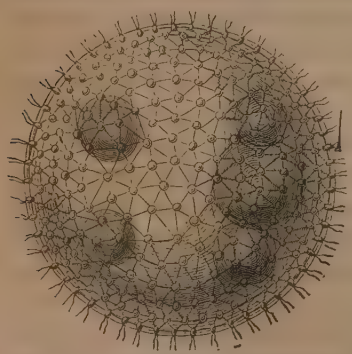
The young observer should also look for the beautiful crystals which exist in many vegetable cells. The Raphides, as these crystals are called, are of various forms, mostly shaped like curved needles, but often assuming very pretty and regular outlines. Raphides are plentifully found in the bulb of the onion, in the rhubarb, the lily, the iris, &c. They are best mounted as opaque objects, and, if the reader can procure a

binocular microscope, he will see the form of the raphides better than with the single-tube instrument.

Seeds of different plants should be carefully examined, especially those of small dimensions, which often exhibit some wonderful beauties of structure. The winged seed of various plants, such as the thistle, the dandelion, the valerian, and the willowherb, &c., are extremely interesting objects ; while those of the yellow snapdragon, the mullein, the Robin Hood, and the bur-seed, are remarkably beautiful in form, though they have no parachute, as the feathery appendage is called.

Leaving dry land, we will devote a short time to the water. Let the reader take with him the simple collecting apparatus mentioned in the article on page 159, and secure specimens of the water from different ponds, ditches, and streams. For collecting the larger objects, a little net, which can be purchased cheap, is of very great use. It is easily made by any tinman, and if the young microscopist knows the use of solder, as all experimental philosophers ought to do, he can make it in a few minutes. It is formed of a strip of zinc, bent into the requisite form, and with a socket, to which a handle can be attached. A piece of coarse muslin, or rather fine "net," is then stretched over the bottom, and the apparatus is complete.

In the water is sure to be found one of the lowest forms of vegetable life—namely, the "confervoid algæ." Look for these in bright, clear pools, placing the collecting bottle near any greenish film collected around the stems of plants, or spread over the stones on the bed of the pool. If this film be very carefully taken up, it will produce many interesting forms of vegetable life. One of the most remarkable of these vegetables is that which is called *Volvox globator*, a figure of which is here given.



VOLVOX.

This wonderful object is about as large as the head of a very small pin, so that it is visible to the naked eye, and looks like a tiny globule passing through the water. When it is placed under a lens of moderate power, say of an inch focus, it exhibits some very strange peculiarities. It continually revolves, and by its revolution is able to enjoy a moderate degree of locomotion, though without any apparent object. Small dark spots are also seen upon it.

If a half-inch lens be now used, the structure of the Volvox begins to

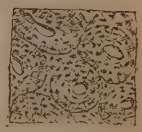
be exhibited. The whole surface is covered with a network of very fine fibres, having a spot at the intersection of each mesh. On applying a still higher power, say the four-tenths of an inch, the structure is further elucidated, and the dots on the surface are seen to consist of greenish bodies, each furnished with a pair of delicate fibres, technically named cilia, which are constantly vibrating, and cause the revolution of the general mass. The dark spots are now seen to be the young plants in different stages of progress. From six to ten of these young are enclosed within the parent, and when the latter has reached its full age, the membrane bursts asunder, and the little volvoces are liberated.

CLOSTERIUM.

Another interesting form is the closterium, a genus which is sure to produce several good examples. I may mention that the ponds in Blackheath are very rich in these curious vegetables, and that I have obtained from them a very considerable series of confervoids. The closteria are easily recognized by their resemblance to the Australian "boomerang."

As our space is rapidly waning, we must leave the vegetable, and proceed to the animal kingdom.

As is the case with vegetables, the animal structure is composed of cells, though they cannot be so easily traced as in the examples which we have already noticed. The young observer may easily see the animal cell, in its largest and simplest form, by placing a little of the yolk of egg under the microscope. CARTILAGE, or gristle, is easily seen to be composed of cells. The nails of the fingers afford good objects for the microscopist in search of animal cells. If a thin section be placed under the microscope, none but an experienced observer will be able to make out the presence of cells at all; but, if the section be soaked in liquor potassæ, the cells immediately swell up, and their shape is at once made plain. Take the BONE of a young chicken or rabbit, and make a thin section that embraces both the bone and cartilage, and there will then be a beautiful object for the microscopist, showing how the cartilage is changed by degrees into bone.



BONE, TRANSVERSE.

Sections of bone should also be made, both transverse and longitudinal.

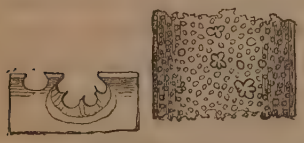
The BLOOD is another object which must be carefully examined. The "corpuscles" which give the colouring matter to the blood are cells of different size, according to the creature from which they are taken. The dimensions of the animal exercise no apparent influence on the corpuscles, for those of the *Proteus anguinus*, a little creature not larger than a lam-

prey, are many times larger than those of the ox. In the accompanying illustration is shown a series of specimens, in order to show the great difference in their shape and size, all being drawn to scale and magnified by the same lens. The circular corpuscles in the left-hand upper corner are those of man; immediately below is a single corpuscle from the pigeon. The great central corpuscle is taken from the Proteus; the two in the lower right-hand corner are from the frog, one of these being viewed edgeways; and of the remaining two, that on the left hand belongs to the tortoise, and that on the right to a fish.

BLOOD CORPUSCLES.

The insect tribes are an inexhaustible source of objects for the microscopist, who may find that even a single fly will give him employment for many months. The scales from the butterfly's wing, the wonderful compound eyes with which insects are gifted, the structure of their feet, and their entire anatomy, are always at the service of any microscopist who really cares for his work. It would, of course, be impossible in a single article to give even a list of the interesting portions of the different insects, so that one or two examples must suffice us.

Take the ANTENNÆ of the insect tribes, and see how beautifully they are formed, how graceful is the shape, and how elaborate the structure. A low power will be useful for exhibiting their general shape and outline, but it is not until we know how to use the higher powers that the real beauty of these curious organs is seen. In the accompanying illustration is given part of an antenna of the common blue-bottle fly, in order to show the remarkable cavities which exist within the antennæ, and which are thought, by some anatomists, to be organs of hearing, and, by others, to be organs of smell.



ANTENNÆ OF FLY.

The WINGS of insects are also most remarkable, and possess many peculiarities of structure which cannot be detected without the aid of the microscope. Take, for example, the wings of any hymenopterous insect, say those of a humble bee, and see how beautiful is the structure which causes the four wings to be united into two when the insect is about to fly. In the

WINGS OF BEE.

illustration may be seen a pair of these wings, together with the row of hooks which bind them together. A still more magnified representation of the hooks is placed near the wings.

It is now ascertained that the wings of insects are connected with the breathing apparatus, and that the respiration of the insect extends even to the very tips of these singular organs, which are not modifications of existing limbs, as in the birds, but additional structures. The circulation of insects may often be seen by placing a portion of a transparent wing under a moderately high power. I have often seen it in the wing of the great water-beetle. A series of very beautiful preparations may be made in order to show the distinction between the wings of different insects; and as the orders of insects are founded upon their wings, there ought to be at least one example of each order. The proboscis of insects is always worthy of careful examination.

BREATHING-TUBE, SILKWORM.

As to the breathing apparatus itself, the best mode of examining it is to open a caterpillar, remove a part of the large breathing tube which runs along each side, and place it under the microscope. It should always be taken so as to include one of the spiracles, or breathing-holes. An example of a breathing-tube, taken from a silkworm, is given in the illustration.

Hairs of animals are very curious and interesting objects. They should be mounted in three modes—namely, dry transparent, dry opaque, and in Canada balsam, transparent. Be sure to procure some hair of the bat, the sheep, the mouse, the deer, the mole, and any of the weasel tribe. Many insects have very beautiful hair, but the most lovely hair in the animal kingdom is that which is obtained from the sea-mouse. Fish scales should also be procured, and specimens should be taken from the lateral line.

Molluscs of all kinds afford many beautiful objects, and the observer should be very careful to examine the wonderful tongue-ribbon of the snail, the slug, the periwinkle, the whelk, and other similar molluscs. If meant to be examined by polarized light, the tongue-ribbon should be mounted in Canada balsam.

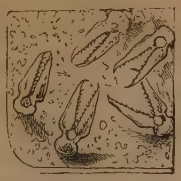
Crystals should always form part of a collection. Take those of common salt, nitre, sugar, chlorate of potash, salicine, &c.; indeed, anything that will crystallize should be prepared and mounted, as such objects will often be most useful when examining unknown substances.

Zoophytes must of course find a place in the cabinet, and the young

microscopist ought to put up a few specimens of the "bird's-head" processes which are found in the bugularia and other inhabitants of the sea. The pretty noctiluca, to which is mostly owing the phosphorescence of the sea, should also be preserved, and the extraordinary appendages to the skin of certain star-fish and sea urchins should be examined. These are called pedicillariæ, and a sketch of them is given in the illustration.

BIRD'S-HEAD PROCESS.

NOCTILUCA.



PEDICILLARIÆ.

[In the last paper on the microscope, the illustration of the camera lucida, on page 209, has been wrongly inserted by the printer. The eye ought to be at the top, and the arrow at the bottom, the camera lucida being always placed horizontally.]

VOLNEY BECKNER.

VOLNEY BECKNER, the brave, with his father set out,
On a ship going over the seas;
Their friends wave their hands as their farewells they shout
Through the mist and the bracing sea-breeze.

On that ill-fated lad Fate had branded her mark;
He must perish in this life's first phase,
By a horrible death through the fangs of a shark,
In an exploit that baffles all praise.

His sad tale is known through the lengths of the land,
How he died in his efforts to save;
When almost in reach of a friend's helping hand,
The sea-monster snatched him to his grave.

God grant that the lads who may hear this tale,
May to his great courage attain;
In perilous times may not let their hearts fail,
And may keep their lives clear of all stain.

Answer to No. V.

"And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn."

Butler

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

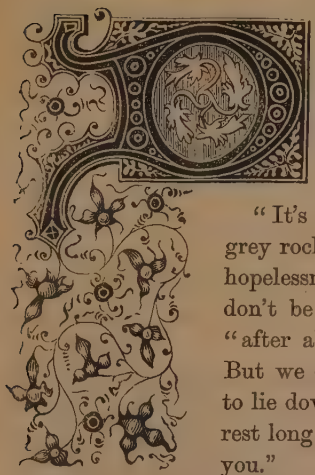
OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

CHAPTER X.—LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS.



DID ever the worthy London merchant, in the course of his life, approach to the verge of the region of despair, it was on that eventful night when he found himself and his family lost among the mountains of Scotland.

"It's dreadful," said he, sitting down on a cold grey rock and beginning slowly to realize the utter hopelessness of their condition. "My poor Lucy, don't be cast down" (drawing her to his breast); "after all, it will only be a night of wandering. But we *must* keep moving. We dare not venture to lie down in our wet clothes. We must not even rest long at a time, lest a chill should come upon you."

"But I'm quite warm, papa, and only a very little tired. I could walk for miles yet." She said this cheerily, but she could not help looking anxious. The night was so dark, however, that no one could see her looks.

"Do let me go off alone, father," urged George; "I am as fresh as possible, and could run over the hills until I should fall in with ——"

"Don't mention it, George; I feel that our only hope is to keep together. Poor Peter! what will become of that boy?"

Mr. Sudberry became almost desperate as he thought of the small clerk. He started up. "Come, we must keep moving. You are not cold, dear? are you *sure* you are not cold?"

"Quite sure, papa; why are you so anxious?"

"Because I have a flask of brandy, which I mean to delay using until we break down and cannot get on without it. Whenever you begin to get chilled I must give you brandy. Not till then, however; spirits are hurtful when there is hard toil before you, but when you break down there is no resource left. Rest, food, sleep, would be better, but these we have no chance of getting to-night. Poor Jacky! does he keep warm, George?"

"No fear of him," cried George, with forced gaiety. "He's all right."

Jack had broken down completely soon after nightfall. Vigorously, manfully had he struggled to keep up; but when his usual hour for going to bed arrived, nature refused to sustain him. He sank to the ground, and then George wrapped him up in his shooting-coat, in which he now lay, sound asleep, like a dirty brown bundle, on his brother's shoulders.

"I'll tell you what," said Fred, after they had walked, or rather stumbled, on for some time in silence. "Suppose you all wait here for ten minutes while I run like a greyhound to the nearest height and see if anything is to be seen. Mamma must have alarmed the whole neighbourhood by this time, and if they are looking for us they will be sure to have lanterns or torches."

"A good idea, my boy. Go, and pause every few minutes to shout, so that we may not lose you. Keep shouting, Fred, and we will wait here and reply."

Fred was off in a moment, and before he had got fifty yards away was floundering knee-deep in a peat-bog. So much for reckless haste, thought he, as he got out of the bog and ran forward with much more caution. Soon those waiting below heard his clear voice far up the heights. A few minutes more and it rang forth again more faintly. Mr. Sudberry remarked that it sounded as if it came from the clouds; he put his hands to his mouth, sailor fashion, and replied. Then they listened intently for the next shout. How still it was while they sat there! What a grand, gloomy solitude! They could hear no sound but the beating of their own hearts. Solemn thoughts of the Creator of these mighty hills crept into their minds as they gazed around and endeavoured to pierce the thick darkness. But this was impossible. It was one of those nights in which the darkness was so profound that no object could be seen even indistinctly at the distance of ten yards. Each could see the other's form like a black marble statue, but no feature could be traced. The mountain peaks and ridges could indeed be seen against

the dark sky, like somewhat deeper shadows, but the crags and corries, the scattered rocks and heathery knolls, the peat-bogs and the tarns of the wild scene which these circling peaks inclosed—all were steeped in impenetrable gloom. There seemed something terrible, almost unnatural, in this union of thick darkness with profound silence. Mr. Sudberry was startled by the sound of his own voice when he again spoke.

"The boy must have gone too far. I cannot hear ——"

"Hush!"

"Hi!" in the far distance, like a faint echo. They all breathed more freely, and Mr. Sudberry uttered a powerful response. Presently the shout came nearer—nearer still, and soon Fred rejoined them, with the disheartening information that he had gained the summit of the ridge and could see nothing whatever!

"Well, my children," said Mr. Sudberry, with an assumption of cheerfulness which he was far from feeling, "nothing now remains but to push straight forward as fast as we can. We *must* come to a road of some sort in the long run, which will conduct to somewhere or other, no doubt. Come, cheer up; forward! Follow close behind me, Lucy. George, do you take the lead—you are the most active and sharpsighted among us; and mind the bogs."

"What if we walk right over a precipice!" thought Fred. He had almost said it, but checked himself for fear of alarming the rest unnecessarily. Instead of cautioning George, he quietly glided to the front and took the lead.

Slowly, wearily, and painfully they plodded on, stumbling at times over a rugged and stone-covered surface, sometimes descending a broken slope that grew more and more precipitous until it became dangerous, and then, fearing to go farther—not knowing what lay before—they had to retrace their steps and search for a more gradual descent. Now crossing a level patch that raised their hopes, inclining them to believe that they had reached the bottom of the valley; anon coming suddenly upon a steep ascent that dashed their hopes and induced them to suppose they had turned in the wrong direction and were reascending instead of descending the mountain. All the time Jacky slept like a top, and George, being a sturdy fellow, carried him without a murmur. Several times Fred tried to make him give up his burden, but George was inexorably obstinate. So they plodded on till nearly midnight.

"Is that a house?" said Fred, stopping short and pointing to a dark object just in front of them. "No, it's a lake." "Nonsense, it's a mountain." A few more steps, and Fred recoiled with a cry of horror.

It was a precipice full a hundred feet deep—the dark abyss of which had assumed such varied aspects in their eyes!

A long détour followed, and they reached the foot in safety. Here the land became boggy. Each step was an act fraught with danger, anxiety, and calculation. Whether they should step knee-deep into a hole full of water, or trip over a rounded mass of solid turf, was a matter of absolute uncertainty until the step was taken.

"Oh! that we had only a gleam of moonshine," said Lucy with a sigh. Moonshine! How often had George in the course of his life talked with levity, almost amounting to contempt, of things being "all a matter of moonshine." What would he not have given to have had only a tithe of the things which surrounded him at that time converted into "moonshine!"

A feeble cheer from Fred caused an abrupt halt.

"What is it?"—"Hallo!"—"What now?"

"The lake at last!—Our own loch! I know the shape of it well! Hurrah!"

Every one was overjoyed. They all gazed at it long and earnestly, and unitedly came to the conclusion that it was the loch—probably at the distance of a mile or so. Pushing forward with revived spirits, they came upon the object of their hopes much sooner than had been anticipated. In fact, it was not more than two hundred yards distant. A wild yell of laughter mingled with despair burst from Fred as the lake galloped away in the shape of a *white horse!* The untravelled reader may possibly doubt this. Yet it *is a fact* that a white horse was thus mistaken for a distant lake!

The revulsion of feeling was tremendous. Every one sighed, and Mr. Sudberry groaned, for at that moment the thought of poor Peter recurred to his mind. Yet there remained a strange feeling of kindliness in the breast of each towards that white horse. It was an undeniable proof of the existence of animal life in those wild regions, a fact which the deep solitude of all around had tempted them madly to doubt—unknown even to themselves. Besides, it suggested the idea of an owner to the horse, and by a natural and easy process of reasoning they concluded that the owner must be a human being, and that, when at home, he probably dwelt in a house. What more probable than that the house was even then within hail?

Acting on the idea, Mr. Sudberry shouted for two minutes with all his might, the only result of which was to render himself extremely hoarse. Then George tried it, and so did Fred, and Jacky awoke and began to whimper and to ask to be let alone. He also kicked a little,

but, being very tired, soon fell asleep again. "You *must* let me carry him now!" said Fred. "I won't!" Fred tried force, but George was too strong for him; so they went on as before, Lucy leaning somewhat heavily on her father's arm.

Presently they heard the sound of water. It filled them with mitigated joy and excitement, on the simple principle that *anything* in the shape of variety was better than *nothing*. A clap of thunder would have raised in their depressed bosoms a gleam of hope. A flash of lightning would have been a positive blessing. Mr. Sudberry at once suggested that it must be a stream, and that they could follow its course—wade down its bed, if necessary—till they should arrive at "something!" Foolish man! he had been long enough in the Highlands by that time to have known that to walk down the bed of a mountain-burn was about as possible as to walk down the shaft of a coal-mine. They came to the edge of its banks, however, and looking over, tried to pierce its gloom. There was a pale gleam of white foam—a rumbling, rustling sound beneath, and a sensation of moisture in the atmosphere. "It rains!" said Mr. Sudberry. "I rather think it's the spray of a fall!" observed George.

Had Mr. Sudberry known the depth of the tremendous gulf into which he was peering, and the steep cliff on the edge of which he stood, he would have sprung back in alarm. But he did not know—he did not entertain the faintest idea of the truth, so he boldly, though cautiously, began to clamber down, assisting Lucy to descend.

Man (including woman) knows not what he can accomplish until he tries. Millions of glittering gold would not have induced any member of that party to descend such a place in the dark, had they known what it was—yet they accomplished it in safety. Down, down they went! "Dear me, when shall we reach the foot? We must be near it now." No, they were not near it; still down they went, becoming more and more alarmed, yet always tempted on by the feeling that each step would bring them to the bottom. "What a noise the stream makes! why, it must be a river!" No, it was not a river—it was a mere burn; quite a little burn, but—what then? Little men are always fussier and noisier than big men; little boys invariably howl more furiously than big boys. Nature is full of analogies; and little streams, especially mountain streams, always make more ado in finding their level than big rivers.

They got down at last, and then they found the stream rushing, bursting, crashing among rent and riven rocks and boulders as if it had gone furiously mad, and was resolved never more to flow and murmur,

but always to leap and roar. It was impassable; to walk down its banks or bed was impossible, so the wanderers had to re-ascend the bank and roam away over black space in search of another crossing. They soon lost the sound in the intricacies of cliffs and dells, and never again found that stream. But they found a narrow path, and Fred announced the discovery with a cheer. It was an extremely rugged path, and appeared to have been macadamized with stones the size of a man's head. This led them to suspect that it must be a ditch, not a path; but it turned out to be the dry bed of a mountain torrent—dry, at least, as regards running water, though not dry in respect of numerous stagnant pools, into which at various times each member of the party stepped unintentionally. It mattered not—nothing could make them wetter or more miserable than they were—so they thought. They had yet to learn that the thoughts of men are for ever misleading them, and that there is nothing more certain than the uncertainty of all human calculations.

CHAPTER XI.—STILL LOST!

Meanwhile, Mrs. Sudberry was thrown into a species of frenzied horror, which no words can describe, and which was not in any degree allayed by the grave shaking of the head with which Mr. McAllister accompanied his vain efforts to comfort and reassure her. This excellent man quoted several passages from the works of Dugald Stewart and Locke, tending to show, in common parlance, that "necessity has no law," and that the rightly-constituted human mind ought to rise superior to all circumstances — quotations which had the effect of making Mrs. Sudberry more hysterical than ever, and which induced Mrs. Brown to call him who offered such consolation a "brute!"

But McAllister did not confine his efforts solely to the region of mind. While he was earnestly administering doses of the wisdom of Stewart and Locke to the agitated lady in the parlour, Dan and Hugh, with several others, were, by his orders, arming themselves in the kitchen for a regular search.

"She's ready," said Dan, entering the parlour unceremoniously with a huge stable lantern.

"That's right, Dan—keep away up by the slate corrie and come doun by the red tarn. If they've taken the wrong turn to the right you're sure to fall in wi' them thereaway. Send Hugh round by the burn; I'll go straight up the hill and come doun upon Loch Cognahoighliey. Give a shout now and then, as ye goo."

Dan was a man of action and few words: he vouchsafed no reply, but

turned immediately and left the room, leaving a powerful odour of the byre behind him.

Poor Mrs. Sudberry and Tilly were unspeakably comforted by the grave business-like way in which the search was gone about. They recalled to mind that a search of a somewhat similar nature, in point of manner and time, was undertaken a week before for a stray sheep, and that it had been successful; so they felt relieved, though they remained, of course, dreadfully anxious. McAllister refrained from administering any more moral philosophy. As he was not at all anxious about the lost party, and was rather fond of a sly joke, it remains to this day a matter of doubt whether he really expected that his nostrums would be of much use. In a few minutes he was breasting the hill like a true mountaineer, with a lantern in his hand, and with Hobbs by his side.

"Only think, ma'am," said Mrs. Brown, who was not usually judicious in her remarks, "only think if they've been an' fell hover a precipice."

"Shocking!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Sudberry, with a little shriek, as she clapped her hands on her eyes.

"Poor Jacky, ma'am, p'raps 'e's lyin' hall in a mangled 'eap at the foot of a——"

"Leave me!" cried Mrs. Sudberry, with an amount of sudden energy that quite amazed Mrs. Brown, who left the room, feeling that she was an injured woman.

"Darling mamma, they will come back!" said Tilly, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and bursting into tears on her bosom. "You know that the sheep—the lost sheep—was found last week and brought home quite safe. Dan is *so* kind, though he does not speak much, and Hugh too. They will be sure to find them, darling mamma!"

The sweet voice and the hopeful heart of the child did what philosophy had failed to accomplish—Mrs. Sudberry was comforted. Thus we see, not that philosophy is a vain thing, but that philosophy and feeling are distinct, and that each is utterly powerless in the domain of the other.

When Peter was left alone by his master, as recorded in a former chapter, he sat himself down in a cheerful frame of mind on the sunny side of a large rock, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of thorough repose, as well mental as physical. The poor lad was in that state of extreme lassitude which renders absolute and motionless rest delightful. Extended at full length on a springy couch of heath, with his eyes peeping dreamily through the half-closed lids at the magnificent prospect of mountains and glens that lay before him, and below him too, so that he felt like a bird in mid-air, looking down upon the world, with his

right arm under his meek head, and both pillowed on the plaid, with his countenance exposed to the full blaze of the sun, and with his recent lunch commencing to operate on the system, so as to render exhaustion no longer a pain but a pleasure, Peter lay on that knoll, high up the mountain-side, in close proximity to the clouds, dreaming and thinking about—nothing; that is to say, about everything or anything in an imbecile sort of way; in other words, wandering in his mind disjointedly over the varied regions of memory and imagination; too tired to originate an idea; too indifferent to resist one when it arose; too weak to follow it out; and utterly indifferent as to whether his mind did follow it out, or cut it short off in the middle.

We speak of Peter's mind as a totally distinct and separate thing from himself. It had taken the bit in its teeth and run away. He cared no more for it than he did for the nose on his face, which was, at that time, as red as a carrot, by reason of the sun shining full upon its tip. But why attempt to describe Peter's thoughts? Here they are—such as they were—for the reader to make what he can out of them.

"Heigh ho! comfortable now—jolly—what a place! How I hate mountains—climbing them—dreadful!—like 'em to lie on, though—sun, I like your jolly red-hot face—Sunday! wonder if's got to do with sun—p'raps—twinkle, twinkle, little sun, how I wonder—oh, what fun!—won't I have sich wonderful tales—tales—tails—stories are tails—stick 'em on the end of puppy-dogs, and see how they'd look—two or three two-legged puppies in the office—what a difference now!—no ink-bottles, no smashings, no quills, plenty of geese though, and grouse and hares—what was I thinking about? Oh, yes—the office—no scribbles—no stools, no desks, No-vember—dear me, that's funny! No-vember—what's a vember? Cut him in two can't join him again—no—no—snore!"

At this point Peter's thoughts went out altogether in sleep, leaving the happy youth in peaceful oblivion. He started suddenly after an hour's nap, under the impression that he was tumbling over a precipice.

To give a little scream and clutch wildly at the heather was natural. He looked round. The sun was still hot and high. Scratching his head, as if to recall his faculties, Peter stared vacantly at the sandwiches which lay beside him on a piece of old newspaper. Gradually his hand wandered towards them, and a gleam of intelligence, accompanied by a smile, overspread his countenance as he conveyed one to his lips. Eating seemed fatiguing, however. He soon laid the remnant down, drew the plaid over him, nestled among the heather, and dropped into a heavy sleep with a sigh of ineffable comfort.

When Peter again woke up, the sun was down, and just enough of light remained to show that it was going to be an intensely dark night. Can any one describe, can any one imagine, the state of Peter's feelings? Certainly not! Peter, besides being youthful, was, as we have said, an extremely timid boy. He was constitutionally afraid of the dark, even when surrounded by friends. What, then, were his sensations when he found himself on the mountain alone—*lost!* The thought was horror! Peter gasped; he leaped up with a wild shout, gazed madly round, and sank down with a deep groan. Up he sprang again and ran forward a few paces. Precipices occurred to him—he turned and ran as many paces backward. Bogs occurred to him—he came to a full stop, fell on his knees, and howled. Up he leaped again, clapped both hands to his mouth, and shouted until his eyes threatened to come out and his face became purple, "Master! Master! George! hi! hallo—o! Jacky! ho—o—o!" The "O!" was prolonged into a wild roar, and down he went again quite flat. Up he jumped once more; the darkness was deepening. He rushed to the right—left—all round—tore his hair and gazed into the black depths below—yelled and glared into the dark vault above!

Poor Peter! Thus violently did his gentle spirit seek relief during the first few minutes of its overwhelming consternation.

But he calmed down in the course of time into a species of mild despair. A bursting sob broke from him occasionally, as with his face buried in his hands, his head deep in the heather, and his eyes tight shut, he strove in vain to blind himself to the true nature of his dreadful position. At last he became recklessly desperate, and, rising hastily, he fled. He sought, poor lad, to fly from himself. Of course the effort was fruitless. Instead of distancing himself—an impossibility at all times—doubly so in a rugged country—he tumbled himself over a cliff (fortunately not a high one), and found himself in a peat-bog (fortunately not a deep one). This cooled and somewhat improved his understanding, so that he returned to the knoll a wiser, a wetter, and a sadder boy. Who shall describe the agonies, the hopes, the fears, the wanderings, the faggings, and the final despair of the succeeding hours? It is impossible to say who will describe all this, for *we* have not the slightest intention of attempting it.

Towards midnight Dan reached a very dark and lonely part of the mountains, and was suddenly arrested by a low wail. The sturdy Celt raised his lantern on high. Just at that moment Peter's despair happened to culminate, and he lifted his head out of the heather to give free vent to the hideous groan with which he meant, if possible, to terminate

his existence. The groan became a shriek, first of terror, then of hope after that of anxiety, as Dan came dancing towards him like a Jack-o'-lantern.

"Fat is she shriekin' at?" said Dan.

"Oh! I'm *so* glad—I'm so—o—ow—hoo!"

Poor Peter seized Dan round the legs, for, being on his knees, he could not reach higher, and embraced him.

"Fat's got the maister?"

Peter could not tell.

"Can she waalk?"

Peter couldn't walk—his limbs refused their office.

"Here, speel up on her back."

Peter could do that. He did it, and hugged Dan round the neck with the tenacity of a shipwrecked mariner clinging to his last plank. The sturdy Celt went down the mountain as lightly as if Peter were a fly, and as if the vice-like grip of his arms round his throat were the embrace of a worsted comforter.

"Here they are, ma'am!" screamed Mrs. Brown.

She was wrong. Mrs. Brown was usually wrong. Peter alone was deposited before the eager gaze of Mrs. Sudberry, who fainted away with disappointment. Mrs. Brown said "be off" to Peter, and applied scent-bottles to her mistress. The poor boy's grateful heart wanted to embrace somebody; so he went slowly and sadly upstairs, where he found the cat and embraced *it*. Hours passed away, and the Sudberry family still wandered lost, and almost hopeless, among the mountains.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DISCOVERY OF THE TREASURE ISLES.

(A.D. 1760.)

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

(*Continued from page* 299.)

A FEW yards brought me to a huge mound of shattered masonry, which, as far as I could see, ran all round the ruins like a line of fortifications, in some places higher, in some lower, and overgrown in every part with trees and creeping plants. Having scrambled over this first obstacle, I found myself close against the remains of a lofty circular building, with a domed roof. The portals of this building were carved with strange hieroglyphics, and the dome yet showed traces of faded gold and colours. Finding the entrance choked with fallen rubbish, I passed on as quickly as the uneven nature of the ground would permit, and came next upon a small quadrangular edifice, built, as it seemed, of the purest white marble, and engraved all over with arabesques and mythologic birds and beasts. Being unable to distinguish any kind of entrance, I concluded that it was a tomb. Then came another domed temple, the roof of which was plated with what looked like sheets of solid gold; then a vast number of tombs all together, some of white, some of red, and some of green marble; then a hillocky space of undistinguishable *débris;* then an obelisk inlaid with various kinds of jasper and onyx, and then, partly built up against, and partly excavated in, the rocky base of the central peak, close beneath which I was now standing, a building of grander dimensions than any I had yet seen. The front, defaced as it was, rose to a clear height of at least three hundred feet. The great entrance was supported on either side by a colossal stone image, half man, half eagle, which, though buried in rubbish half way to the knees, yet stood full fifty feet clear in sight. From the middle of the roof rose a kind of low, broad pyramid, fantastically ornamented in gold and colours.

In this temple I felt sure I should find treasure. My only difficulty would be to force an entrance. The great portals were literally blocked up by a mass of broken sculpture, that seemed to have fallen from the façade immediately above the entrance. Over and among the rubbish

and *débris* had grown a tangled mass of underwood, trailing plants, and huge prickly growths of the cactus tribe. The hand of man could scarcely have barricaded the approach to the sanctuary of his gods more effectually than Time and decay had done.

With only a pocket-knife, I knew that it would be hopeless to attempt to cut my way through such a jungle; I therefore left the front, and made a survey of the temple from the sides where it projected from the face of the rock. Even this was no easy matter, for the area all about it was strewn with great mounds of bush-grown rubbish, over which I had to climb as I best could, without heeding how my hands and face were wounded in the effort. All this time I could see no sign of any openings or windows, by which the building could have been lighted, or any other doorway than the great entrance on the other side.

At length it occurred to me that I might find some means of penetrating to the interior of the building by climbing that part of the mountain against which it was reared, and finding some way of dropping down upon the roof. So I went on a little farther, to a point where the ascent looked somewhat less difficult than elsewhere, and succeeded in clambering up to a ledge that commanded the roof of the temple. It lay before me like a vast terrace, with the pyramid in the midst. Comparatively free from the rubble that strewed every foot of the ground below, it was only grass-grown and mossy, with a few young trees and bushes springing up here and there where the dust of ages had deposited sufficient nourishment for their roots. I sprang down upon it, and proceeded to reconnoitre the surface from end to end, taking good care, all the while, lest I should step on some weak spot, and be precipitated into the chasm below. It was well that I did so. Having gone half way along from the back towards the front, and left the pyramid a few feet behind me, I came suddenly upon what seemed like a great pit, over the edges of which the bushes clung suspended, and linked their tangled boughs together, as if they feared to fall. I drew back startled, for another step would have carried me over. I peered in—all below was dark and unfathomable. I traced the boundaries of the pit, and found that it was an oblong parallelogram, constructed evidently for the purpose of giving light to the interior. Here, then, was an unobstructed opening into the building, but one of which it would be impossible to avail myself without the aid of a ladder. I tore away a bush that grew at the verge of the chasm, and, flinging myself down at full length, shaded my eyes with one hand, and looked into the abyss below. For some minutes I could see nothing—all seemed intensely dark, like the crater of an extinct volcano. At length, one dim outline after another

became faintly visible. I distinguished mounds of stones and rubbish, which had probably fallen from the inside of the ceiling, and the lower limbs of another colossal figure, the upper part of which I could only have seen by descending into the building. It was in vain that I leaned over till another inch would have caused me to lose my balance. It was in vain that I tested the strength of every bush and creeper all round the opening. This was all that I had gained, or could hope to gain, in return for my labour in mounting there.

I rose at last, slowly and reluctantly, and paused to think what it was best for me next to do. The city lay at my feet—the mountain rose high above my head. At the level on which I now stood, and for some distance higher up the mountain-side, were scattered several more of those small buildings which I had concluded must be places of sepulture. Should I examine these, in the hope of finding some access to the probable treasures buried with the dust of their inmates? or should I pursue my first design of ascending the peak, planting the English flag on the summit, and beginning my explorations with a thorough observation of the whole city and surrounding country? I did not waste much time in hesitation. I felt as yet almost unwearied, despite my exertions and my long night's watch; and I decided for the ascent.

It was a difficult task—I needed all the energy and perseverance of which I was master.

The first two hundred yards or so, where the slope was less abrupt, and the terraces were covered with buildings, were comparatively easy; and here I could not resist turning aside for a few minutes, to examine a tomb which seemed to be more dilapidated than any which I had yet encountered. As I drew nearer, I found that it bore every mark of having been broken open at some not very distant time. It was a simple square building of white marble, with a dome-shaped roof. This roof had evidently received several blows from some sharp instrument, and was cracked and chipped in many places. A large portion of the masonry at one end had also been removed, and piled back against the spot where it had been broken open.

An irresistible curiosity impelled me to displace the stones again, and see the inside of the chamber. The blocks were ponderous, and I dragged them out with difficulty. As I did so, one rolled down the slope, and fell crashing through the bushes, a hundred and fifty feet below, whereupon a number of gorgeous birds rose screaming into the air, and flapped heavily away.

"What a fool I am!" I said aloud, as I wiped the perspiration from my brow, and paused to rest; "what a fool I am to exhaust myself

thus, when others have been before me, and have, no doubt, rifled the place of anything that might have been valuable! Well, never mind; those others have, at all events, done the worst of the work, and I may as well see whether it was really a tomb, and whether the rest of them are likely to be worth our trouble hereafter."

So I went on again with a will, and found to my satisfaction, that when the three or four large marble blocks were fairly rolled away, only small stones and rubble remained. These were rapidly cleared out, and in about another quarter of an hour I had succeeded in making a space large enough to enable me to creep in. Having done so, and found that I could stand upright inside the building, I waited till my eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. Gradually, as before, one object and then another became visible, and I found that the place was beyond all doubt a sepulchre.

The inner chamber measured about six feet by ten, and was closed in by a ceiling, about three inches above my head. The walls were lined with slabs of the purest alabaster, engraved all over with strange characters. The ceiling was rudely painted with representations of birds, fishes, plants, and beings half human and half brute. Some broken urns of dark blue pottery lay scattered about the floor, and at the farther end of the chamber, on a raised shelf of plain white marble, stood an alabaster coffer, the lid of which, shattered in a dozen fragments, lay close by. It was too dark for me to see to the bottom of this coffer, but I put my hand in, and found it, as I had expected, empty. Just as I was withdrawing my fingers, however, they encountered a small object that felt like a pea. I seized and brought it to light. It was a fine pearl, somewhat discoloured by the damp, but as large as an ordinary holly-berry.

This discovery made my heart leap for joy, and rewarded me for all the trouble I had given myself to break into the tomb. The pearl itself was probably of no great value, but it was an earnest of what I might hope to find in those tombs which as yet had never been disturbed by previous adventurers. I put it inside my tinder-box for safety, and promised myself the pleasure of displaying it to the crew of the *Mary-Jane*, in proof of the booty that awaited us.

"If there is treasure in the tombs," thought I, exultingly, "what may we not hope to find in the temples and palaces?"

My head swam with visions of wealth. I pictured to myself temples with costly altars, and sacrificial vessels of gold and silver—palaces with unexplored apartments, containing thrones, and royal furniture, and weapons, studded with precious stones—tombs filled with gorgeous ornaments of buried kings. Aladdin's garden of jewels was not more lavish

of wonder than became now to me the ruins of this forgotten city. Then came the bewildering thought that all the riches of this vanished race were mine. The island was unclaimed, uninhabited, unpossessed. It was mine to explore, to ransack, to plunder at my pleasure.

I crept out of the tomb and exultingly breathed the fresh air again. I looked up at the great peak, which I could hardly be said to have even begun to ascend. The sun seemed as yet scarcely to have moved in the heavens, and the glorious day was still at its zenith. I sat down for a few moments to rest, and refreshed my parching throat with a few delicious purple berries that grew upon the bushes close beside me. Then I took out my pearl and examined it again in the open daylight. The sight seemed to stimulate me—I rose, replaced it in the box, and resumed my task.

In a few minutes, I had left the last terrace and the last tomb below my feet, and had entered upon that part of the ascent where the rock grew steeper and was overgrown with thorny underwood, through which I had to force a passage as I could. I did force it, however, though my hands and face bled for it, and my clothes were well-nigh torn to pieces on my back. Panting and exhausted, I at length fought through the belt of brushwood and emerged upon the bare rock above.

Hence the barren peak rose, steep and sheer, some twelve hundred feet above my head. At the sight of these awful precipices, my heart sunk within me. There was no visible footing for even a goat, so far as I could see, and scarce a twig, or blade of grass, for the climber to hold by. Thinking that it might possibly be less steep elsewhere, I contrived to work my way round more to the westward, and there, sure enough, found the commencement of what seemed like a gigantic staircase, hewn roughly out from the very substance of the rock. Each step of this ascent was from three to four feet and a half high. Some were cut in deep shelves, on which three or four persons could have lain down at length; others were so narrow as scarcely to afford space for the foot; and many were quite broken away, which tenfold increased the difficulty of climbing. By the help, however, of perseverance, great natural agility, a cool head, and a resolute will, I sprang, clambered, and swung myself, somehow or another, from shelf to shelf of this perilous staircase, only pausing now and then to rest, and look down at the widening landscape. At length I found my feet on the last step, and the summit, which had hitherto been hidden by the impending precipices, close above my head.

That summit was artificially heightened by a kind of shelving platform, like a pyramid with the apex cut away. On the top of this

platform stood a massive square building of white marble, with a large open entrance looking east; and this building served in turn as the pedestal to a gigantic idol, which sat, cross-legged and hideous, with its face to the setting sun. Sitting as it was, the image measured at least twenty feet in height, and wore on its head a large ornament of some strange and dazzling substance, which blinded me, at first sight, by its intolerable splendour. When I had somewhat recovered the command of my sight, I went nearer and examined it. To my amazement, I found this idol to be one incrustation of precious stones, from head to foot. The body was carved in jasper; the legs and arms in red onyx; the hands, feet, and face in the purest alabaster. Round its neck, inlaid upon the surface of the jasper ground, ran a rich collar of turquoises and garnets; round its waist a belt of great emeralds; round its ankles, wrists, arms, and knees, elaborate bands of amethysts and opals. Each eye was represented by a ruby as large as a crown-piece. From its ears hung enormous pendants of the purest sapphires, each the size of an ordinary hen's egg, and richly mounted in gold. Across its knees lay a golden scimitar, the hilt of which was carved from a single beryl; while on its head . . . . I stared—rubbed my eyes, as if to be sure I was not dreaming—scaled the wall of the building—climbed the shoulders of the idol—examined it from every side—and came at last to the conclusion that this ornament, which I had taken for a beacon far away at sea, was no other thing than one pure, gigantic, inestimable diamond, such as the world had never seen before!

It was almost spherical in shape, though slightly flattened, like the globe at the two poles; was cut all over in the smallest facets, each of which reflected every colour of the prism; and measured just twenty-two inches and a half in circumference.

When I had in some degree recovered from the state of excitement and wonder into which this great discovery had thrown me, and was cool enough to look down at the scene below, I saw the whole island at my feet, as if drawn out upon a map.

The smaller island lay close by, to the north-west, separated from this one by a strait of about two miles in width; and all around and about, from the verge of the beach below to the farthest limit of the horizon, in every direction, stretched one rippling, sparkling, brilliant expanse of sapphire sea, unclouded by a breath of vapour, and unbroken by a single sail. I looked for the *Mary-Jane;* but she was hidden by the cliffs that bounded the eastward coast in the direction where I landed. Then I took out my glass, and made a careful observation of both islands. Scattered up and down the hills of the farther one, I saw the remains

of various domed and pyramidal buildings, most of which appeared to be plated on the roofs and sides with gold, and glittered to the sun. Beneath my feet, reaching over a much greater extent of ground than I had at first supposed, lay the ruins of a vast number of palaces, temples, tombs, and triumphal arches; many of which, especially to the west side of the island, which I had not before seen, were in a high state of preservation, and richly decorated with gilding, painting, sculpture, and precious metals. In all of them, no doubt, were idols made after the pattern of this on which I was perched so unceremoniously, and treasure of every imaginable description.

However, the present and actual were all that concerned me just then; so I left the investigation of the ruins till such time as I could bring my men to help me, and set to work with my clasp-knife, to secure as much as possible of the spoil within my grasp. My first attack was made of course upon the diamond, which I dislodged with infinite difficulty, it being "set" into the head of the idol with some kind of very hard cement, that I had to grate to powder as I went on. When, at last, I had quite freed it, I tied it up in the union-jack which had been all this time about my waist, and let myself down upon the east side of the building, where I had seen an opening into the basement. Looking inside this opening, I found the whole interior filled with human skulls, which somewhat startled me. I made room among them, however, for my diamond, and then climbed up again, to secure a few more stones. This time I fell upon the idol's eyes and earrings, which I soon transferred to my own pockets; and, having knocked out some of the great emeralds from his belt, and one or two of the largest opals from his bangles and bracelets, and taken possession of his golden scimitar for my own use, I made up my mind to rest from my labours for this day, and go back by the way I had come. So I tied the loose stones up with the diamond, secured the bundle to my belt, buckled the scimitar to my side, and prepared to descend the mountain. Loaded as I was now, however, this proved no easy matter; but I got to the bottom at last, after some perilous falls and scrambles; took the same route through the ruins, scaled the outer line of wall as before, and plunged into the forest.

The sun was now low in the heavens, and I was thoroughly exhausted by the mental and physical exertions of the day. I doubted whether it would be possible for me to reach the coast before sunset; and I stood in great need of food and rest. The shade and silence of the woods—the springy moss, offering a natural carpet to my feet—the cocoa-nuts and fragrant berries all around, were temptations not to be

resisted; so I decided to spend the night in the forest, and proceeded to choose my lodging. A snug bank at the foot of a clump of banana and cocoa trees was soon found; and here, with a pile of cocoa-nuts by my side, my precious bundle at my feet, and my scimitar lying ready to my hand, I lay down, ate a hearty supper, and settled myself for the night.

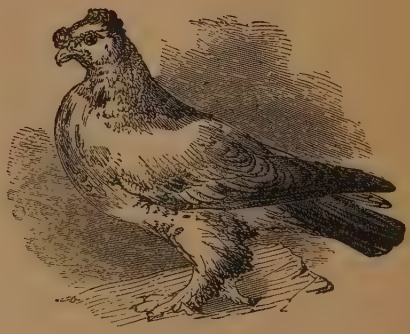
The sun went down upon the silence of the forest. Not a bird twittered—not a monkey chattered—not an insect hummed near. Then came darkness and the southern stars; and I fell profoundly asleep.

I awoke next morning with the dawn; breakfasted on a cocoa-nut; drank the milk of two or three others; and set off, compass in hand, towards the coast. As I went along, I remembered all at once, with a sense of shame at having forgotten it till then, that it was the morning of Christmas-day—Christmas-day, which, though summer-time out here in this tropical latitude, was a wintry epoch enough far away in England among those who loved me! Christmas-day, when the quiet grey-turreted church in my native village would be garlanded with holly; when many a true heart would ache for my absence; when many a prayer for my safety would be whispered as the Litany was read; and my health be drank loudly at the Christmas feast! And I—what had I been doing all this time? Lost in ambitious dreams, had I given a single thought to those who gave so many thoughts to me? Had I longed for wealth, and dared danger and death, to share my riches with them, and make them happy? My heart smote me at these questions, and I brushed away two or three remorseful tears. I saw how selfish had been my aims, and soothed my conscience with a number of good resolutions, all of which were to be carried out when I returned to England with a shipload of gold and jewels.

Absorbed in these wholesome reflections, I traversed the mazes of the forest, crossed the flowery savannah, and threaded the majestic glades of the cocoa-woods that lay nearest the shore. Emerging, by-and-by, in sight of the beach and the sea, I saw, to my surprise and satisfaction, the *Mary-Jane* lying close up against the cliffs, in a little rocky cove not half a mile away. The next instant, I had scrambled down the cliff as recklessly as if it had been a mere slope of smooth lawn, and was running towards the ship at my utmost speed, only pausing every now and then to shout and wave my hat, in case that any of the crew were on the look-out for me. No answering shout, however, bade me welcome. Not a head appeared above the ship's side. Not even a pennant fluttered from the masthead. Had the crew deserted the *Mary-Jane*, and gone up the island in search of treasure for themselves?

(*To be continued.*)

BARB.



TRUMPETER.

JACOBIN.

NUN.

PIGEONS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A. F.L.S.

PIGEONS are always favourite pets, and deservedly so, as they are beautiful and graceful creatures, may be profitably if properly managed, increase rapidly, and require very little trouble. Moreover, the gradations of variety are so great that the young fancier may either content himself with the ordinary dovecote pigeon, which is after all as pretty a bird as any of the fancy varieties, or he may become a regular pigeon-breeder, be a member of the Philoperisteron Society, exhibit his birds, and take prizes or lose them, as the case may be. Should the intending pigeon-keeper be totally inexperienced in the matter, I should certainly recommend him to begin with the common dovecote pigeon, and not to trouble himself about the pouters, carriers, fantails, tumblers, and other varieties, until he has learned how to manage the commoner and hardier birds.

Before the birds are procured, the first business is to have a home for them.

If the young naturalist can obtain the loft over an outhouse or stable, he ought to think himself very fortunate, and may look forward to the possession of a large flock of beautiful birds, as well as a supply of young for the table, and of powerful manure for the garden. Rows of shelves should be put up, at least twenty inches in breadth, and eighteen inches from each other in the clear.

Now erect a series of "upright partitions," about fourteen inches from each other, and made of moderately stout plank; then let each partition be closed in, leaving about three inches of the lower board or floor in front, so as to form a step, on which the pigeons can alight before entering their boxes; and close by each partition, cut a doorway large enough for the birds to pass without difficulty. The accompanying plan and elevation will explain this mode of construction.

Fig. 1 represents the ground plan of a shelf, twenty inches in width, containing six boxes, if the spaces between the partitions may be so

called. It will be seen that the birds enter at the side, and then turn round, so as to be hidden by the front board; when pigeons are fed in

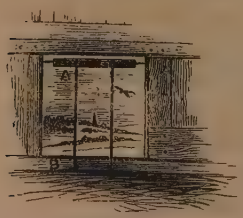
PLAN OF BOXES.

a loft, where they are liable to constant supervision, they like this arrangement, because they can sit without being disturbed. Moreover, the young run no risk of falling out of the nest—a misfortune which sometimes happens when the entrance-holes are in the middle of the

ELEVATION OF BOXES.

boxes. Fig. 2 represents the front view or elevation of the same shelf, showing the manner in which the entrance-holes are cut. The dotted lines represent the partitions. Some persons put a little hay into each box for the purpose of aiding the pigeon to make her simple nest.

The next business is to make the door by which the birds can enter or leave their loft. This is not a difficult matter, but requires a little management. Cut a hole through the wall, or make use of a window, provided that it is not a garret window to which the cats can climb, and fit a door to it, having a lock or catch inside. This is very well for the purpose of letting the pigeons out and in, but as the birds occasionally stay out longer than they ought to do, a contrivance is necessary for admitting the stragglers, while none of the pigeons already in the loft can get out. This is easily achieved by means of the "bolting-wire," which is made as follows: — Cut a small piece out of the bottom of the door, about six inches in width, and high enough to admit the birds. Across the upper part of the opening, fit a wooden roller, that revolves easily on its pivots, as at A. Fasten two strong iron wires into the roller, and let them be long enough for their ends to strike against the sill of the door, as at B. This figure represents the bolting-wire as seen from within the loft. Any bird that comes in after the door is shut can enter by pushing against the bolting-wire, which opens to let it pass,



BOLTING-WIRE.

and then drops again and bars the aperture. The best plan for inducing the birds to come in punctually, is to accustom them to be fed at a certain time, and to let them out an hour or so before feeding-time.

Water should be supplied by means of bird fountains made like those described in the article on Canaries (vol. ii. p. 687), only of much larger dimensions, holding one or two gallons.

As a model of what a pigeon-cote ought to be, I will describe the form employed by the veteran naturalist, Mr. Waterton.

Finding that the ordinary cotes were subject to many drawbacks, such as the attacks of rats, want of cleanliness, and robbery by professed pigeon-stealers, he erected cotes which obviated all these defects. One of them (a sketch of which is here given) is erected in the centre of the farm buildings at Walton Hall.

PIGEON-COTE AT WALTON HALL.

Rats, cats, stoats, and other bird destroyers can gain no admission, because the walls are made very smooth, and the door is some fifteen feet or so from the ground. Its edges are bound with iron, and as it fits flush into the wall, there is no foothold for thieves who might try to force the door open. Should the thieves try to steal the pigeons in the ordinary manner—namely, by getting on the roof, putting a net over the "dormer" or "glover," as the opening at the top is called, and catching the pigeons as they fly out—they would find themselves baffled by the great height of the tower, which is far beyond the reach of any ladder.

The large window at the side is so strongly and closely barred that

entrance there is quite impossible. The dormer is partly glazed, but its lower part is so fitted that it forms at the same time a ventilator and a mode of ingress and egress for the pigeons. The floor of the cote itself is level with the door, the lower part of the building being a room used for farming purposes, totally unconnected with the cote, and having a door of its own.

The inside is, however, the most remarkable portion of the cote. Twenty successive rows of holes are seen, running all round the tower, except in those places where they are intercepted by the windows, and being altogether rather more than six hundred and fifty in number. These holes are made exactly in the same manner as the boxes already described, save that the material is brick instead of wood, and that a projecting brick ledge, about three inches in width, runs just below each row of holes. By means of these ledges, a man can traverse the whole building, and examine three rows at every round.

The place is kept beautifully clean, and indeed it ought to be, for not only are the birds much healthier than they would be if left undisturbed, but the scrapings are worth about eighteenpence per bushel as manure. There is a popular but erroneous idea, that if pigeon-houses be cleaned, the inmates will forsake them. This superstition is on a par with many of the old dirty customs believed in by our forefathers, who had a wonderful love for stifling atmospheres and a wonderful hatred for fresh water.

As, however, a loft is not at the command of every one, the young pigeon-keeper must find some other means of providing a habitation for his feathered pets. The well-known triangular cote, which is intended to be nailed against the wall, is as good as any other, and is very simply made, and can be put together by any boy who has a little knowledge of tools and the use of his hands. Take care, in making it, to let the roof and floor project at least four inches before the front board, and give the latter a trifling incline downwards, so as to prevent water from lodging. A quarter of an inch in four inches is quite enough. Be sure to avoid a northern aspect, and do not place the cote against a rough wall, as, in the latter case, the rats and cats can reach the pigeons, and will make sad havoc among them. As to starlings, which are fond of getting into the cotes, and which are popularly supposed to kill the young birds and suck the eggs, they do no harm, and may be let alone. The pigeon is a quarrelsome bird, and quite strong enough to keep starlings out of any box which it desires for its own purposes.

A very common form of dovecote is the well-known barrel-cote, placed on the top of a pole, which is so often found in farmhouses, a picturesque as

well as a useful appendage. Get a cooper to fit up a cask of convenient size, with several shelves; divide them into partitions like those which have already been described, and cut holes for entrance and egress. A projecting ledge should surround the cask under each set of doors, or the pigeons will find a difficulty in perching. A cooper can do this better than an ordinary carpenter, because he partially opens the cask in order to insert the partitions, and then closes it again.

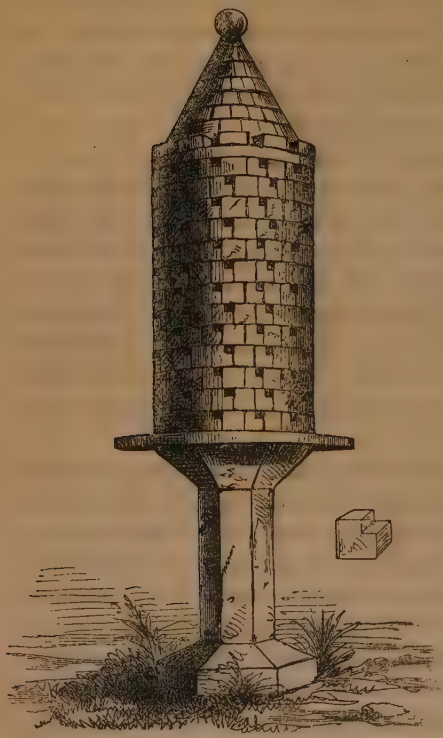
When the cote is ready, nail a large circular board on the top of the pole, projecting at least eighteen inches on every side, so that vermin may be stopped, if they try to get at the pigeons by climbing the pole. Some persons add to the security of the birds by nailing a sheet of zinc round the pole just under the flat board, so that the sharp claws of a rat or stoat can find no hold. Lastly, put the barrel on the board, and fasten it down. This is best done by screws, as the barrel can then be removed without difficulty, should it need repair. Take care to cover the top of the barrel with a conical roof, having eaves wide enough to throw the rain clear of the wooden ledges.

The best colour for a dovecote is white, as the pigeons can see it from a great distance, and find no difficulty in returning to it after a flight. Even the outside of the door and bolting-wire of a loft should be white; and, in all cases, the white colour should be renewed whenever it becomes dull. So fond, indeed, are pigeons of a very white house, that if a cote be put up, and painted brilliantly white, pigeons will often take possession of it and occupy it of their own accord. There is no property in dovecote pigeons, which are free to go wherever they like; and if a pigeon chooses to stray from one house to another, it cannot be legally recovered, even if identified. Formerly, no one was allowed to have a whitened cote, lest the pigeons of the neighbours should be attracted to it, but as it is found that if every one who has a pigeon-cote is accustomed to whiten it, no advantage is gained, this law was suffered to drop into desuetude.

Should the reader possess a loft, he should keep the interior well whitewashed; and as soon as the birds rest from their breeding, the cells should be carefully scraped out, and some of Keating's insect powder be scattered about, or burned, and the smoke blown into the box. Unless these precautions be taken, the nests become sources of abomination, the birds are filled with vermin, and the young are in such a filthy state that they are quite unfit for table.

Should the reader like to build a quaint and at the same time a useful form of dovecote, using the principle of the barrel-cote, but employing more durable materials, he cannot do better than copy the form of the

towers built by Mr. Waterton for the benefit of the starlings. A sketch of one of these towers is here introduced, and the reader may find a full account of it in my "Garden Friends and Foes," page 53. Suffice it to say, in the present place, that the stone pillar and flat base afford effectual protection against all predacious beasts, while the entrance to each nest is made by cutting out the angle of the stone which closes the holes. These stones are moveable, so that the holes can be easily cleaned by removing the stone, scraping the cell, and then putting the stone back again. Of course, the tower must be on a larger scale for pigeons than for starlings, and the holes must be fewer in number.



STARLING TOWER AT WALTON HALL.

The food of pigeons is simple and easily procured, consisting of tares, peas, small beans, and buckwheat. If the birds are kept in a farmyard, the food should not be thrown on the ground, where the poultry can get at it, but on some flat roof to which the fowls cannot fly. As they are very fond of salt, and require sand for digestion and lime in order to strengthen the eggshell, it is best to make a "salt-cat," and renew it whenever it is demolished. Salt-cat is made by taking equal parts of sand or very fine gravel, loam, old mortar or lime, a pound or so of cummin seed to give it a flavour, and plenty of bay salt. Mix it up with water to the consistency of ordinary mortar, and keep it in jars, having holes in the sides, through which the pigeons can put their heads. This mixture is most healthful to the pigeons, and has the further effect of keeping them at home.

Those who have no loft, sometimes find great difficulty in keeping their pigeons at home during the first few days. In a loft it is easy enough, as all that is needed is to keep the door shut for a few days, until the birds have learned to love the locality and to know the feeding-

hour; but in an open cote, the case is different. Some persons recommend that some of the pinion feathers of one wing should be drawn; others that one wing should be cut; and others that they be tied with a piece of string to the cote. These plans are, however, rather cruel, and scarcely needful.

In the first place, do not buy old pigeons, but procure birds that have not yet flown. Place them in the holes for which they are intended, and fasten them in by means of a few stout wires across the entrance. Feed them well, and in a few days they will be very unwilling to leave their new home.

With a few words on the different breeds of pigeons, this article must terminate. Figures of several important varieties are given, in order to assist the reader in identifying the birds when he sees them.

The Carrier pigeon is known by its peculiar form, and the wattles that decorate the bill. The carrier is to pigeons what the greyhound is to dogs, being made for speed, and having close plumage, a slender neck, vast propulsive power, and large expanse of lung. This is the pigeon which was once so largely used as a messenger. Pure carriers are very rare, and a mixture of the horseman or dragon is mostly employed.

The Tumbler derives its name from its odd habit of falling over when on the wing, and dropping for some yards before it resumes its course. These birds ought to fly very closely together, and when that is the case, they afford a beautiful sight as they soar upwards. If tumblers are kept, they should be turned out by themselves, and it is always better to include in the stock one pigeon which will soar to a great height, as they will all follow him and learn his beautiful art. There are many varieties of tumbler.

The Jacobin is remarkable for the growth of the feathers on the back of the head and neck, which are reversed, and form a large ruff, something like that of the vulture. The bird is sometimes called the Jack. There is another pigeon which resembles the Jacobin, and is sometimes mistaken for it: this is the Ruff, the hood of which is larger than that of the Jacobin, but the feathers do not grow so near the shoulders.

The Nun is so called on account of the dark feathers on the head, which contrast with the white plumage of the body. The head may be either red, yellow, or black, but, whatever colour it may be, the flight and tail feathers must agree with it. The Helmet is something like the Nun, but is a smaller bird, and the head feathers do not form a hood. The head ought to be black.

The Pouter is a large, handsome-looking pigeon, standing very

upright, and having a very hollow back. It derives its name from a habit of puffing out its crop, which is sometimes distended to such an extent that the bird loses its balance and falls down.

POUTER.

OWL.

The Owl is so called on account of its short beak and round head. On its breast it has a circular tuft of feathers, technically named the "purl." The Turbit has also a short head and beak, and is known by a tuft on the back of its head. The Barb ought to be dark plumaged, with a tuft on the back of its head, and a scarlet circle round its eyes. It is supposed to have been originally brought from Barbary.

The Trumpeter is so named from a peculiar cry which it occasionally utters. It ought to have a tuft of feathers at the root of the beak, another on the back of the head, and the legs and feet ought to be thickly covered with plumage. The Fantail is handsomest when perfectly white. The spreading tail ought to have at least twenty-four feathers, and always to be kept erect. The breast must be very full.

CONJURING.

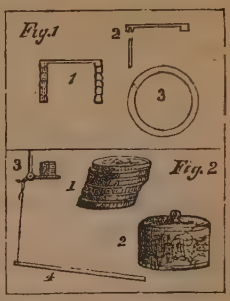
BY GEORGE FORREST, M.A.

THE PENETRATIVE PENCE.

TAKE six copper pence, and get a whitesmith to bore out the middle of five of them, leaving only a ring about the tenth of an inch in width. Then let him bore the sixth in a similar manner, but not cut all the metal away, so as to leave a thin shell of copper. Next, let him run a rivet loosely through them all, so that they can be viewed sideways, and have a little stop made at each side in order to prevent them from being moved so far as to show their real character. Paint the inside with dead black. Then prepare a cardboard box which will just slip over the pence, and make it very handsome on the outside. Paint the interior with the same dead black as was used for the false pence. Have under your table a little shelf, placed so that the spectator cannot see it.

Some conjurors have the shelf fixed by hinges to the table, and supported by a catch, which is withdrawn by placing the foot on a pedal.

In the upper half of the accompanying illustration may be seen the method of cutting and arranging the false pence. Fig. 1 is a section of them when completed. Fig. 2 shows a section of the upper penny, which has been hollowed, as well as the rivet which is fastened to it. Fig. 3 shows one of the rings, together with the hole through which the rivet passes. In the lower half of the illustration, fig. 1, represents the false pence as they appear when moved upon each other so as to delude the spectators with the idea that they are real coins. Fig. 2 is the ornamental cover; and fig. 3 shows the method in which the shelf can be made to drop when the lever is pressed.



Before you perform the trick, place the sham pence on the shelf. Take six real pence, place them on the table, gather them up, press them together, and slip the cover over them. Say that when you strike the cover with your wand the pence will disappear and fall through the table. As you say this remove the cover, take the pence in your hand, and hold them under the table, as an illustration of your remarks.

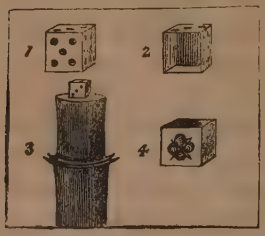
Put the real pence on the little shelf and take the false pence instead. Place them on the table, taking care to press them sideways so that they shall appear to be real coins; settle them straight and put the cover over them. Strike it smartly with your wand, at the same time pressing the pedal with your foot. Down fall the real pence with a great crash; you pick up the cover, holding it tightly so as to take up the sham pence within it; hold it to the audience, showing that it is empty; drop the sham pence neatly into your hand and throw the box on the table, so that the spectators may examine it, if they like. While picking up the real pence you can slip the sham ones into your pocket.

This capital trick may be varied in different ways; one of the neatest variations being to change the six copper pence into a silver sixpence. This is of course accomplished by slipping a sixpence under the sham coins when they are placed on the table, and omitting to strike the pedal. The pedal, by the way, is not absolutely necessary, for the same result may be obtained by a bit of string; or even by holding the left hand under the table and pushing the pence into it with your finger. In that case, it always adds to the spirit of the performance if you let them drop singly into the hand, and pretend to wonder why they do not fall faster.

THE MAGIC DICE.

Many tricks are managed on this principle, namely, having a hollow imitation of a solid object and exchanging the one for the other. I will, however, only describe one mode, which is frequently exhibited by peripatetic conjurors under the name of the Magic Dice.

Cut a cube of some hard wood and paint it so as to resemble a die. Get a whitesmith to make for you a copy of the die in tin, of the exact size of the wooden model but with one of the sides omitted, so as to make it like a cubical box. Have a second box made just like the first, except that it is a little larger, so as to slip easily over the other. Paint the small box on the outside exactly like the wooden die, and clean the large box as brilliantly as you can. Paint the inside of both of a dull black, or line them with black paper. Let them all be thoroughly dry, and you are ready for your performance.



Borrow a couple of hats from the spectators, and as you take them to your table slip the sham die into one of them. Produce the real die and say that you will drive it through the crowns of the hats and afterwards mend the hats so that they shall be as good as ever.

Select the best hat you can find and place it upon the other. Put the real die on the crown of the upper hat, slip the cover over it, and say that when you have cut a proper hole in the upper hat the die will fall through into the lower hat. As you say this take up the cover and put the real die into the lower hat as an illustration.

Now, take out the false die, which the spectators will fancy to be the real one; replace the hat, and put the tin die on the crown of the upper hat, just as had been done with the real one.

Slip the cover over it, take a knife, trace four lines on the crown of the hat, guiding the knife with the edge of the die, and pretend to cut through the crown, letting the knife slip through your fingers at every cut, so that the blade seems to be passing through the hat. When that is done, strike the cover with the wand, grasp it tightly so as to take up the false die inside it, hold it up to the spectators so as to show that it is empty, and then throw the real die out of the hat in which you had placed it.

The egg and cup trick, with differently coloured balls produced out of one box, and several similar delusions, are managed on the same principle.

THE HUNDRED GOBLETS.

This trick, which at one time excited such a sensation, is almost absurdly simple. Nothing looks more wonderful than to see a man borrow a hat, show the spectators that it is empty, and then put in his hand and pull out a hundred polished goblets, which he piles up in a vast pyramid of glittering metal.

The manner in which this feat is achieved is as follows:—The goblets are made of tin ware, conical in shape, something like extinguishers with the tops cut off, and like the horn mugs that used to be so common in farm-houses. The conjuror takes care to show only a side view of them, inasmuch as they have no bottoms, and are, in fact, nothing but hollow truncated cones. Each is slit down the side. You perform the trick by pushing the goblets inside each other, a process which is permitted by the slit; those in the inside being squeezed together, and those on the outside being expanded. They are then placed carefully on a little shelf, fastened at the back of your chair, or to a table where it cannot be seen.

As you walk away with the hat, pass by the little shelf, stick the middle finger of the right hand into the hole at the top of the compressed goblets, and by merely bending the finger you bring them into the hat unseen. You can then take each goblet out separately, being

careful to do so with a flourish, and build them up into any fantastic form you like.

It always causes much amusement when thrown on the ground with a bang, and allowed to roll away to the audience.

All kinds of objects can be got into the hat in the same manner. A full-blown cabbage, for example, having the stem cut short, and a hole bored in it for the reception of the finger. A great wooden ball. A tightly-packed bundle of feathers, which swell enormously when released, and seem to be scarcely compressible into a dozen hats. A bouquet of flowers, which may be distributed to the ladies. A packet of whistles, dolls, &c., which are always acceptable to the children. All these and many other articles can be slipped into the hat by the exercise of a little ingenuity, and at the trouble of a little practice.

THE FISH AND INK.

In order to perform this trick properly, you must purchase a ladle made for the purpose, as a silversmith would make a very heavy charge for such an article.

The trick itself is a very pretty one. A glass vessel filled with ink is brought into the room, and set on a table, and some of the ink is dipped out with a ladle and poured into a saucer, so as to assure the audience of the real character of the fluid. A handkerchief is then thrown over the vessel, and removed immediately, when the ink has vanished, and in its place is pure water, in which are swimming some gold fish.

The method of performing this pretty trick is as follows:—Make a black silken lining to the vessel, and arrange it so that when the vase is filled with water, the silk makes it look like ink. The pressure of the water will cause the silk to adhere to the sides of the vessel. When you remove the handkerchief which has been thrown over the vase, you take hold of the edge of the black silk and bring it all away together. The ink, which is poured on a plate, has been concealed in a cavity in the handle of the ladle. The handle is in fact a tube, having an aperture leading to the bowl, so that when the performer dips the ladle into the vase, the ink flows out of the handle into the bowl, and is at once poured into the saucer. A very little ink is enough for the pupose.

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—WAGERS.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE SIXTH—OF WAGERS.

I REMEMBER that when we lay off the Luncheon Islands, in the South Seas, we found all the mountains home-baked bread, and all the hills Cheshire and other cheeses; but I grew so disgusted at the small pieces our men (H.M.S. *Perkins*, Capt. Barclay) chipped off by way of meals, that I wagered one hundred thousand pounds Three per cent. Consols against ship and crew, I would eat through the island called Cheddar in thirty days; and, truth to say, accomplished it, but only with help from a spade, crowbar, pickaxe, and the ship's hatchet. The worst of it was, that, as you may suppose, it gave me a dislike to cheese which I have never yet been able to conquer. Moreover, the habit of eating had so grown upon me during the month's hard practice, that when I left off it was to find myself so ravenously hungry, the ship's cook could not find food enough for me: it was in a fainting, exhausted, and hungry condition that we put into a friendly port for fresh supplies, to satisfy my inordinate craving.

A MONTH'S HARD WORK.

But it was not in the South Seas that I won my drinking wager; it was in London.

The teetotallers had attacked Barclay and Perkins' brewery; making good their entry, had staved in the great vat in which they store their porter. This monstrous reservoir, as you are aware, is so wide that it takes a drayman four and twenty hours to sail across the beer it contains, and so deep that mortal brewer has not yet plumbed it.

THE FLOOD OF BEER.

I say the teetotallers had staved in the vat.

The beer poured out over Bankside. All London, north and south, would be inundated; as it was, the Brighton and South Coast terminus

was under beer. But I was passing on a Clapham omnibus, and heard Barclay crying out to Sir Joseph Paxton, architect of the vat,—

"England is ruined!"

ENGLAND SAVED.

Said I, "I will bet you Billingsgate Market (having in my passion for fish just bought that unsavoury place) against the remains of the brewery, that I drink up the contents of your vat before it reaches Blackfriars-bridge!"

"Done!" cried Barclay; and "Well done!" he cried, when I accomplished the task, and found that the great brewery was mine.

I took off my coat, hat, and boots, plunged into the stream, and drank it all up in five and twenty minutes, to the amazement of the ruined brewer and the astonishment of Sir Joseph Paxton. However, I keep old Barclay on as manager, and Paxton has the job of rebuilding the vat, larger than before.

CURE FOR CHOLERA.

It is lucky for me that I am here to enjoy my good fortune, as in finishing up that portion of the beer that had run into the river, I was forced to swallow so much Thames water that I fell ill of English cholera, and nothing less than the contents of Hodges' distillery was found sufficient to cure me.

I have told you already of my powers of hopping, but I outdid all that I have yet told you when the Prince of Wales wagered me his estates in Cornwall that I would not hop from St. James's Park over Buckingham Palace into Kensington Gardens; but with my usual impetuosity, I could not stop myself, so hopped to Southampton, thence to Malta, from Malta to Caprera, shook hands with Garibaldi, and back by way of Rome.

TAKING IT EASY.

I once run a race against an express train from London to Aberdeen, and so far outstripped the powers of steam, that having run myself out of my boots, I stopped at Newcastle-upon-Tyne while a new pair was being made for me, and yet came gently into Aberdeen one hour and five and forty minutes before the train, which, however, went pretty quick for steam, doing its seventy miles an hour all the way through.

ACCIDENT TO THE TELEGRAPH.

As for jumping, with Mr. Mechi, the farmer and fancy stationer, on my back, I went easily over the telegraph wires of the Great Western; but I look upon this as a feat to be rather ashamed of, seeing that it so startled the electric current that no messages could be sent up or down for six-and-thirty hours. As some slight remedy for my thoughtlessness, I moved a house full of furniture down the wires on my back, and delivered them free of all charge to the owner. By the way, the art of moving furniture by electric telegraph is solely my own invention.

I rode for a wager of eighteen-pence, on eighteen horses at once, through eighteen counties, in eighteen days ; but the strain is too great.

I wagered my tongue against Gladstone's head that I would talk down both Houses of Parliament, the Inns of Court, Mr. Spurgeon, and Bellew ; but, although I easily enough conquered such men as Palmerston and Disraeli, I was hard run by Lord Brougham, who had so much to say about his penny publications, I thought there would be no end to him.

GOOD TALKER.

I read through *Kelly's Directory*, the *Times'* double supplement, and last month's *Bradshaw* without stopping to draw breath, but have been so hoarse ever since that I am not allowed to speak above a whisper till next Christmas twelvemonth—a great punishment to me, I can tell you.

You heard once before about my rowing, but perhaps you have not read of my great thousand-guinea match, when in a washing-tub with only two copper sticks I pulled myself across the British Channel on a stormy day, and landed safely at Boulogne, to the joy of the English residents there, who are very fond of me.

THE WASHING-TUB.

Of course I play chess ; in fact, I am the champion. This is how it came about. Three hundred and sixty-five of the best players came to me one night as I was stepping into bed, thinking it would take them (at the rate of a game a day) just one year to humble me. Of course I turned the tables on them. I went to bed, telling them, as I was going to sleep, to play against me all at once. They did. I dreamt the replies to all their moves, and checkmated my three hundred and sixty-fifth opponent as the "milk" came to the door the next morning.

As for cards—when I meet a man who plays any game particularly well, I beat him so completely that he is disgusted with card-playing, and gives it up ever after.

I once played a game of dominoes, running along the high road to Romford, for five hundred pounds.

In South America I hung upon a gallows for a wager of eighty horses, and almost lost my life and wager at the same moment, for the bet being that I would hang myself up from the topmost bough of the highest tree and get myself down again without breaking my neck, it was stupid of me to jerk my head into the rope as I did. I felt myself losing my senses. What did I do? Why, I cut off the top end of the rope, and tied it on to the lower half in a weaver splice, and so let myself down safe and sound. But I will never again be guilty of so dangerous a trick.

THE HANGING-WAGER.

At feats of archery my wagers have of course been successfully contested. I have split the wand—taken the "gold"—hit the apple on the boy's head—and at two hundred yards put an arrow into an alderman's calf so deftly that he forgot to cry out (it was a cork leg).

I wagered with the Duke of Sutherland that at trap, bat, and ball, I would send the ball with such terrible force that no one should ever be able to stop it. Away it went. No one could—no one *can* stop that ball. It is still going; its speed has overcome the resistance of the air as well as the power of gravitation, and it keeps on going round and round the world at the rate of a thousand miles a minute.

WELL HIT.

The last time it came this way it caught me such a crack on the left side of my head that I almost repented the exercise of that great power and skill by means of which I had set it going.

I once wagered that I would fly my great kite over the moon, but getting too high, hooked it over the sun instead, when, the string getting charred by the intense heat of a twelve o'clock ray, I lost my kite for ever and my wager also. The poor kite can only be seen at the time of a total eclipse, and then it forms those curious phenomena so puzzling to our modern astronomers. I betted that I would bring it down with my pop-gun; but the silly thing would not carry far enough, so I lost that wager also. But my "pellets" still stick on the face of the luminary, and are called "spots" by scientific F.A.S.'s, who know no better.

ASTRONOMICAL.

Now, on the moors, when my friends threw doubts on my power over the pea-shooter, I wagered them a pipe of Burgundy against a gross of champagne that I would kill with it the first four living things that passed at more than half a mile distance. So I did. A red deer, a red grouse, a blue pigeon, and—I am sorry for it—Lord Brougham, who, sad to say, being a Scotchman, had come "bock again." It was at this time I performed my great boomerang feat. Friend Elcho had somehow missed the deer at which he had levelled his Henry rifle, and I, observing his bad aim, cried,—

"Ten to one in thousands on the boomerang!"

"Done," cried his lordship.

Away went the missile to the right—away flew the deer to the left—round turned the boomerang in mid-air off after the devoted animal, and caught him just in the middle of the spine. He was done for, and I easily won my thousand pounds.

You know I am very fond of shuttlecock: the worst of it is I can't get them large enough. I once came upon an unlucky Federal soldier

in America, who, after being tarred, had been feathered with large pinion feathers. I bet him that I would "keep him up" till the end of Lincoln's presidency. The wager is not yet decided, for he is up now—in fact, I left him up while I ran over here on important business, but I am going back in a few weeks to give him another "bat" as he comes down.

HUMAN SHUTTLE-COCK.

I have fenced for wagers so long as there were any fencers left, but having killed them all off, I must wait patiently for a new growth. And as for skill at driving, you know about that already; but my great driving wager, when I put my horses across the British Channel, through France, Belgium, Germany, Holstein, Slesvig, to Duppel and back—before the King of Prussia had quite finished his breakfast—you may not have heard of.

I once swam a mile, rowed a mile, sailed a mile, dived a mile, and, as a wind-up to dry myself in the high wind, rolled a mile—all in five and fifty minutes; and the wager being that I was to do it all in the hour, a good five minutes within the allotted time.

I wish to wager a thousand pounds on a wrestling-match, but, after my feats at Hornsey Wood, no one will meet me, which is a great pity.

My memory has always stood me in good stead whenever I have made it the subject of a wager, for I remember everything that I hear, everything that I read, and everything that everybody says behind my back about me.

GOOD MEMORY.

You see how my nose turns up, eh? Well, that was the result of my latest wager. I was stupid enough to balance Sir William Armstrong, the Duke of Somerset, and Great Will, the breech-loading cannon, on the bridge of my nose. I won my wager—but at what cost you see.

THE BRIDGE IS BROKEN.

And now; you look incredulous.

I will bet you fifty thousand pounds, in English sovereigns, that you do not prove any one of these modest stories to be false.

Come!

NINCO NANCO, THE NEAPOLITAN BRIGAND.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER I.

WHO has not heard of Ninco Nanco, the daring cut-purse, and sometimes cut-throat, of the Apennines, who, with his band of fifty chosen men, has long kept in awe the district of Basilicata in the once kingdom of Naples? Certainly, those who have travelled from the Adriatic to the Bay of Naples, across that mountainous region which in the map looks very like Italy's ankle-bone, will retain a vivid recollection of the curiosity with which they examined every dry stick projecting from a bush or rock, lest it should prove the barrel of one of his follower's rifles; and the respect which they felt for every shepherd they saw feeding his flocks on the mountain side, lest the said peaceable-avocation-following gentleman should suddenly jump down, joined by many more from among the rocks, who could salute them in the choicest Neapolitan with words which may be freely translated, "Stand and deliver! Your money or your life!" Yes; Ninco Nanco is not a hero of romance, but a veritable living, unkempt, unwashed, brown-cloaked, leather-gaitered, breeches-wearing, high-peaked-hatted Italian robber—a pious Catholic of the Ultramontane, or rather to him Cismontane school, and a warm admirer and supporter of that excellent, amiable, and benign-minded monarch, King Bomba. But who is Ninco Nanco, or rather who was he? it may be asked, for it may shrewdly be supposed that he was not born a brigand—that he did not practise shooting wayfarers with a small bow and arrows in his infancy.

Ninco Nanco was once a Neapolitan gentleman of the ancient régime, who got into trouble by running his stiletto, through a slight misapprehension, into the ribs of the wrong man, which wrong man, having powerful friends, poor Ninco Nanco, bitterly complaining of his misfortune, and of the cruelty of fate in making two men so much alike, was condemned to the galleys for life. Had he killed the right man, no notice, he affirmed, would have been taken of his peccadillo. While thus suffering under the frowns of fortune, he formed the acquaintance of several personages, like-minded with himself, who spent their spare time in grumbling against their hard fate at being placed in durance vile, and in

concocting plans for revenging themselves against those who had been instrumental in depriving them of their liberty. There is a tide in the affairs of all men—that in the affairs of Ninco Nanco turned, so he thought, in his favour. An opportunity occurred of making his escape —he availed himself of it, as did a few choice spirits of his own kidney. They were compelled, to be sure, to knock three or four of their gaolers on the head; but to liberal-minded men, like themselves, that was a trifle. They expected soon to be provided with ample funds to buy absolution for that act, or for any other of a similar character they might be compelled to commit. Once free from the precincts of their prison, they were among friends, and by them assisted, hastened off inland, nor pulled rein till they had placed many a mountain range and dark ravine between themselves and those who ought to have pursued them, but did not. There Ninco Nanco raised his standard, and prepared to set the laws of "meum and tuum" at defiance. He and his associates soon made themselves at home in a hut, which they erected among some rocks, high up on the side of a lofty mountain, where no one was likely to come and look for them. They only mustered nine or ten men, however, and it was agreed that their band must be greatly increased before they could undertake any enterprise of consequence. Each of the party had friends on whom he could rely, so he said, to join them, but as they were rather out of the line of the penny postage, there was some difficulty in getting the letters conveyed to the persons with whom the band desired to communicate. Another difficulty existed in the fact that only Ninco Nanco and Giuseppe Greco, his lieutenant, could write. Their leader, for reasons best known to himself, declined putting his hand to paper, the task of inditing these epistles fell, therefore, on Giuseppe, while another of the band was commissioned to find messengers, by whom to despatch them to their several destinations.

Meantime, as gentlemen of the profession these worthies were about to adopt, cannot live without food any more than those of a less enterprising character, they proposed making a little expedition along the high road, for the purpose of obtaining funds to supply their immediate necessities. The proposal, emanating from Ninco Nanco himself, was so much to the taste of all, that it was immediately put into execution. The band mustered but few men; but they were hungry. They posted themselves on either side of the before-mentioned high road, among some rocks and bushes, and waited quietly for what fortune might send them. The chief injunction Ninco Nanco laid on his followers was, not to fire across the road lest they should hit each other, and rather to aim at the men than the horses, as the horses might prove useful, while the men,

objecting to be robbed, might possibly prove troublesome. Before long, a carriage was seen approaching. It had a small body with a hood, and was open in front, and had high wheels. In the centre sat a man, with a chest on either side of him, the butt ends of pistols projecting from the pockets of the carriage, and a rifle across his knees. Ninco Nanco's eyes brightened. "The Padrone has something worth defending," he muttered, raising his rifle. He fired, and the traveller fell dead. The rest of the band, not being good shots, missed. The postillion lashed on his horses; but the robbers (the brigands, their pardon is asked), jumping out, stopped them, pulled him from his saddle, and commenced a hurried examination of the contents of the chest, the keys of which they found in their victim's pocket. He was the steward of the Prince Montefalcone, returning to Naples after collecting the rents on his employer's eastern estates. At the sound of the firing, a horseman who was following the caleche turned to fly; but his steed fell, and he was thrown. He was immediately seized on and bound back to back with the postillion, while his horse was likewise caught. The brigands were rapid in their proceedings. The carriage was smashed to pieces, and its materials, with the body of the murdered man, being packed on the three horses and the two prisoners, the robbers themselves carrying what could not be thus transported, the whole party struck off up the mountain, their leader stopping behind for a moment to assure himself that no traces of the encounter remained. Having picked up a couple of balls and some splinters, and stamped over some drops of blood, he sprang after his comrades. They had reached a dark and secluded glen, with rocks and trees overhanging, when the chief called a halt. After a little consultation, two graves were dug under the moss. In one the body of the steward was deposited.

"Now, friends," said the chief, in his mild, bland way, addressing his prisoners, "we require recruits; are either of you inclined to join us?"

"Not I, indeed!" exclaimed the steward's servant. "You've murdered my good master, and I hope to see you all hung—especially you, Senior Ninco Nanco; I remember you in the Bagnio of Castellamare—rogue that you are!"

"Very well, friend, take your way," said Ninco Nanco, blandly, as before. "And you, Senior Postiglione, what do you say?"

"That I am unprejudiced; but it depends on the offer you can make me, most worthy seniors," answered the postillion.

"You see that grave; one of you two will fill it before ten minutes are over," said the bandit, with terrible calmness.

"Oh, oh! then I will join you or do anything you wish, most worthy and honourable gentlemen," exclaimed the poor fellow, trembling in every limb.

"You have selected wisely, friend postiglione," said the bandit, with an unpleasant smile; "but you will understand that we require proof of your sincerity; vows are, like strings of maccaroni, easily broken. You will have the goodness to take this pistol, and shoot yonder contumacious slave of the steward of the Prince Montefalcone. I wish that I could have given you the satisfaction of shooting the Prince himself."

The postillion took the pistol which the brigand handed to him, but hesitated to lift it towards the head of the victim.

"Come, come! we are transacting business," cried the brigand, with a terrible frown. "If you are in earnest, fire; if not, we will give him his choice of shooting you."

The servant, who had not seemed till this moment to understand the cruel fate prepared for him, turned an imploring glance at the brigands surrounding him; but no expression of commiseration could he discover in the countenances of any of them. He was in the act of lifting up his hands towards the blue sky above his head, when the report of a pistol was heard, and he fell flat on his face to the ground.

Instantly the outer clothing was stripped off, the pockets rifled, and the yet warm corpse was thrown into the grave and covered up.

"Put on this," said the brigand, handing the murdered man's jacket to the postillion; "you've made a good beginning, and, as your life is now not worth a half carline if you were to appear in Naples, when you have taken the oath you may consider yourself one of us; but you'll remember, that if you ever turn traitor, though you were to fly to the centre of the Vatican, or to cling to the altar of St. Peter's, you would not be safe from our vengeance. Now, onward, comrades!"

After climbing some way the band reached their huts, where, the remains of the carriage being piled in a heap, a fire was lighted, and they set to work to cook the remainder of their provisions, with the pleasant knowledge that they had now the means amply to replenish their supply. Having eaten and drunk their fill of salt fish, oil, garlic, maccaroni, and sour wine, they stretched themselves, wrapped up in their cloaks, at their lengths inside the hut, while one stood sentry at a spot whence he could watch the only approach to this rocky domain. Such was the every-day life of these gentlemen. It would require a curious twist of the imagination to conceive Ninco Nanco a hero, or his followers otherwise than unmitigated villains.

Poor Pietro, il postiglione, soon discovered that he was to be a mere hewer of wood to the band.

While awaiting a reply to their letters, Greco and a companion were sent occasionally into the neighbouring village, to procure provisions and necessaries, for which they honestly paid, the traders not finding it convenient to give credit to gentlemen of their profession. Only two recruits joined them, invited by Greco, old hands at the trade. No answers were returned to the rest of their epistles.

"We must take other means of recruiting our forces," exclaimed Ninco Nanco, pulling his moustachioes in a way which meant mischief.

CHAPTER II.

A LONG, low cottage, with broad verandahs, over which luxuriant vines had been taught to creep, stood on the side of one of the numerous ridges of the Apennines, some way to the east of Naples, in the province of Basilicata. It belonged to old Marco Maffei, a contadino, or small farmer, who had nothing very peculiar about him except that he was an honest man, and that he had a very pretty daughter, an only child, born when he was already advanced in life, and now the joy and comfort of his declining years. It was no fault of the pretty Chiarina that she had admirers, especially as she did her best to keep them at a respectful distance. Her heart, however, was not altogether made of stone; and, therefore, by degrees, the young, good-looking, and gallant Lorenzo Tadino had somehow or other contrived to make an impression on it, deeper, perhaps, than Chiarina would have been willing to acknowledge, even to herself. From the house could be seen, some way below, the high road already spoken of, which joins the Adriatic and the western waters of the Mediterranean. Lorenzo, or 'Renzo, as he was more familiarly called, was standing just outside the entrance-gate of the farm, while Chiarina, distaff in hand, sat within, under the shade of the wide-spreading vines which, supported by trellis-work, formed an arch overhead. Her father had gone to market some miles off, leaving her in charge with an old man, who had been with him for many years, and her serving-maiden as her attendant. In the absence of her father, her sense of propriety would not allow her to admit 'Renzo within the gate; nor did he complain, for Chiarina had confessed that if she ever did such a foolish thing as to fall in love, she should in all probability select him as the object of her affections, provided always that her father approved of her choice. 'Renzo had just gone inside the arbour to thank her, it is possible, for her judicious selection, when their

attention was drawn towards the road by the sound of horses' feet galloping furiously along it. There were three horsemen, wild-looking fellows, each with a carbine, or rifle, in his hand. As they were passing directly under the house one of the steeds fell, and the rider was thrown with violence to the ground. His companions pulled rein, and dismounted to assist him. He must have been severely hurt; for, after they had tied their horses to a tree, they were seen bearing him up the steep path leading to the cottage.

"You will have the goodness to take care of this cavalier, and to see that no injury befalls him," said one of them to Chiarina, as they reached the arbour.

'Renzo frowned, but to little purpose, at their impudent manner. It would have been against Chiarina's gentle nature to refuse to take care of the injured man. There was not another house along the high road for nearly half-a-league, and he would die before he could be carried there.

The men turned their glances uneasily up the road. Some object was seen approaching. They immediately placed their burden on the ground, and were about to make off down the hill at full speed, when Chiarina exclaimed that it was her father.

Old Marco, though he did not look over-well pleased at seeing the strangers, after exchanging a few words with them, at once consented to take charge of their wounded comrade. Calling 'Renzo to his aid, he lifted the man from the ground to bear him towards the house.

"Remember, if harm befalls him!" exclaimed one of the men, lifting up his finger, as he turned to hurry down the hill.

"If harm befalls him it will be no fault of mine," answered Marco.

The stranger was carried in and placed on Marco's own bed, and his injuries carefully looked to; while his comrades, having caught his horse, galloped off with it along the road at the same headlong speed as that at which they were before going.

After some time the stranger opened his eyes and looked about him with a very troubled expression, till they fell on Marco. He then seemed more satisfied.

"What has happened?" he asked.

Marco told him.

"I can trust you, old friend?" he whispered.

"Yes, yes, no fear," said Marco, turning away; "I would, though, that your shadow had never darkened my doorway."

Chiarina longed to know who the stranger could be; yet she did not like to ask her father. 'Renzo, left equally in ignorance, at length was compelled to take his departure, not at all satisfied in his mind that all would go well.

CHAPTER III.

HAD the stranger been a son, Marco could not have tended him with greater care than he did, aided by Chiarina, who, however, never got over the mistrust she had felt of him from the first. 'Renzo came whenever he could, and never before had he been so sensible of making rapid progress in her affections. The truth is, she felt that she required some one on whom she could rely for protection and support. Her father never gave a hint as to who the stranger was, and all she knew was that he looked at her in a way she did not like, and that he spoke in a bold, self-confident tone, which grated harshly on her ears. He had now almost entirely recovered his strength, but, except when the shades of evening came on, he did not go out of doors. The only reason he gave for this was, that the light of day was disagreeable to his eyes. It was evident that Marco wished that he would take his departure. In the first place, Marco could not go to market; in the second, the stranger was making love, in a rough way, to his daughter; in the third, he was eating up his provisions; and, in the fourth place—— but that reason, probably stronger than any of the others, he kept to himself. 'Renzo would gladly have volunteered to turn him out crop and heel, but that would not have suited Marco's notions of hospitality; nor was it likely that such proceeding would have passed by unnoticed in some disagreeable manner by the stranger's friends.

One day, at noon, as Marco was working in his fields, and had just been joined by Chiarina, who came to tell him that his dinner was ready, they saw in the distance a cloud of dust, out of which shortly emerged a troop of dragoons. Chiarina remarked her father's agitation as he hurried towards the house. Their guest, on hearing who was approaching, instantly retired to his room, telling Marco to say, if any inquiries were made, that there was a sick man up-stairs with an infectious fever. "Invite the officer to come in and prescribe for me," he added, laughing.

The body of cavalry halted under the house, but only an officer dismounted and came up the hill. He entered the house, and asking carelessly for a jug of wine, inquired of Marco whether he had been annoyed by the brigands.

"Ah, senior! I am, happily, too small game for them to fly at," he answered; "yet I love them not, nor wish to have any dealings with them."

The officer looked satisfied, and Marco hoped that he would ask no further questions.

"Have you other inmates beside yourself and daughter?" asked the officer.

"Assuredly, yes—a sick man up-stairs, who has been earnestly begging that any gentleman who has a knowledge of the healing art, passing this way, would come and see him," answered Marco, with all the calmness he could command. "His fever, he says, may be infectious; and, at all events, I wish to have as little to do with him as possible. Perhaps, if you have a surgeon with your troop, you could send him up; or, if you have any skill, senior, you would see him."

"I! My skill is to kill, not to cure," said the officer, laughing at his own wit, and completely deceived.

It was with no small satisfaction that Marco saw him again moving on at the head of his men.

The stranger soon after appeared.

"I owe you a good turn, Marco Maffei," he said, with more cordiality than he generally exhibited. "The day may come when I can repay it. I shall not much longer trouble you with my society."

Marco did not say what he thought—that the sooner he was gone the better.

Day after day, however, passed by, the guest employing his time in making love, as before, to Chiarina, to her very evident annoyance, though at this he seemed in no way disconcerted.

At length, one evening after dark, a loud knock was heard at the door, and, when Marco opened it, an unshorn countenance was thrust in.

"Come, senior, we have been watched, and shall have no little difficulty in rejoining our comrades if there is any delay," said a gruff voice from out of the hair-covered mouth. "You have been here too long as it is."

The stranger, without demanding any explanation of the last remark, jumped up, shook Marco warmly by the hand, and, endeavouring to bestow a kiss on Chiarina's cheek, which she narrowly escaped, disappeared through the door-way.

"A good riddance of bad rubbish!" ejaculated Marco,—or, at least, he used a similar expression to it in Italian.

Chiarina was thankful that the stranger was gone, yet she was not happy, for 'Renzo had not appeared for three days, and she could not tell what had become of him; and she no longer concealed from herself that she loved him very dearly.

CHAPTER IV.

'Renzo was one day on his way over the mountains to visit Chiarina, when before him appeared the barrels of three or four rifles, and a voice in an authoritative tone ordered him to stop. As he knew that rifle bullets were apt to travel faster than he could run, he obeyed, and presently found himself in the hands of a party of especially savage-looking bandits.

After proceeding for a couple of leagues or more, 'Renzo found himself in a wild, rugged part of the mountains, into which, though so near his home, he had never penetrated. Here a large band of ragamuffins were collected, all armed to the teeth, some of them being peasants whom he knew by sight. He was welcomed by name as a future comrade.

"Your comrade, indeed! I will be the comrade only of honest men," he answered, boldly

At this reply there was a laugh.

"We'll see what persuasions our brave chief, Giuseppe Greco, can employ," exclaimed one of the band.

"He our chief? What do you mean, Oca? Our chief is Ninco Nanco, and no one else," cried another.

"Then he should show himself—he may be dead, or captured, for what we know," said a third.

"We want a clever leader, like Greco, who can at will increase the number of the band, and lay the whole country under contribution."

"Who will bring traitors among us, and make enemies on every side," muttered an old brigand, who had followed the craft from his earliest days.

From all he heard 'Renzo knew that there was a division in the camp of the brigands, and soon ascertained that Greco was plotting to depose his absent chief. This was satisfactory, as he hoped it might be the means of breaking up the confederacy. It did not make him the less anxious to effect his escape. In vain he watched for an opportunity all night.

The next day the band moved some leagues farther to the east. He found himself strictly guarded, but not otherwise ill-treated; while his companions used every means to impress him with the pleasures and advantages of the life they led.

"I confess I do not perceive that," he answered. "You have to live up in the mountains; often like wild beasts, hunted from spot to spot. Your fare is coarse, and often scanty. Every day you run a chance of

being shot. If taken, you will be hung, or sent to the galleys for life; and, without scruple, you kill your fellow-creatures, if they attempt to defend their property."

"Make the fellow hold his tongue," cried a voice near them; it was that of Greco, who had approached unperceived. "We must induce you to change your mind, friend 'Renzo," he remarked. "I want a sturdy fellow like you as a lieutenant."

Greco was doing his utmost to increase the number of the band, hoping thus to overpower the adherents of Ninco Nanco. Small parties were constantly sent out, therefore, who returned either with prisoners, or recruits as they were called, or some booty and provisions. What was poor 'Renzo's grief and horror when, one day, he saw Marco Maffei, the father of his dear Chiarina, brought in a prisoner, mounted on his mule! He looked pale and alarmed. Greco seemed highly satisfied at seeing him.

"Ah! ah!" he exclaimed, "you refused me your daughter in honourable marriage three years ago. I have waited ever since then to be revenged on you, and now I have the opportunity."

The band were at this time collected in a hollow, with rocks and trees around, effectually concealing them from the world beyond. The only approach was by the pathway up which Marco had been led.

"Now, friend 'Renzo, the moment has arrived to decide whether you will become one of us!" exclaimed Greco, in a harsh tone. "I want yonder old man put out of the world—to you I award the task."

'Renzo's heart sunk within him. He resolved, however, to make every effort to save the life of his old friend. He pleaded and argued. He might as well have talked to the surrounding rocks.

"Give him a rifle," at length exclaimed Greco, losing patience. "See that you use it as I direct."

'Renzo took the weapon, and ascertained that it was loaded properly. The old man had been allowed to sit on his mule. 'Renzo approached him.

"Friend, forgive me for the deed I am compelled to commit," he said aloud; then he hurriedly whispered, "I will draw off the attention of the villains, and, as I do so, dash down the mountain. Your beast is trusty, and will not fall."

Once more he retired nearer to Greco, and again pleaded earnestly for the old man's life.

"Fire!" cried Greco, stamping on the ground.

"Ay, I will!" exclaimed 'Renzo, swinging himself round so as to cover the would-be chief of the band.

At that moment a report from another quarter was heard—a bullet whistled through the air, and Greco fell, shot through the head.

"Fly, father! fly!" cried 'Renzo, springing towards Marco, and urging on his mule.

The unexpected appearance of Ninco Nanco himself, who leaped down from the rocks among them with three well-armed followers, drew off the attention of the brigands from 'Renzo's proceedings. Those who had openly sided with Greco grasped their weapons, expecting to have to fight for their lives.

"Nonsense! No fighting among friends," said Ninco Nanco. "I heard of all that fellow was doing, and have settled scores with him pretty sharply. In future, you'll all follow my orders."

Loud vivas greeted this address, and it was not for some minutes that the brigands discovered that their prisoners had fled. Some proposed following them.

"No, no! To the old man I owe a debt; it were an ill way of paying if I slew him," exclaimed Ninco Nanco. "Though I love not the other, I can afford to be generous, and so let him go also. I can trust them. They dare not betray us."

This act of the chief's was looked upon as the very acme of heroic generosity; and certainly nothing more worthy of praise has been recorded of Senior Ninco Nanco.

Having inspired the inhabitants of the surrounding districts with a wholesome terror of his name, he discovered that the easiest way of collecting his revenue was to write a letter to any wealthy proprietor he might fix on, demanding the sum required, or horses, or provisions, as the case might be. He seldom fails to obtain what he demands.

Marco and 'Renzo reached home safely, when Chiarina, who had been almost heartbroken at their absence, in the exuberance of her joy at their return, threw herself into the arms of her father, and then into those of 'Renzo, quite forgetting all rules of propriety.

The young couple married soon afterwards; and, if they are not perfectly happy, it is that they dread lest Ninco Nanco should some day pounce down on them, and insist on 'Renzo joining his band. They, therefore, very reasonably wish that Senior Ninco Nanco were shot, or hung, or sent to the galleys, or could be induced to accept a situation under the Government, or could be disposed of in some other satisfactory manner.

STRAY NOTES ON CRICKET.

IN my own justification I must claim permission to state that it is solely at the request of many young friends that I have undertaken to write these articles on Cricket this season. It would, however, have been very ungracious on my part if, after the many flattering letters received on the subject, I had refused to accord with the expressed desire. I have stated this fact because I must candidly own that I have not been able to give so much care and attention to the subject as its importance demands, and I have therefore to ask my friends to accept these stray notes in the place of more concise and carefully written papers on the national game.

I purpose to divide the subject into three chapters—1. Batting; 2. Bowling; 3. Fielding. And here let me say that these chapters are supposed to be addressed to a player whose skill in the game enables him to hold a place in a school eleven. If, therefore, a lad with scarcely any knowledge of cricket wishes to read these papers, I must request him to master the contents of my Handbook of Cricket, as, unless he understands the hints laid down in that manual, he will scarcely be able to take advantage of the suggestions given in these short treatises.

The first point to be considered in batting is the sort of bat to be used. Many young cricketers cramp their play by using a bat much too heavy for them. Now, it stands to reason that one should be able to have a complete mastery over the weapon one wields. A bat weighing about two pounds will be found quite heavy enough for most schoolboys. It may, however, be urged that the heaviest bats drive the farthest, and that many of the old-fashioned players made some of their famous hits with them; but it must also be borne in mind that those were the days of underhand bowling, and that at the present time cutting and leg-hitting, in consequence of the swift round-arm bowling, are infinitely more prevalent than forward drives, and that in many cases the position of field on is done away with altogether. Therefore let me beg young players to use a light bat, one that feels almost as a whip in their hands, and one with which they can play back as quickly as is necessitated by the speed of the bowling.

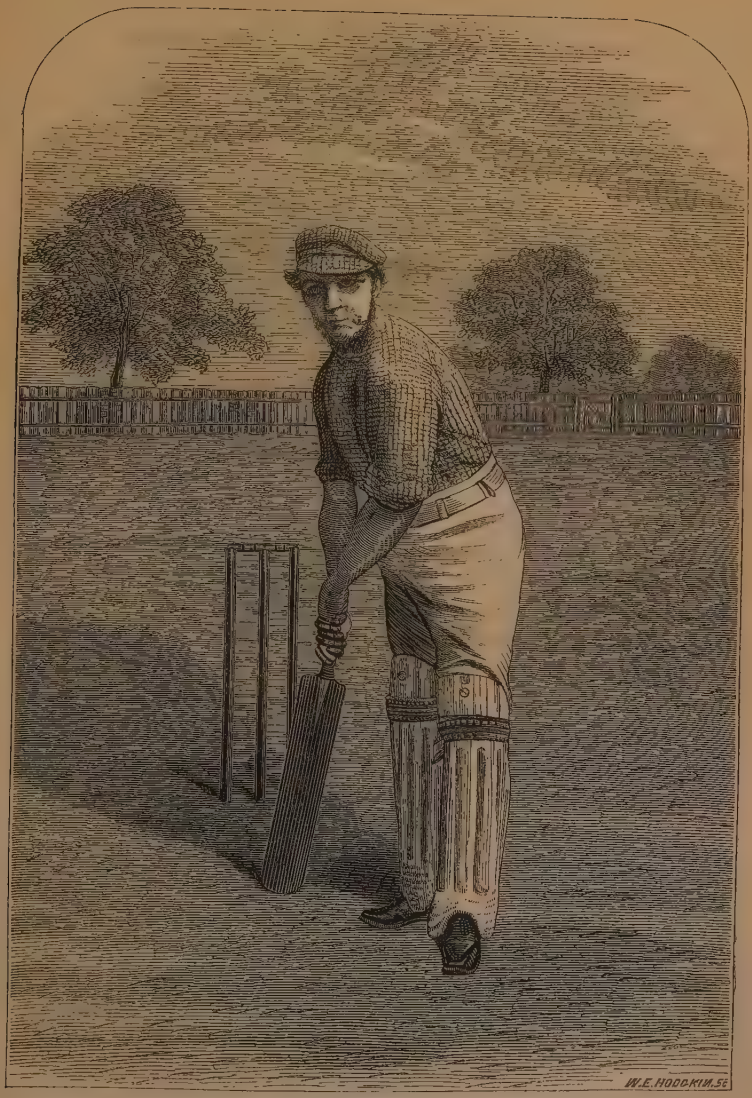
And now a few words with regard to guard. Of course, in many instances, the distance from the wickets depends considerably upon the pace and pitch of the bowling, but as a rule the safest guard is about four inches from the popping crease. This block not only gives you a better chance of stopping shooters, but it also enables you to play forward better, since you can cover more ground than if your block were nearer the wicket. A leg hit can also be made sooner, and consequently a square hit, and with a good long block there is less chance of hitting your wicket in playing back, and more chance of stopping a full-pitched ball before it touches the ground.

The left foot should be at right angles to the wickets, and the other parallel with them Free hitters keep their hands at the upper part of the handle of the bat, whilst some players, who have a reputation for steadiness, hold it with the hands three or four inches apart. The former position enables a player to hit much sooner, and also to have a much longer reach. The advantages of the position are readily discovered when there is a chance of a cut or a leg hit.

The batsman should stand quite erect, endeavouring to make the most of his height. Before the ball is delivered, the bat should be raised, with the full face presented to the bowler, and covering as much of the wicket as possible.

Assuming that the player has taken up his position at the wicket, I must now fully impress upon him *the importance of not being in a hurry to score.* In fact, nothing is so injurious as making runs in the first over. The best maxim to be observed is, play steadily until you can understand the bowling. It is astonishing how much confidence you gain after you have played a dozen balls or so. Then, when you have, as it were, taken the measure of your opponent, lunge out, as soon as you get a chance, and show the field your favourite drive, and prepare to make a score.

In writing the last sentence, I am reminded of the many mishaps and even serious accidents that have occurred on the cricket-field in consequence of the careless manner in which some players run. They rush between the wickets, watching the course of the ball rather than the wicket towards which they are going ; occasionally they run too far and lose time, or else do not run far enough and lose runs, or, what is even worse, a collision takes place between the two batsmen, and one is run out, if not seriously injured by the bat or body of his comrade. The simplest plan, therefore, is always to run on the right side, *to keep the bat in the right hand, and to watch the wicket towards which you are running.*



BATTING.

It has often been remarked that the most difficult balls to play are shooters, and those that are well pitched up and just take the bail off. Indeed, some shooters are almost sure to take a wicket; the moment therefore that a ball shoots, drop the bat back close to the stumps, and chop down upon the ball. Stopping a shooter is always a sign of good play, and often at Lord's produces more applause than a hit which scores two or three runs. Some players, like Parr and Carpenter, can stop shooters so well, that although they only chop down upon them, yet the force of the stroke often drives the ball far enough to obtain a run.

How happens it that so many players miss the cut, although they attempt this stroke at almost every ball that rises to the off? As a rule young players hit too soon, and if they touch the ball, in most cases they give either point or cover-point an easy catch; others hit in time, but play with a horizontal bat, the face of which is presented to the bowler. The ball then rises in many instances either to slip or long-slip, with the usual result. In cutting, the batsman should wait until the ball has almost passed the wicket, and then drop down upon it, with the face of the bat almost towards the ground. This keeps the ball down, and drives it in the direction required. In cutting, the left foot acts as a pivot, and the right foot is drawn back. The advantage of taking a long block is here shown, as occasionally this leg knocks down the wicket; and if the block is near the stumps, they are easily struck by the bat itself.

In leg-hitting, on the contrary, the right acts as a pivot, and the left is thrown forwards. The sooner the hit is made the squarer the ball goes, and as a rule the greater distance also. Since, then, in swift bowling, long-on is generally done away with, a leg ball that is hit in front of long leg is safe to obtain more runs than if hit much behind the wicket.

A very common habit among young players is to strike at wide balls. Many and many a time have I seen a batsman rush out to a wide off-ball, and send it into point's or cover's hands, thus depriving himself of his innings and his side of a run. Before I conclude this somewhat desultory paper, I must urge upon everybody the importance of wearing both gloves and leg-guards when playing against swift bowling. The many dangerous accidents that have happened in consequence of the legs and hands having no protection, should induce every person to guard himself as much as possible. One can stand up to the wicket much better, and have far more confidence, when one knows that a blow from the ball upon the legs is likely to produce no ill effect. The absence of pads causes many players to run away from the ball, and if the ball turns, the off stump in most cases will soon be prostrate.

REMARKABLE TRAVELLERS.

By WILLIAM DALTON,

Author of "The Wolf-Boy of China," "The Tiger Prince," &c.

PINTO THE ROVER,

SERVANT, SOLDIER, SAILOR, PIRATE, AND JESUIT.

CHAPTER II.

NO. Roguery seldom prospers in the end. After a cruise of seven months, fruitlessly searching for Coja Acem, who, by the way, I do not think was a greater rogue than themselves, Pinto and his associates determined to make for Siam, there, first, to divide the spoil, and then to winter in comfort. But scarcely had they reached the Ladrone islands, then, as now, infested by Chinese pirates, when they encountered one of those terrible storms so common in the China seas. The whole of the four junks were dashed to pieces upon the rocks, and, out of five hundred men, but fifty escaped.

Once more was Faria, the commander, a ruined man. Still disregarding his late mishap as a hint from Providence to discontinue this infamous mode of life, with the superb egotism of the Portuguese of his age and profession, and abandoning every principle of morality, he pretended to seek consolation from religion. Calling together his men, he assured them that God never permitted any evil unless to bring about a greater good, therefore there was no doubt that for the 500,000 ducats they had lost (it must not be forgotten that they had been gained by robbery) he would permit them to *find* 600,000 more. But the men in their miserable condition, on a marshy desolate shore, stripped of all their wealth, destitute and on the point of perishing, did not feel the force of this argument.

"However," says the worthy Pinto, very characteristically, "the Lord soon showed that He never deserts those who trust in Him, for shortly afterwards, as we stood gazing upon the ocean, a sail appeared in the distance."

Determining at once upon the course to pursue, our not quite immaculate heroes hid themselves in the jungle. Not long afterwards, the

vessel, a Chinese lantea, came in shore, and the crew having landed and secured her with ropes, commenced, some to cut wood, others to wash linen, but the greater number, after the true Chinese fashion, amused hemselves with wrestling, kite-flying, cricket, fighting,' and other pastimes. This was a golden opportunity for the hypocritical, nay (the word is not too strong) blaspheming Faria; so, calling his men together, he declared that being *good Christians*, Heaven, in its infinite mercy, had performed a miracle for them, and so sent the lantea with its cargo to relieve their distress. It was convenient to believe in this proposition, and the *pious* sailors assented. Then, like snakes in the grass, watching and waiting a favourable opportunity and a given signal from their chief, they suddenly sprung from their ambuscade, cut the lantea ropes, and climbing on to her deck, pushed out to sea.

The consternation and misery of the Chinamen may be better imagined than described. Poor wretches! plundered, abandoned, they ran to the sea shore beating their breasts, and sending forth yells of agony and despair, that would have melted the hearts even of pirates—had they not been Portuguese; but our pious heroes, scouting human feeling, sent the miserable creatures a storm of leaden bullets—prayed *bon voyage*, and then went merrily onwards, thanking Heaven for their good fortune.

There is, however, one item in this adventure still more touching. A boy, the captain of the lantea's son, had been left on board. This little fellow told the robbers, with a flood of tears coursing down his cheeks, that the vessel belonged to his father, and contained all the wealth he had acquired by thirty years' unremitting industry, that being on his way to Siam, ill fate had led him to touch at the island for water, and now he was beggared for life.

Attentively Faria listened to the sad story; then, assuming to be interested in the lad's welfare, he charitably promised that for the future he would be a father to him, but rejecting the offer, the brave boy indignantly declared that he would rather die in misery with his mourning father, than live in wealth and prosperity with such wretches.

"Tell me, oh stranger," said the boy, "what deity it is that thou, who canst do these vile things, worshippest, and art permitted to live? Believe me, an awful future awaits thee."

Pleased with his recent success, instead of feeling angered at the lad's speech, Faria was edified, and endeavoured to persuade him to become a Christian. But the boy having listened patiently to the pirate's outline of the leading articles of the Christian faith, lifted up his hands and cried :—

"Oh, God! wondrous is thy patience, who sufferest men to live, who, while they speak so well of thee, can act so ill."

The poor lad then resigned himself to grief, weeping continuously, and refusing all food, till at length he died of sheer starvation.

Once more in possession of a vessel, Pinto and his friends set sail for Liampoo, at which place the bright idea occurred to them that, by a bold yet stealthy stroke, they might kill two birds with one stone, *i.e.*, steal a vessel and procure recruits at the same time. Accordingly, at midnight, they softly stole up the sides of a large junk in the river, secured the sleeping Chinese by threatening death to them as they awakened, if they uttered the least noise, and then gallantly put out to sea with their prize.

Cruising about in their ill-gotten craft, like wild beasts seeking whom they might devour, they fell in with a native pirate named Quiang Panicin. This fellow told them that he had suffered similar misfortunes to themselves, that he dared not return to his wife and children, since the king of his country would confiscate all his effects for his crimes (misfortunes he called them). Thus he was desirous to join company with the Portuguese, conditionally that he should receive one-third of the gain. To this proposition our adventurers agreed, swearing (pious creatures) upon the holy evangelists to be true to their new ally.

The gallant allies, pursuing their voyage, shortly afterwards fell in with a boat containing eight wounded Portuguese, who told them that their ship had been captured by a pirate, who, after having taken their all, had thus sent them adrift. "The name of that pirate?" asked our adventurers, almost with one voice. "Coja Acem!" was the reply, to which was added the information that the pirate was then at the mouth of a neighbouring river, with many of his crew wounded, and his ship nearly shattered to pieces from the recent battle with them.

The news was grateful to the ears of Pinto and Faria—a thrill of delight ran through their frames—and—poor injured men—they went upon their knees and invoked the Divine aid in the capture of this terrible rascal. I wonder whether these worthies had ever heard that those who live in glass-houses should refrain from throwing stones. At all events, they determined to lose no time—all sails were hoisted, and after two days' hard running they met at nightfall with a junk, whose captain informed them that Coja Acem's armament was but two leagues distant.

Until daybreak they rested, when they sailed within musket-shot of the pirate, hoping to take him by surprise. But pirates, like cats, sleep with their eyes half open. Coja Acem gave them a warm reception. An alarum bell was rung, and a dreadful outcry arose—so dreadful, Pinto

tells us, that he can scarcely give a distinct account of it. Terrible was the encounter of these two chiefs, between whom there reigned such a just and fearful enmity. They fought like infuriated demons for hours. At length Coja Acem, rushing forward to encourage his men, Faria met him, and, with a blow of his two-edged sword, cleft his cap of mail, and laid him at his feet, then with a second stroke he severed his limbs from his body, and thus fell the terrible chief, who gloried in the title of "Drinker of the blood of the Portuguese."

Coja Acem's men fought desperately, even after their chief's death, but were ultimately cut to pieces, and their bodies thrown into the sea. Flushed with victory, Faria restored to his Portuguese informants the junk which the enemy had taken from them, divided the newly-gained spoil among his followers, and then returned to Liampoo. At this city (the present Ning-po) our adventurers were received with the greatest honours by the Portuguese merchants. Faria was met on his arrival by a splendid procession, and conducted to the town, where preparations had been made for his triumphal reception.

The public rejoicings concluded with a mass, and a sermon, which was preached by an ancient curate, but so injudiciously did the divine trumpet forth the praises of Faria, that even that worthy's own followers blushed, and, plucking the clerical robe, begged its wearer would desist.

"No," replied the old curate, with charming candour, "I will not stop, for I have made a vow never to desist from praising this noble captain, as he deserves it at my hands for saving me a seven thousand ducats' 'venture' that Merian Taborda (captain of the restored junk) had of mine, and was taken from him by that dog Coja Acem, for which let the soul of so abominable a rogue and wicked devil be tormented for ever."

At Liampoo, the adventurers heard from a pirate, named Similan, of a wonderful island, called Calempui, situated on the coast of China, wherein were the tombs of sixteen Chinese monarchs, all of solid gold, with other treasures to an extent so fabulous that Pinto, for his reputation's sake, scarcely dared to recount them. Being told also that this wealth might be had without any more trouble than that of sailing to the place, and, he naïvely tells us, "*being naturally curious*," the adventurers resolved to set out without a moment's delay in search of this sepulchral Eldorado.

After a two months' examination of the coast, the Portuguese beginning to doubt the existence of the land of their great desire, grew angry, and reproached Similan, their informant, and who accompanied them in the capacity of pilot, with steering only by guess; nay, Faria at length be-

came so violent that he threatened to cut the Chinese pirate to pieces, whereupon Similan very wisely made his escape, taking with him some forty seamen, his fellow-countrymen. This desertion of their pilot and guide in a strange and dangerous sea would have dismayed ordinary voyagers; but, whatever their failings or crimes, the Portuguese were never found wanting in pluck and perseverance. Thus persisting in their search, one bright moonlight night, about three hours after sunset, the very air became filled with the loud rejoicings of the adventurers—the LAND of GOLD was in sight, and the greediest of the lucre-lovers felt that even *their* avarice was about to be satisfied.

Pinto's description reads like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights." The adventurers were stricken with the deepest astonishment at the view before them. Neither in the Indies nor in any other part of the world had they seen anything that would bear comparison with it.

It was an island at the mouth of a river, about a league in circuit, completely environed with a wall of jasper, the materials of which were so nicely joined that it appeared all one stone. The top of the wall was adorned with balustrades of brass, each being surmounted by a female figure. At the back of these stood a row of monsters, holding each other by the hand, and reaching all round the wall. Within was a grove of orange-trees, inclosing three hundred and sixty hermitages, dedicated to the days of the year. On the shore opposite appeared a crowd of magnificent edifices, the pinnacles of which were all gilded, so that it seemed a city of gold.

With what longing eyes the greedy adventurers gazed upon this spectacle! Their hearts thumped against their bosoms with desire for plunder, and they begged of their chief to give the signal to land at once. But Faria hesitated, deeming it scarcely probable that so much treasure should be left unguarded. His avarice, however, overcoming his caution, he went ashore, with sixty armed men, and ordering them to call on the name of Jesus, proceeded to the door of one of the hermitages, knocked, and was admitted.

Seeing a majestic-looking old man, at least one hundred years of age, sitting in a contemplative position, Faria began with saying they were poor shipwrecked mariners, reduced to extreme poverty, and entreated of him to bestow on them some little alms. But the actions of the sailors belied the peaceful words of their chief, for upon entering the hermitage they had rushed upon the coffins which were ranged around, and had begun emptying their contents on the floor, for the sake of collecting the silver and gold mixed with the bones.

Thus the hermit replied to the hypocrite only by the bitterest

reproaches, then gazing at the hideous spectacle around him, the old man became terribly excited, and several times swooned; but, recovering his senses, he begged of the pirates to desist, telling them that the precious metal was the fruit of alms, collected by the dead during life, and was destined to supply their wants in the heaven of the moon, where they now resided eternally.

Faria assured the hermit that he had entered on the affair with reluctance, and only from the dread that his comrades would kill him in case of refusal, and concluded by delivering one of his long and pious discourses.

At this discourse the hermit expressed much approbation, but at the same time warned the Portuguese chief that his religious knowledge would be fatal to him, and would sink him into the lowest depth of the bottomless pit, since knowing *so* well his duty, he had abandoned himself to such an infamous action. "Now," concluded the centenarian, "let me entreat of thee, O strange man, to consider *what* account thou wilt be able to give God at the last day for the life thou art leading."

These denunciations the pirate took in good part. Like all Portuguese, he was superstitious, and was perhaps awestruck at his sacrilege, for he assured the hermit that in due time he would atone for his guilt by penance and restitution. Truly this was an easy method of settling the matter. Then, to allay the stinging of his own conscience, and, perhaps, a little to soothe the feelings of the centenarian, who, pagan though he might be, was still of the priests' order, he ordered his men, after they had thoroughly searched out the metal from the human *débris*, to collect the bones together, and replace them in their coffins. When their revolting business was finished, and they were taking their departure, some of the men begged of Faria to take with them the old man; but the pirate's superstition caused him some compunction. He refused to add to the enormity of his offence by violence to a holy personage, and thus the punishment of the sacrilegious robbers was speedily brought about, for scarcely had the Portuguese returned to their ship, when the highest pinnacle of the island suddenly became illumined by one great blaze of fire, and at the same time there arose a terrible noise, as if millions of bells were making gigantic efforts to awaken the dead monarchs and hermits from their last long sleep. Their Chinese fellow-sailors cried out that these were the signals of alarm, and cautioned them that unless they were resolved to sacrifice their lives, they would instantly set all sail. Frantic with despair at this disaster and his own share in producing it, Faria, with a few of his men, leaped on shore. There they

met two hermits, who fully corroborated what the Chinese sailors had before told them, but added, that now the dread signals had been given, a miracle alone could save them from destruction, for the very air and water would aid in pursuing them.

In deep dismay the pirates returned to their ship, pushed out to sea, and sought the most unfrequented parts of the coast. But the hour of punishment was at hand. A violent tempest arising, the vessel was driven upon a rock, and at midnight, amid the roaring of the waves, there arose one loud, long, and dismal cry—

"Lord, have mercy on us!"

Of the miserable men who had thus prayed for the mercy they so little merited, the morning light exhibited but fourteen haggard and destitute creatures, cast upon a strange shore inhabited by a people whose wealth they had plundered, and whose most sacred feelings they had wantonly outraged.

It is true they were not without hope, for had they not twice before been similarly situated? But this time they were not destined to experience any such speedy deliverance. To *live* they had to beg their bread; but the Chinese did not like the appearance of such vagabonds, so in this way Pinto and his companions were sometimes thrust and almost devoured by horse leeches. Whenever they arrived at a town they were sure to be driven from it with a good beating. In order to keep from the Chinese a knowledge of their past life, and more especially that they were the tomb plunderers, these Portuguese vagrants disowned the country that gave them birth, and represented themselves to be poor shipwrecked natives of Siam. The Chinese, however, were not so easily to be cajoled, so the mandarins had them arrested and sent with a batch of native criminals to Nankin. Here they were taken before a criminal judge, who sentenced them to be severely bambooed, and to lose their thumbs; the former part of the sentence, however, only was carried out, but that so rigorously, that two of the party died beneath the canes. From Nankin our adventurers were taken to the northern capital, Pekin, at which city they arrived chained three together, and for their welcome received thirty lashes each; ultimately they were sentenced to one year's hard work on the fortifications of Quan-Si, which, "considering our sins," remarks the penitent Pinto, was not an over-severe punishment.

About the end of the year, the termination of their period of confinement, happened the great Tartar invasion of China, under Ghengis Khan, and Quan-Si being reduced, our adventurers, now changing masters, were taken before the great Khan. But now they were in luck's way,

for a certain castle resisting all the efforts of the Tartars, George Mendy, one of the party, boasted that he could take it. The Khan, embracing the offer, placed a large body of troops under his command, and in a very short time, making good his boast, the Portuguese obtained from the grateful Tartar king great rewards and favours for himself and his companions.

Having spent a considerable time among these barbarians, Pinto and his friends at length obtained permission to leave China; indeed, so greatly had they insinuated themselves into the favour of the Khan, that his Majesty, to facilitate their departure, attached them to an embassy he was then sending to the court of Cochin-China, further directing his ambassador, on his reaching the court to which he was accredited, to provide his European friends with a vessel to convey them to Malacca.

So far they were in a fair way to restore their fallen fortunes, but as if to disprove the old adage, "there is honour among thieves," the adventurers fell out about their gains and behaved so unseemly, nay, even outrageously, that the dignified Tartar ambassador declared he would have nothing more to do with such a crew of ruffians, and thereupon ordered the captain to put them ashore. This command was obeyed at the first opportunity, and thus, not this time in consequence of misfortune, but through avarice and ill-temper, our heroes found themselves destitute, for, by way of punishment for the annoyance they had caused him, the Tartar had deprived them of all their wealth,—and upon a desolate island. But the Scotch proverb tells us that a certain unmentionable personage takes care of his own; so, a Chinese pirate coming there for water, the whole party shipped with him as seamen and brother sea-robbers. Their first adventure in their new ship was an engagement in which five of the eight Portuguese lost their lives. The junk in which the other three (two being Pinto and Faria) were embarked escaped from the fight with little injury, but a violent storm arising they were in momentary expectation of going to the bottom; but neither Pinto nor Faria were fated to be drowned, nor, indeed, to meet with a certain other kind of exit from the world, which I am inclined to believe they richly merited. The wind shifting, they were driven into the harbour of Bungo, one of the islands of Japan.

During their stay in Bungo to refit (in those days all strangers were heartily welcomed in Japan), an accident happened that nearly proved fatal to our hero. Pinto was in the habit of amusing himself with shooting birds, greatly to the astonishment of the natives, who, never having seen such a weapon, attributed the death-dealing effect of the gun to sorcery. One day the son of the king of Bungo took up the piece, and charging

it to the muzzle fired at a tree; but the gun burst and tore the prince's hand in a dreadful manner. The people, supposing that the prince had been killed by the magical arts of the Portuguese, drew their swords and called out for vengeance. It was a critical position, but Pinto bethought himself that he would play the doctor, so he declared that he could cure his highness. "Looking as confident as possible," and "because," says he, "the hurt of the right thumb was most dangerous, I began with that, and gave it seven stitches, whereas if a surgeon had dressed it, peradventure he would have given it fewer."

Covering the wound with tow dipped in the whites of eggs, he bound it up, and in twenty days the prince was quite cured, and now, instead of being ripped open or crucified, he received as a reward for his medical skill presents to the value of 1,500 ducats.

The vessel being ready for sea, the adventurers sailed for Liampoo, which voyage, singularly for them, they performed without meeting with an accident.

The glowing accounts which Pinto an his companions gave to the merchants their countrymen of the wealth of Japan, so excited the cupidity of the latter, that in less than sixteen days nine junks were laden and got ready to sail for the land of the sun-goddess (as Japan is named by its people). But Dame Fortune does not *always* favour the brave, or perhaps the lady is discriminating, and in her wisdom takes a large discount from her clients when in addition to being brave they are also wicked, for certain it is that seven of these vessels were lost in the passage, and with them perished 600 persons and merchandize to the value of 600,000 crowns. The junk in which Pinto sailed was wrecked upon the great Loochoo island, only twenty-four persons, some of whom were women, escaping.

The amiable Loochooans flocked around the shipwrecked mariners, the women bringing them rice and fruits, and the men going about the villages begging alms for the distressed sailors. In a few days, however, they were ordered to the capital, where they were taken before the governor. This magnate seems to have been better acquainted with the iniquities of the Portuguese than the poorer people, for at once he angrily demanded to know the origin of their immense wealth, the wrecks of which were scattered on the shore, exciting the astonishment of the whole island. "How," he asked, "could you have acquired so much without robbery and murder?"

In reply, Pinto assured the magistrate that, so far from being guilty of the crimes insinuated, the Portuguese professed a religion which interdicted murder and robbery.

"It is indeed an excellent religion," replied the governor, "but why, then, when impelled by avarice, did your countrymen take Malacca and massacre the people?"

"The mere fortune of war," was Pinto's reply. But the governor told him that neither he nor his people could make such distinction. In their eyes, murder in any form was still murder, and robbery—robbery. And in this unsatisfactory manner the audience ended. Nevertheless, so popular were the strangers with the people, more especially the females, that the matter would in all probability have finished there; "but," says Pinto, "while matters were taking this favourable turn, 'our sins ordained' that a Chinese merchant should arrive, who, the moment he beheld us, went to the governor and expressed his astonishment that he should permit such persons to exist in his dominions, at the same time assuring his lordship that we, the Portuguese, were the greatest ruffians on the face of the earth, for we made robbery and piracy our sole occupation; that our hands were continually dyed in the blood of all who attempted to defend their property; in short, that there was not a sea, river, or bay in that part of the world that we had not ravaged or made famous by our crimes; and, finally, that his lordship would commit a great sin if he permitted such wretches to live."

So solemnly did the Chinese affirm, and such proofs did he adduce of these ("lies" our hero is pleased to call them), that the governor gave orders for the speedy execution of the whole party; moreover, he directed that, after death, their bodies should be cut into pieces, and hung up in the principal streets of the city.

The popularity of the adventurers now stood them in good stead, for, the sentence becoming known, the ladies in a body proceeded to the governor's wife, and implored of her to intercede with her husband for the pardon of the strange mariners. Her ladyship, having a kind heart, granted their request, and thus the terrified pirates were pardoned, but, for the benefit of both natives and themselves, at once shipped for China.

From the Flowery Land Pinto went to Malacca, from thence he was sent by the governor to Martaban. Immediately after his arrival, this city was conquered by the King of Burmah, and our hero being among the prisoners, he was carried to Asia, where for a long period he remained in slavery. At length obtaining his liberty, he returned once more to Malacca, where he was welcomed by the governor, who, for his services and sufferings, presented him with sufficient means to enable him to trade to Scinde. Thus Pinto hoped to repair his fortunes, and for the future lead a quiet and respectable life. But repose or prosperity was not to be his, for afterwards we find he became involved in all the revo-

lutions that took place in the petty kingdom of the Indian seas, and his life continued an unbroken series of adventures that it would occupy a good-sized volume to recount.

At Malacca he ultimately joined the Society of Jesuits, and at his instance, chiefly, it was that Francis Xavier undertook the task of introducing Christianity into Japan, to which country Pinto accompanied the father.

That mission, which comparatively but a few years after was to end so fatally, was undertaken in the year 1556, and so well did our, at this part of his life, respectable hero perform his part in it, that upon his return to Portugal he took with him a letter from the governor of Malacca to the king his master, testifying to his great services and claims to reward. But the Court set less value on his adventures than he did himself, for bitterly, almost piteously, he tells us, that in taking up his residence in Lisbon, in 1558, nothing was done to relieve the extreme poverty under which he laboured. This, he thinks, is somewhat hard, after having spent twenty-one years, and been thirty times made captive in the service of his majesty, in whose cause he seemed to have fancied that all the exploits heretofore recorded had been achieved. He acquits, however, God and the king ; the former, he candidly admits, having, in his sins, ample ground to withhold any good from him ; while the favourable disposition of his majesty was intercepted by those who ought to have been its instruments ; the fault, he conceives, lying here in the pipes only, and not in the source.

In conclusion, this most remarkable of travellers died about the year 1580, leaving his narrative behind him, which was not printed till 1614, and which was written, as he says, at the convent, in his old age, that he might leave it as a memorial and heritage to his children, to excite their confidence in the aid of Heaven by the example of his own sufferings and deliverances.

"It stared round the room with a vacant look."

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

CHAPTER XII.—FOUND.

We left Mr. Sudberry and his children in the nearly dry bed of a mountain torrent, indulging the belief that matters were as bad as could be, and that, therefore, there was no possibility of their getting worse.

A smart shower of rain speedily induced them to change their minds in this respect. Seeking shelter under the projecting ledge of a great cliff, the party stood for some time there in silence.

"You are cold, my pet," said Mr. Sudberry.

"Just a little, papa; I could not help shuddering," said Lucy, faintly.

"Now for the brandy," said her father, drawing forth the flask.

"Suppose I try to kindle a fire," said George, swinging the bundle containing Jacky off his shoulder and placing it in a hollow of the rocks.

"Well, suppose you try."

George proceeded to do so, but on collecting a few broken twigs he found that they were soaking wet, and on searching for the match-box he discovered that it had been left in the provision-basket, so they had to content themselves with a sip of brandy all round—excepting Jacky. That amiable child was still sound asleep, but in a few minutes he was heard to utter an uneasy squall, and then George discovered that he had deposited part of his rotund person in a puddle of water!

"Come, let us move on," said Mr. Sudberry, "the rain gets heavier.

It is of no use putting off time, we cannot be much damper than we are."

Again the worthy man was mistaken, for, in the course of another hour, they were all so thoroughly drenched, that their previous condition might have been considered, by contrast, one of absolute dryness.

Suddenly a stone wall, topped by a paling, barred their further progress. Fred, who was in advance, did not see this wall—he only felt it when it brought him up! "Here's a gate, I believe," cried George, groping about. It *was* a gate, and it opened upon a road! For the first time for many hours a gleam of hope burst in upon the benighted wanderers. Presently a ray of light dazzled them. "What! do my eyes deceive me—a cottage?" cried Mr. Sudberry.

"Ay, and a witch inside," said George.

"Why, it's old—no, impossible!"

"Yes, it is, though—it's old Moggy's cottage."

"Hurrah!" cried Fred.

Old Moggy's dog came out with a burst of indignation that threatened annihilation to the whole party, but, on discovering who they were, it crept humbly back into the cottage.

"Does she never go to bed?" whispered George, as they approached and found the old woman moping over her fire, and swaying her body to and fro, with the thin dirty gown clinging close to her figure, and the spotlessly clean plaid drawn tightly round her shoulders.

"Good evening, old woman," said Mr. Sudberry, advancing with a conciliatory air.

"It's mornin'," retorted the old woman with a scowl.

"Alas! you are right; here have we been lost on the hills and wandering all night, and glad am I to find your fire burning, for my poor daughter is very cold and much exhausted. May we sit down beside you?"

No reply save a furtive scowl.

"What's that?" asked Moggy, sharply, as George deposited his dirty wet bundle on the floor beside the fire opposite to her.

The bundle answered for itself, by slowly unrolling, sitting up and yawning violently, at the same time raising both arms above its head and stretching itself. Having done this, it stared round the room with a vacant look, and finally fixed its goggle eyes in mute surprise on Moggy.

The sight of this wet, dirty little creature acted, as formerly, like a charm on the old woman. Her face relaxed into a smile of deep tenderness. She immediately rose, and taking the child in her arms

carried him to her stool and sat down with him in her lap. Jacky made no resistance; on the contrary, he seemed to have made up his mind to submit at once and with a good grace to the will of this strange old creature—to the amazement as well as amusement of his relations.

The old woman took no further notice of her other visitors. She incontinently became stone deaf and, apparently, blind, for she did not deign to bestow so much as a glance on them, while they circled close round her fire and heaped on fresh sticks without asking leave. But she made up for this want of courtesy by bestowing the most devoted attentions on Jacky. Finding that that young gentleman was in a filthy as well as a moist condition, she quietly undressed him, and going to a rough chest in a corner of the hut, drew out a full suit of clothing, with which she speedily invested him. The garb was peculiar—a tartan jacket, kilt and hose, and these seemed to have been made expressly for him, they fitted so well. Although quite clean, thin, threadbare and darned, the appearance of the garments showed that they had been much worn. Having thus clothed Jacky, the old woman embraced him tenderly, then held him at arm's length and gazed at him for a few minutes. Finally, she pushed him gently away and burst into tears—rocking herself to and fro, and moaning dismally.

Meanwhile Jacky, still perfectly mute and observant, sat down on a log beside the poor old dame and stared at her until the violence of her grief began to subside. The other members of the party stared too—at her and at each other—as if to say, "What *can* all this mean?"

At last Jacky began to manifest signs of impatience, and, pulling her sleeve, he said—

"Now, g'anny, lollipops!"

Old Moggy smiled, rose, went to the chest again, and returned with a handful of sweetmeats, with which Jacky at once proceeded to regale himself, to the infinite joy of the old woman.

Mr. Sudberry now came to the conclusion that there must be a secret understanding between this remarkable couple; and he was right. Many a time during the last two weeks had Master Jacky, all unknown to his parents, made his way to old Moggy's hut—attracted thereto by the splendid "lollipops" with which the subtle old creature beguiled him, and also by the extraordinary amount of affection she lavished upon him. Besides this, the child had a strong dash of romance in his nature, and it was a matter of deep interest to him to be a courted guest in such a strange old hovel, and to be fondled and clothed, as he often was, in Highland costume, by one who scowled upon everyone else—excepting her little dog, with which animal he became an

intimate friend. Jacky did not trouble himself to inquire into the reason of the old woman's partiality—sufficient for him that he enjoyed her hospitality and her favour, and that he was engaged in what he had a vague idea must needs be a piece of clandestine and very terrible wickedness. His long absences, during these visits, had indeed been noticed by his mother, but as Jacky was in the habit of following his own inclinations in everything and at all times, without deigning to give an account of himself, it was generally understood that he had just strayed a little farther than usual while playing about.

While this was going on in Moggy's hut, George had been despatched to inform Mrs. Sudberry of their safety. The distance being short, he soon ran over the ground, and burst in upon his poor mother with a cheer. Mrs. Sudberry sprang into his arms and burst into tears; Mrs. Brown lay down on the sofa and went into quiet hysterics; and little Tilly, who had gone to bed hours before in a condition of irresistible drowsiness, jumped up with a scream, and came skipping down stairs in her night-gown.

"Safe, mother, safe!"

"And Jacky?"

"Safe, too, all of us."

"Oh! I'm *so* thankful."

"No, not *all* of us," said George, suddenly recollecting Peter.

Mrs. Sudberry gasped and turned pale. "Oh! George, quick, tell me,"——

"Poor Peter," began George.

"Please, sir, I've bin found," said a meek voice behind him, at which George turned round with a start—still supporting his mother.

Mrs. Brown, perceiving the ludicrous nature of the remark, began to grow violent on the sofa and to kick a little. Then Mrs. Sudberry asked for each of the missing ones individually—sobbing between each question—and at each sob Tilly's sympathetic bosom heaved, and Mrs. Brown gave a kick and a subdued scream. Then George began to tell the leading features of their misfortunes rapidly, and Mrs. Brown listened intently until Mrs. Sudberry again sobbed, when Mrs. Brown immediately recollected that she was in hysterics, and re-commenced kicking.

"But where *are* they?" cried Mrs. Sudberry, suddenly.

"I was just coming to that—they're at old Moggy's hut, drying themselves and resting."

"Oh! I'll go down at once. Take me there."

Accordingly, the poor lady threw on her bonnet and shawl and set off with George for the cottage, leaving Mrs. Brown, now relieved from

all anxiety, kicking and screaming violently on the sofa, to the great alarm of Hobbs, who just then returned from his fruitless search.

"My son, my darling!" cried Mrs. Sudberry, as she rushed into the cottage and clasped Jacky in her arms. She could say no more, and if she had said more it could not have been heard, for her appearance created dire confusion and turmoil in the hovel. The lost and found wanderers started up to welcome her, the little dog sprang up to bark furiously and repel her, and the old woman ran at her screaming, with intent to rescue Jacky from her grasp. There was a regular scuffle, for the old woman was strong in her rage, but George and Fred held her firmly though tenderly back, while Mr. S. hurried his alarmed spouse and their child out of the hut, and made for home as fast as possible. Lucy followed with George almost immediately after, leaving Fred to do his best to calm and comfort the old woman. For his humane efforts Fred received a severe scratching on the face, and was compelled to seek refuge in flight.

CHAPTER XIII.—VISITING THE POOR.

For some time after this the Sudberry family were particularly careful not to wander too far from their mountain home. Mr. Sudberry forbade every one, on pain of his utmost displeasure, to venture up among the hills without M'Allister or one of his lads as a guide. As a further precaution, he wrote for six pocket compasses to be forwarded as soon as possible.

"My dear," said his wife, "since you are writing home, you may as well——"

"My dear, I am not writing home."

"You're writing to London for compasses, are you not?"

"No," said Mr. Sudberry with a smile, "I believe they understand how to manufacture the mariner's compass in Scotland—I am writing to my Edinburgh agent for them."

"Oh! ah, well, it did not occur to me. Now you mention it, I think I have heard that the Scotch have sort of scientific tendencies."

"Yes, they are 'feelosophically' inclined, as our friend M'Allister would say. But what did you want, my love?"

"I want a hobby-horse to be sent to us for Jacky; but it will be of no use writing to Edinburgh for one. I suppose they do not use such things in a country where there are so few real horses, and so few roads fit for a horse to walk on."

Mr. Sudberry made no reply, not wishing to incur the expense of such a useless piece of furniture, and his wife continued her needlework

with a sigh. From the bottom of her large heart she pitied the Scottish nation, and wondered whether there was the remotest hope of the place ever being properly colonized by the English, and the condition of the aborigines ameliorated.

"Mamma, I'm going with Flora Macdonald to visit her poor people," said Lucy, entering at the moment with a flushed face,—for Lucy was addicted to running when in a hurry—and with a coquettish little round straw hat.

"Very well, my love, but do take that good-natured man to guide you—Mr. What's-his-name—I've *such* a memory! Ah! M'Cannister; do take him with you, dear."

"There is no need, mamma. Nearly all the cottages lie along the road-side, and Flora is quite at home here, you know."

"True, true, I forgot that."

Mrs. Sudberry sighed and Lucy laughed gaily as she ran down the hill to meet her friend. The first cottage they visited was a little rough thatched one with a low roof, one door, and two little windows, in which latter there were four small panes of glass with a knot in each. The interior was similar to that of old Moggy's hut, but there was more furniture in it, and the whole was pervaded by an air of neatness and cleanliness that spoke volumes for its owner.

"This is Mrs. Cameron's cottage," whispered Flora as they entered. "She was knocked over by a horse while returning from church last Sunday, and I fear has been badly shaken.—Well, Mrs. Cameron, how are you to-day?"

A mild little voice issued from a box-bed in a corner of the room. "Thankee, mem, I'm no that ill, mem. The Lord is vera kind to me—ay."

There was a mild sadness in the tone, a sort of—the-world's-in-an-awfu'-state,-but-no-doot-it's-a'-for-the-best,-an'-I'm-resigned-to-my-lot,-though-I-wad-na-objec'-to-it's-being-a-wee-thing-better,-oo-ay,—feeling in it, which told of much sorrow in years gone by, and of deep humility, for there was not a shade of complaint in the tone.

"Has the doctor been to see you, my dear granny?" inquired Flora, sitting down at the side of the box-bed, while Lucy seated herself on a stool and tried to pierce the gloom within.

"Oo, ay, he cam' an' pood aff ma mutch, an' feel'd ma heed a' over, but he said nothin'—only to lie quiet an' tak a pickle water gruel, oo ay."

As the voice said this its owner raised herself on one elbow, and, peering out with a pair of bright eyes, displayed to her visitor the small, withered, yet healthy countenance of one who must have been a beauti-

ful girl in her youth. She was now upwards of seventy, and was, as Lucy afterwards said, "a sweet, charming, dear old woman." Her features were extremely small and delicate, and her eyes had an anxious look, as if she were in the habit of receiving periodical shocks of grief, and were wondering what shape the next one would take.

"I have brought you a bottle of wine," said Flora; "now don't shake your head—you *must* take it; you cannot get well on gruel. Your daughter is at our house just now, I shall meet her on my way home, and will tell her to insist on your taking it."

The old woman smiled, and looked at Lucy.

"This is a friend whom I have brought to see you," said Flora, observing the glance. The old woman held out her hand, and Lucy pressed it tenderly. "She has come all the way from London to see our mountains, granny."

"Ay?" said the old woman, with a kind motherly smile, "it's a lang way to Lunnon, a la-a-ng way ay. Ye'll be thinkin' we're a wild kind o' folk here-away; somewhat uncouth we are, no doot."

"Indeed, I think you are very nice people," said Lucy, earnestly. "I had no idea how charming your country was, until I came to it."

"Ay, oo ay! we can only get ideas by seein' or readin'. It's a grawnd thing, travellin', but it's wonderfu' what readin' 'll do. My guid-man, that's deed this therteen year,—ay,—come Marti'mas, he wrought in Lunn'on for a year before we was marrit, an' he sent me the news-papers reglar once a month,—ay, the English is fine folk. My guid-man aye said that."

Lucy expressed much interest in this visit of the departed guid-man, and, having touched a chord which was extremely sensitive and not easily put to rest after having been made to vibrate, old Mrs. Cameron entertained her with a sweet and prolix account of the last illness, death, and burial, of the said guid-man, with the tears welling up in her bright old eyes and hopping over her wrinkled cheeks until Flora forbade her to say another word, reminding her of the doctor's orders to keep quiet.

"Oo ay, ye'll be gawin' to read me a bit o' the book?"

"I thought you would ask that; what shall it be?"

"Oo, ye canna go wrang."

Flora opened the Bible, and, selecting a passage, read it in a slow, clear tone, while the old woman lay back and listened with her eyes upturned and her hands clasped.

"Isn't it grawnd?" said she, appealing to Lucy with a burst of feeling, when Flora had concluded.

Lucy was somewhat taken aback by this enthusiastic display of love

for the Bible, and felt somewhat embarrassed for an appropriate answer; but Flora came to her rescue—

"I've brought you a book, granny; it will amuse you when you are able to get up and read. There now, no thanks—you positively *must* lie down and try to sleep. I see your cheek is flushed with all this talking. Good-day, granny!"

"The next whom we will visit is a very different character," said Flora, as they walked briskly along the road that followed the windings of the river; "he dwells half a mile off."

"Then you will have time to tell me about old Moggy," said Lucy. "You have not yet fulfilled your promise to tell me the secret connected with her, and I am burning with impatience to know it."

"Of course you are; every girl of your age is set on fire by a secret. I have a mind to keep you burning a little longer."

"And pray, grandmamma," said Lucy, with an expressive twinkle in her eyes, "at what period of your prolonged life did you come to form such a just estimate of character in girls of *my* age?"

"I'll answer that question another time," said Flora; "meanwhile, I will relent and tell you about old Moggy. But, after all, there is not much to tell, and there is no secret connected with her, although there is a little mystery."

"No secret, yet a mystery! a distinction without a difference, it seems to me."

"Perhaps it is. You shall hear:—When a middle-aged woman, Moggy was housekeeper to Mr. Hamilton, a landed proprietor in this neighbourhood. Mr. Hamilton's gardener fell in love with Moggy; they married, and, returning to this their native hamlet, settled down in the small hut which the old woman still occupies. They had one daughter, named Mary, after Mr. Hamilton's sister. When Mary was ten years old her father died of fever, and soon afterwards Moggy was taken again into Mr. Hamilton's household in her old capacity; for his sister was an invalid, and quite unfit to manage his house. In the course of time little Mary became a woman and married a farmer at a considerable distance from this neighbourhood. They had one child, a beautiful fair-haired little fellow. On the very day that he was born his father was killed by a kick from a horse. The shock to the poor mother was so great, that she sank under it and died. Thus the little infant was left entirely to the care of his grandmother. He was named Willie, after his father.

"Death seemed to cast his shadow over poor Moggy's path all her life through. Shortly after this event Mr. Hamilton died suddenly.

This was a great blow to the housekeeper, for she was much attached to her old master, who had allowed her to keep her little grandson beside her under his roof. The sister survived her brother about five years. After her death the housekeeper returned to her old hut, where she has ever since lived on the interest of a small legacy left her by her old master. Little Willie, or wee Wullie, as she used to call him, was the light of old Moggy's eyes, and the joy of her heart. She idolized and would have spoiled him, had that been possible, but the child was of a naturally sweet disposition, and would not spoil. He was extremely amiable and gentle, yet bold as a young lion, and full of fun. I do not wonder that poor old Moggy was both proud and fond of him in an extraordinary degree. The blow of his removal well-nigh withered her up, body and soul——"

"He died?" said Lucy, looking up at Flora with tearful eyes.

"No, he did not, perhaps it would have been better if the poor child *had* died; you shall hear. When Willie was six years old a gang of gipsies passed through this hamlet, and, taking up their abode on the common, remained for some time. They were a wild, dangerous set, and became such a nuisance that the inhabitants at last took the law into their own hands, and drove them away. Just before this occurred little Willie disappeared. Search was made for him everywhere, but in vain. The gipsies were suspected and their huts examined. Suspicion fell chiefly on one man, a stout ill-favoured fellow, with an ugly squint and a broken nose; but nothing could be proved either against him or the others, except that at the time of the child's disappearance this man was absent from the camp. From that day to this, dear little Willie has never been heard of.

"At first, the poor old grandmother went about almost mad with despair and anxiety, but, as years passed by, she settled down into the moping old creature you have seen her. It is five years since that event. Willie will be eleven years old now, if alive; but, alas! I fear he must be dead."

"What a sad, sad tale!" said Lucy. "I suppose it must be because our Jacky is about the age that Willie was when he was stolen, that the poor woman has evinced such a fondness for him."

"Possibly; and, now I think of it, there is a good deal of resemblance between the two, especially about the hair and eyes, though Willie was much more beautiful. You have noticed, no doubt, that Moggy wears a clean plaid——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Lucy, "I have observed that."

"That was the plaid that Willie used to wear in winter. His grand-

mother spends much of her time in washing it; she takes great pains to keep it clean. The only mystery about the old woman is the old chest in one corner of her hut. She keeps it jealously locked, and no one has ever found out what is in it, although the inquisitive folk of the place are very anxious to know. But it does not require a wizard to tell that. Doubtless it contains the clothing and toys of her grandson. Poor old Moggy!"

"I can enlighten you on that point," said Lucy, eagerly opening the lid of a small basket which hung on her arm, and displaying the small suit of Highland clothing in which Jacky had been conveyed home on the night when the Sudberrys were lost on the hills. "This suit came out of the large chest, and, as I knew you meant to visit Moggy to-day, I brought it with me."

The two friends reached the door of a small cottage as Lucy said this, and tapped. "Come in!" gruffly said a man's voice. This was one of Flora's difficult cases. The man was bed-ridden, and was nursed by a granddaughter. He was quite willing to accept comfort from Flora, especially when it took the shape of food and medicine; but he would not listen to the Bible. Flora knew that he liked her visits, however; so, with prayers in her heart and the Bible in her hand, she persevered hopefully, yet with such delicacy that the gruff old man became gruffer daily, as his conscience began to reprove him for his gruffness.

Thus, from hut to hut she went, with love to mankind in her heart and the name of Jesus on her lip; sometimes received with smiles and sent away with blessings, occasionally greeted with a cold look, and allowed to depart with a frigid "good-day!" Lucy had often wished for some such work as this at home, but had not yet found courage to begin. She was deeply sympathetic and observant. Old Moggy was the last they visited that day. Flora was the only female she would tolerate.

"I've been tryin' to say't a' night an' I *canna* do't!" she said, stoutly, as the ladies entered.

"You forget the words, perhaps, dear Moggy—'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath——'" "Na, na, I dinna forget them, but I *canna* say them." So Flora sat down on a stool, and gently sought, by means of the Bible, to teach the old woman one of the most difficult lessons that poor human nature has got to learn in this world of mingled happiness and woe.

(*To be continued.*)

MY FIRST COMMAND, AND HOW IT ENDED.

THE OLD ADMIRAL'S YARN.

By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

I HAD been at sea about five years, and had seen some pretty hard service, when I was appointed to a dashing frigate, the *Tiger*, on the West India station. Our captain had never been accustomed to let the grass grow on his ship's bottom, and he took good care to keep that of the *Tiger* pretty clean. Those were stirring times. England was engaged in a fierce war, both by sea and by land, with the larger proportion of the civilized nations in the world, and it was more easy to find an enemy than a friend wherever we sailed. I cannot say that we had any complaint to make with that state of things, as we came off generally the victors, and made lots of prize money. The more of the latter we got the more we wanted, and we spent it as lavishly as if there would be no end of it. We had taken several prizes, when we received notice that a large French privateer was in those seas, committing a good deal of havoc among our merchantmen. It is said that everything is fair in love and war—in war, it may be the case; in love, nothing is fair that is not straightforward and honourable. Our captain considered that stratagem in war was, at all events, allowable, and he used to disguise the frigate in so wonderful a way, that even we ourselves, at a little distance, should not have known her. By this means many an unwary craft fell into our clutches. One day, we lay becalmed, with our seemingly black and worn sails hanging against the masts, our ports concealed by canvas, painted to represent the weather-beaten sides of a big merchantman, our yards untrimmed and all our rigging slack. At length a breeze was seen coming towards us, bringing up a large ship. When the stranger was within a couple of miles the wind fell. We were soon convinced that our trap was well baited, for we saw the stranger lower three boats, which came rapidly towards us. We, in the meantime, lowered three others, well armed and ready at a moment's notice to pull off in chase, when the enemy should discover his mistake. Not, how-

ever, till the Frenchmen were close up to us, did they find out that we were not what we appeared. We saw by their gestures of astonishment that they suspected all was not right. Before, however, they had time to pull round, our boats were after them. I was in one of them. We were alongside in two minutes—they attempted to defend themselves—they had better have been quiet—a few were knocked overboard and hauled in by our fellows, and all three boats were taken. We found that we had got the captain and second and third officers of the stranger among our prisoners, and that she was the privateer of which we were in search. The Frenchmen frantically tore their hair, and swore terribly at us for the trick we had played them. "Ah! you perfides Anglais, had we been on board our ship, you would not have taken us so easily," exclaimed the French captain. "Then, sir, you are welcome to go back and fight it out!" answered our captain. "Ah, morbleu non!" cried the Frenchman, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I know what sort of fellows you are in this frigate, and I would rather stay where I am with a whole skin than return to be riddled by your shot. If my ship escapes, though, do not blame me." "Certainly not; but I have no intention that she shall escape!" said our captain, with a bow, directly afterwards ordering all the boats ahead to tow us towards the enemy. They pulled on till we got her well within range of our guns, when the painted canvas being cleared away, we opened fire. In five minutes she hauled down her colours. We found on board the crew of a large English West Indiaman, captured that morning and supposed not to be far off, though not in sight. Depend on it we whistled with right good will for a breeze. It came at length, and disguising ourselves as before, and having the French ensign over the English, we and our big prize made sail in chase. Greatly to our delight, the merchantman was seen standing boldly towards us, attracted by the firing. It was amusing to watch the countenances of the French prisoners—they would have done their best to warn her off had they dared, but they could only make grimaces at each other, and hurl low muttered curses on our heads, while their richly-laden prize was recovered by us. She was a West Indiaman—the *Diana*. I cannot say much for the beauty of the goddess of the night, for she was a huge wall-sided ship, capable of stowing away a vast quantity of sugar and molasses, articles much in request at the time in Europe. The French prize crew were being removed when the captain sent for me. My heart fluttered unusually. "Mr. Brine, you have behaved very well, very well indeed, since you joined this ship, and I have much confidence in you!" he began. I bowed at the compliment—I had an idea that it was deserved, though I did not say so—I had done two or

three things to be proud of, and I knew that I stood well in the captain's opinion, although I was not yet a passed midshipman; "I accordingly place you in command of the *Diana*, more willingly than I should any other midshipman. You are to take her to Bristol or Plymouth, and remember that she is of no small value to us." I thanked the captain for his good opinion of me, but begged to have a mate capable of navigating the ship, should I fall sick or lose my life; and I named Tony Fenwick, another midshipman, my junior, and a great chum of mine. I had an old follower, Paul Gott, who had been to sea with my father. His name was short, but he was a tall man. I asked if he also might come. The captain granted both my requests, and allowed me to pick out six other men for my crew. I felt wonderfully proud as I walked the deck of my first command, and certainly no two happier or better satisfied midshipmen could be found than Tony Fenwick and I, as we navigated the sugar-laden *Diana* across the Atlantic. We only wished that we could meet a letter of marque of our own size, which might attempt to interfere with us. What thought we of tempests or foes, the possibility of wreck or recapture? We both of us hoped soon to obtain our promotion, for those were the days when a post-captain of nineteen commanded one of the finest frigates in the navy, and had dared and done deeds as gallant as any which naval history can record, and requiring knowledge, judgment, and discretion, as well as bravery. Old heads were often worn on young shoulders, though there were plenty of harum-scarum fellows, as now, who did no good to themselves and much harm to others, whenever they chanced to be placed in command. We had a fine passage across the Atlantic—Cape Clear was sighted, and we expected, in a few days at most, to carry the *Diana* safe into port. Fenwick had the first watch on deck one morning—daylight had just broke when the look-out at the mast-head shouted, "A sail on the weather-bow—a large ship!" I heard Fenwick's reply, and jumped on deck, for I always slept in my clothes, ready for work. The stranger, we concluded, was probably an English cruiser. The *Diana* was kept accordingly on her course—still, not free from suspicion, we narrowly watched the stranger's movements. I was looking in another direction, when I heard Tony utter a loud exclamation, not complimentary to the French, and looking round, when it was now too late to escape from her power, what was my annoyance to see the hated tricolour flying from the stranger's peak! Still neither Tony nor I had any thought of yielding up our charge without a struggle. "She's a big one to tackle, and we shall have a squeak for it at best!" observed Tony, eyeing the Frenchman with no loving glance. All sail was made, but nothing but a miracle could have

saved us. The men showed their opinion of what was to happen by slipping down one by one below, and putting on their best clothes, as sailors always do when they expect to fall into any enemy's hands. I have known some do so when they expect to be wrecked, with but little prospect of saving their lives. Now they had good reason for what they did, for the Frenchmen, should they take our ship, were sure not to leave us more than we had on our backs, even if so much. All we could do to escape we did, but in vain. Before long, we found ourselves under the guns of a French seventy-four, the *Droits-de-l'Homme*, one of the squadron, with troops on board, intended for the invasion of Ireland. With sad hearts, Tony Fenwick, Paul Gott, and most of our crew found ourselves conveyed on board our captor, which soon afterwards made sail for France. It was the winter season; the nights were long, the weather tempestuous. When near the coast, two sail were seen—large ships, supposed to be British—we devoutly hoped that they might prove so. The *Droits-de-l'Homme* made sail to escape them. Shortly afterwards two other ships were seen steering so as to cut her off from the land. They were undoubtedly enemies. Though surrounded, as they supposed, by foes, the Frenchmen made every attempt to escape; but fortune was against them. "We caught a Tartar t'other day—the Mounseers have caught half a dozen!" observed Tony, as we watched what was going on through one of the main-deck ports. A heavy squall, as he spoke, carried away the fore and main-top masts. It was no easy matter for us to refrain from cheering at the accident, but the probability of getting a clout on our heads, and being sent below for our patriotism, kept us silent. "There's no fear now, that before many hours are over we shall be under our own flag again," whispered Tony to me. "The same mishap which has occurred to the Frenchman may befall our friends," I answered. "There are but two frigates in sight, but I hope that they are more than a match for a French seventy-four."

The Frenchmen were so busy with clearing away the wreck of the masts to be ready for their foes, that no one thought of us and the other English prisoners they had on board. The gale increased—the sea ran high—the English frigates were seen to be reefing topsails. "Why, they are not going to desert us, I hope!" exclaimed Tony. "No, no, they are getting under snugger canvas for more easy handling, depend on that," I answered, laughing; "they are after us again—hurrah!" Before long the largest frigate approached, and suddenly hauling up, fired her broadside, which would have proved most destructive, had not the *Droits-de-l'Homme* hauled up likewise, the troops which were posted on the upper deck and poop replying with a heavy discharge of mus-

ketry. Fortunately, perhaps, for us, though we did not consider it so at the time, one of the French officers thought of sending us to join the other prisoners in the cable-tier, out of harm's way. Most unwillingly we descended, though we should have run a great chance of having had our heads knocked off without the honour and glory, and, on our getting below, found ourselves placed under guard, in almost total darkness. The big ship rolled and tumbled in a way which made it appear as if the waves alone would wrench her asunder; the great guns roared with greater frequency, the musketry rattled, the shot from the active frigates came crashing on board and tearing through the stout planks; there was the tramp of men bearing their wounded comrades below; their shrieks and groans, as the surgeons attempted in vain to operate on their shattered limbs; and the rush of water which came through the ports, with the fearful rolling of the ship. All these various sounds gave us an idea, and not a pleasant one, of the work going on above our heads. Now and then, too, louder reports and more terrific crashes told of guns bursting, and masts going by the board. Hour after hour passed by, and still the fearful uproar continued. We prisoners would all of us rather have been on deck, notwithstanding the more than possibility of having our heads knocked off, than shut up in the dark, bilge-water smelling, stifling hold. "I say, these Frenchmen fight bravely, but I wish that they would give in—it would be wiser in them, and they must, before long," observed Fenwick, as he sat on a cask by my side, kicking his heels against the staves.

"All in good time," I answered. "But consider that this ship carries more guns than the two frigates put together, and of heavier metal and aboard here there are more than twice as many men as will be found between them. There will be a tough fight before we get our liberty, but we shall get it, never fear." While we were speaking there was a cessation of firing. "Can she have struck?" was asked by many of our fellow-prisoners. We waited in breathless suspense. No intimation was given to us of what had occurred. "The frigates cannot have given up the fight, of that I am certain," I exclaimed. "Maybe they have just hauled off to repair damages, and will be at it again," suggested Paul.

He was right. Like the voice of a giant awaking out of sleep, the big ship's guns began again to roar forth, quickly followed by a duller sound, showing that her enemies were replying with as much energy as before. For long the battle raged furiously. How we unfortunates, like rats in a hole below, longed to be on deck, that we might see what was going forward! Again there was a cessation of firing. What could have happened? Had the Frenchman struck? That either of the

English frigates had done so, of course none of us would believe. It was a time of awful suspense to us all. One thing was certain, that though the battle might have ceased, the war of the elements was raging more furiously than ever. From the way the ship rolled, it was evident that she was dismasted. Various sounds, the cause of which seamen alone could understand, were heard. "I suspects, sir, as how we're in shoal water; they've let go an anchor," said Paul, calmly, though he knew full well the peril of our position. "But it doesn't hold, d'ye see, sir." Signal guns were heard. A few minutes passed—to most of us the time appeared far longer. A dull, ominous roaring sound reached even to our ears down in the depths of the ship. "We are among the breakers!" I sung out, jumping from my seat; and scarcely were the words out of my mouth when a cry was heard from above, and words of compassion reached our ears. "Pauvres Anglais! pauvres Anglais! Montez bien vites; nous sommes tous perdus!" The sentinel rushed from his post and we prisoners sprang on deck. Fenwick and I, with Paul and a few others, stopped, however, to help the more weak and helpless, for among them were women and children, unable to take care of themselves. The early dawn, as we reached the deck, revealed a scene of horror rarely equalled: breakers on every side; the masts gone; the decks slippery with human gore, and the ship driving to destruction. At a little distance lay one of the English frigates, the surf breaking over her—her fate sealed. The other was observed standing off from the Penmark Rocks, which threatened her with instant destruction. "Can she be saved?" asked Fenwick, for, in spite of our own danger, we had been intently watching her. "If her sticks stand, and she is well handled; if not, Heaven have mercy on the souls of all on board, for their condition will be worse than ours!" I said, in a sad tone. "The people in the other frigate already on shore are badly enough off; but the sea as yet does not appear to break heavily over her." "As it will, howsom'dever, over us, before the world's a minute older," cried Paul; "I've been cast ashore more than once with your honoured father, Mr. Brine, and the advice he gave us was, 'Lads, hold on to the wreck till the time comes for getting ashore.' He wished to say, 'Don't let the sea take you off the wreck if you can help it, but just hold on till you see that you have a fair chance of setting foot on land in safety.'"

This advice was not thrown away. In another instant a terrific shock was felt; the wild seas dashed furiously over the huge wreck; shrieks arose from every part of the ship; horror and dismay were depicted on the countenances of all around us. As the foaming waters came rushing over the decks, many were swept helplessly away.

We and our men kept together, holding fast by the upper bulwarks. We could make out clearly a village on shore, and crowds of people, who lined the beach, but were unable to render us any assistance. There were no life-boats in those days—no apparatus for carrying ropes to a stranded ship—boats were indeed launched by the hardy fishermen, but were quickly dashed to pieces against the rocks. Rafts were built, but those who ventured on them were swept off by the furious seas. Others tried, by swimming, to convey a rope from the ship to the shore, but in vain. Thus the day closed, and a night of horrors commenced, during which numbers were washed away. Still my companions and I kept our posts. All this time not a particle of food could be obtained, as the hold was under water. Paul had observed a small boat uninjured. He told me of it; I undertook to carry a line safely by her to the shore. Fenwick and Paul agreed to accompany me, and we had no lack of other volunteers among our men. At low water, we three, with seven others, stood ready to launch her. We allowed a heavy sea to roll by—"Now in with her, boys, and give way," I shouted. Through the boiling cauldron we pulled. None, indeed, but stout-hearted British seamen could have made way in such troubled waters. Sea upon sea came rolling on after us. On the summit of one we reached the beach. Before another sea could follow we had leaped out and dragged our boat high up above the power of the waters. We set to work, and had the satisfaction of saving the lives of several of the French crew; but, unhappily, the rope parted, and in vain we endeavoured to secure another.

A second night passed—a third came, and few were saved. We remained on the beach to afford all the aid in our power to those still on the wreck. What occurred on board was not known to us till afterwards. The Frenchmen endeavoured to launch one of their largest boats, but discipline was at an end. In vain the officers ordered the men to keep back—it was right that the sick and wounded should first be removed. No one obeyed; a hundred and fifty men crowded into her. They shoved off, a sea rushed on, they were hid from view; the shattered boat and their lifeless corpses alone reached the shore. Eight hundred human beings, it is supposed, had by this time perished. Those few who now reached the shore, aided, chiefly, I have a right to boast, by my party, reported the dreadful condition of the remainder. Numbers were dying of hunger; the decks were covered with corpses—expedients too horrible to be believed for sustaining life had been proposed. A fourth day came, and with it a more serene sky. The sea went down. "A sail! a sail!" A man-of-war brig and an armed

cutter appeared. Their boats quickly approached, but the sea still broke so violently over the wreck that they were unable to get alongside. The famishing survivors, therefore, constructed some rafts, to be towed off by the boats, but many of those who ventured on them were swept away by the surf. About a hundred and fifty were, however, conveyed on board the brig that evening, leaving still nearly four hundred human beings on the wreck, to endure a sixth night of horrors. The sufferings of many were more than human endurance could sustain, and next morning, when the men-of-war's boats returned, half of the hapless beings were found dead. We, meantime, when our services could be of no further avail, found ourselves, being in an enemy's country, marched off as prisoners; but I am bound to say that we were treated with the greatest kindness by the French. The spot where the wreck occurred was, we found, the Bay of Audierne, and the town near it that of Plouzenec. Here we met part of the officers and crew of the British thirty-six-gun frigate, *Amazon*, which had been wrecked with us. Her whole ship's company (six men only excepted, who had stolen the cutter and were drowned) had, by means of rafts, landed in safety by nine a.m. of the morning the frigate went on shore. This might have been partly owing to the position of the ship, but more particularly to the admirable discipline maintained on board. We rejoiced to find that the other frigate, which was the *Indefatigable*, of forty-four guns, Captain Sir Edward Pellew, had escaped the danger which threatened her. Fenwick and I were sighing over the prospect of our expected captivity and the destruction of all our hopes of promotion, when the captain of the French ship, who had been among the last to leave the wreck, sent for us, and complimenting us on our behaviour, assured us, that as we had been fellow-sufferers with him and his people, we and our men might rely on being liberated without delay. To our great joy we and our companions were shortly afterwards placed on board a cartel, and sent to England without ransom or exchange—an act of generosity on the part of the French worthy of note.

BOWLING.

STRAY NOTES ON CRICKET.

BOWLING.

I HAVE read in a manual of cricket that there are four styles of bowling, and Felix, I believe, in his excellent work on the Bat, states that there are five modes, all of which are in general use. For the present purpose, however, I think it will be sufficient if I confine my remarks to two styles.

1. Round-arm Bowling.
2. Underhand Bowling.

The former is an innovation upon the latter, and, like all improvements, met with a great deal of opposition at first, since it was more difficult to play, and made the innings shorter. Now, however, the batting seems to have obtained as much mastery over the round-arm bowling, as before it had over the underhand, and it is even probable that in a few years a new style will be introduced, in order to decrease the inordinate length which innings assume now-a-days.

The following hints apply to the round-arm bowling.

The ball should be held with the fingers across the seams, as this occasionally makes the ball twist, and renders the defence of the batsman a matter of more difficulty. Many bowlers, however, can never get what is technically called "a twist on," whereas others, after an hour's practice, can manage to make the ball twist in any direction they please.

It is also important to take a run of a few yards, increasing the distance in proportion to the pace. This allows the bowler to get his arm into swing, and increases the impetus with which the ball is delivered.

The bowler should always stand with his body well towards the other wicket. I have seen a man run almost round the wicket and deliver the ball without looking at the stumps he is supposed to aim at. Long practice had enabled him to bowl pretty well, but the absurdity of his position was so apparent that it provoked a laugh from all who saw it.

It must not be imagined, however, that a bowler should always deliver the same style of ball. Many a wicket (paradoxical as it may

seem) falls from a ball that is not straight. A batsman who has had a hit to leg for four, becomes at once anxious to get another. Very often, if a bowler pitches the ball in a different manner, the batsman endeavours to give another specimen of his favourite hit, and equally often loses his wicket. Practise, therefore, change of pace and pitch, as catches are almost sure at some time to be the result.

Nyren, one of the earliest writers on cricket, speaks of this plan in the following manner :—

"When it is difficult to part two batsmen, and either of them has a favourite hit, I have often succeeded in getting him out by opening the field where his hit is placed, at the same time hinting to the bowler to give him a different style of ball. This, with the opening of the field, has tempted him to plant his favourite hit, and, in his anxiety to do so, he has not unfrequently committed an error fatal to him."

In writing of round-arm bowling, let me recommend young bowlers to practise bowling over the wicket in preference to what is usually termed round or outside it. The former plan is the only mode that necessitates straight bowling, since, from the position of the arm, the ball may be straight all the way, whereas, in the latter, the ball must come in from the leg side. Again, it will be recollected that in the late discussion about leg before wicket, many of the best judges gave it as their opinion that the batsman could not be given out l. b.w., unless the ball was delivered over the wicket. To these advantages may be added the fact that a much better view of the opponent's stumps can be obtained, and that the distance is also shorter than from the outside of the wicket.

Among the most common faults of young players, may be cited a habit of not pitching the ball far enough. This is mainly owing to a want of power in the arms, but still a little careful practice will considerably assist the player. Those nice specimens of bowling known as bailers, when the bail is knocked off, can only be obtained by a ball that is well pitched up. Shooters, also, are the result of balls that touch the ground near the wicket. I may also add that a ball that is pitched short is easy to play, since it can be seen well, and its coming in contact with the ground deadens its force and checks its speed.

Another practice which is often condemned, is a habit of bowling fast. Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that fast bowling is the most difficult to play, as may be ascertained by the fact that our fastest bowlers by no means take the most wickets, excepting Jackson, whose bowling, however, is by no means so successful as it was at one time. Fast bowling does not so readily allow accuracy of pitch as a slower

style; besides, a fast bowler soon gets tired, then bowls loosely, and then gets taken off. Those tips (for they are nothing else) to the slips for four or five, are more the result of the bowler than the batsman. Let me, therefore, earnestly recommend young bowlers to begin bowling slowly, and to increase their pace as they grow older and stronger. Many a promising bowler has been irretrievably spoilt by beginning to bowl too fast for his strength, and finding in a short time that he has no style at all, and that the fruit of his labour is principally found in the number of byes scored off him.

Particular care must also be taken to avoid bowling over the shoulder. There will probably, in a short time, be some more stringent rule than at present exists with regard to law 10, and then many of the most successful bowlers will find their occupation gone; besides, as the no-balling of a bowler by an umpire usually causes the greatest unpleasantness in a match, spoiling the amicable feeling which almost invariably exists in the cricket-field, it is much better to avoid the head and front of the offending, by practising the best means to prevent the arm getting over the shoulder. I recollect at school a big sturdy fellow, who, not content with bowling over his shoulder, delivered the ball always as fast as he could. His bowling, however (as might be expected), was so loose that his services were never called into requisition at a match, but at practice he occasionally handled the ball, much to the dread of the batsman he opposed. One day he was bowling against the present writer in his usual headstrong style, and actually sent a ball right over the wicket-keeper's head into longstop's hands. This naturally frightened me, as I thought it just possible that the next might hit me on the chest. A narrow escape I had, for the very next was pitched so high, that, had I not quickly dropped on the ground, it would have hit me on the head with such force as probably to stop cricket with me for ever.

My remarks on underhand bowling, or slows, must necessarily be brief. That good slows are effective, particularly against county twenty-twos, is proved by the analysis of R. C. Tinley's bowling, and the destructive power of Mr. V. E. Walker's slows is well known to most of those who have played against him.

It is often a good plan to begin with a fast bowler at one end and slows at the other. The change of pace and delivery is very puzzling to the batsman, who is compelled to play the two styles in a different plan. If, however, a slow bowler is hit about much, he should be changed at once, as the hits from slows generally add up quicker than those from round-arm.

If change of pitch is advantageous in the swift bowling, it is the very soul of slows. Full pitches, leg balls, off balls, shooters, all styles, and forms should be allowed full play. The bowler, too, must dodge about, and make himself an extra field, going wherever he imagines the ball will be hit. In writing about slows, I cannot pass unmentioned the great advantage derived from making a ball twist in from the leg. It is always understood that the leg stump is the hardest to defend, and consequently the best to attack.

A slow ball is pitched a little wide of the leg, the batsman runs away from his guard, and, in his imagination, sees the ball hit to square leg for four. In reality, however, he finds his off-stump knocked down by this same leg-ball at which, in his ignorance, he struck too soon, and found that it hit his stump before he could be back to stop it.

The positions of the field may be varied according to the opinion of the bowler. One of the most practical attitudes for slows is given on page 44 of my hand-book, to which, as well as for further advice upon this subject, I beg to refer the reader.

NOTE.

Since the above was in type, the Committee of the Marylebone Cricket Club has held a Meeting, in order to take into consideration a proposed alteration in Law 10. The result of their deliberations is, that the portion of the Rule which refers to raising the arm above the shoulder is done away with, and the Rule itself now reads as follows:—"The ball shall be bowled; if thrown or jerked, the umpire shall call 'no ball.'"

THE DISCOVERY OF THE TREASURE ISLES.

(A.D. 1760.)

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

(*Continued from page* 338.)

AT this thought I ran on again, breathless, but very angry. As I drew nearer, however, my anger gave place to a kind of terrified bewilderment. I hesitated—ran forward again—stood still—trembled—could not believe the evidence of my eyes; for at every step the aspect of the *Mary-Jane* grew more strange and startling.

She was lying high and dry upon the beach——a wreck! Her shrouds were hanging in shreds; her hull was clustered thick with barnacles; her sails were white with mould; her anchor, broken, and covered with rust, lay some yards off, half buried in the sand. Could she be the same little schooner that I had left only yesterday, as trim and stout as when she was turned out of the builder's yard? Was that indeed her name still visible in letters half effaced? Was I mad or dreaming?

I had now come up close under her bulwarks. I walked slowly round and round her, three or four times, quite dumb and stupefied. It was impossible that she could be the same ship. Her build, her size, her name, it is true, seemed precisely those of my little schooner; but common sense and the testimony of my own reason forbade me to believe that twenty-four hours could have done the work of twenty-four years. Here was a vessel that had been deserted for perhaps a quarter of a century, and had rotted where it lay. It was a coincidence—a strange, dramatic, incredible coincidence—nothing more.

I looked round for some means of clambering on board this ruin, and succeeded in finding the end of a broken chain. It hung rather short, but I caught it by a leap, and hauled myself up, hand over hand. In another moment I stood upon her deck. The timbers of that deck were all gaping and rotten, and overgrown with rank fungi. A sea-bird had built its nest in the binnacle: some smaller nests, deserted and gone to wreck like the ship herself, clung to the rotten shrouds. One boat yet hung in its place, by ropes that looked as if a touch would break them to tinder. The other boat—just precisely the small one which would

have been missing if this were indeed all that remained of the *Mary-Jane*—was gone from its moorings.

Curiosity, and something deeper than mere curiosity, took me down the crazy stairs, and into the captain's cabin. It was a foot deep in water, and all the furniture was rotting away. The table yet held together, though spotted all over with white mould; the chairs had fallen to pieces, and were lying in the water; the paper was hanging in black rags from the walls, and the presses looked ready to fall on the head of anyone who should venture to approach them.

I looked round, amazed, upon this scene of desolation. Strange! Dilapidated and disfigured as the place was, it yet bore a weird and unaccountable resemblance to my own cabin on board the *Mary-Jane*. My wardrobe stood in that corner of the cabin, just as this did; my berth occupied the recess beside the stove, just as this did; my table stood in the same spot, under the window, just as this did. I could not comprehend it!

I turned to the table and tried the drawers, but the locks were rusty, and the wood had swollen with the damp, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that I broke away the surrounding woodwork, and wrenched them out. They were filled with mildewed parchments, bundles of letters, pens, account-books, and such other trifles. In one corner lay a mouldy looking-glass in a sliding cover. I recognised the little thing at once—recognised it undeniably, positively. It had been given to me by my mother when I was a boy, and I had never parted from it. I snatched it up with a hand that trembled as if I had the ague. I caught sight of my own face reflected upon its scarred surface.

To my terror, I saw that my beard and hair were no longer chestnut brown, but almost white. The glass fell from my grasp, and was shattered to fragments upon the wet floor. Merciful Heaven! what spell was upon me? What had happened to me? What strange calamity had befallen my ship? Where were my crew? Grey—grey and old in one short day and night! My ship a ruin, my youth a dream, myself the sport of some mysterious destiny, the like of which no man had ever known before!

I gathered the papers together from the table drawers, and staggered up on deck with them like a drunken man. There I sat down, stupefied, not knowing what to think or do. A frightful gulf seemed to lie between me and the past. Yesterday I was young—yesterday I left my ship, with hope in my heart, and brown locks upon my head; to-day, I am a middle-aged man—to-day, I find my ship rotting on a desolate beach, the hair white upon my brow, and the future all a blank! Mechanically, I

untied one of the packets of letters. The outer ones were so discoloured that no writing remained visible upon them. They were mere folds of damp brown tinder, and fell to shreds as I unfolded them. Only two, which lay protected in the middle of the packet, were yet legible. I opened them. One was from my mother, the other from Bessie Robinson. I remembered so well when I read them last. It was the evening before that misty night when I met the *Adventure* with her cargo of gold and jewels. Fatal night! accursed ship! accursed and thrice-accursed wealth that had tempted me from my duty, and dragged me to destruction.

I read the letters through—at least, all that was legible of them—and my tears fell fast the while. When I had read them a second time, I fell upon my knees and prayed to God to deliver me. After this, I felt somewhat calmer, and having laid the papers carefully aside, began to think what I should do to escape from my captivity.

My first thought was of my crew. The men did not seem to have abandoned the *Mary-Jane*. Everything on board, so far as I could perceive, though rotting away, was untouched. There were no signs of plunder, neither had they taken the ship's last boat, in any attempt to put to sea on their own account. I looked down into the hold, and saw the great packing-cases lying half under water, apparently undisturbed since the hour when I left the vessel. Surely, then, the men must have landed and gone up the island. In that case, where were they? How long had they been gone? What time had gone by since we parted? Was it possible that they could be all lost—or dead? Was I absolutely and utterly alone in this unknown island; and was it my fate to live and die here, like a dog? Alas, alas! of what use were diamonds and gold to me, if this were the price at which I was to purchase them?

With these bitter reflections pressing on my mind, I roused myself by a great effort, and resolved that my first step should be to institute a thorough search for my men along the coast. In order to do this, it was necessary that I should find myself some place of temporary habitation, either in the wreck or on the shore, to which I could retire at night; also that I should lay up a store of provisions for my daily use. I likewise determined to set up some kind of signals, here and there, along the cliffs, to guide the men to me, if they were yet wandering about the island. My bundle of jewels, too, needed to be placed in a secure spot, lest any strange ship should find its way into the bay, and other treasure-seekers lay hands upon it. I looked round about me at the rotting timbers and the leaky cabin, and shuddered at the notion of passing a night on board the *Mary-Jane*. The ship looked as if it must be phantom-haunted. It was, at all events, too remarkable an object to be a secure storehouse

for my treasures, in case of the arrival of strangers. It was the first place they would ransack. Altogether, I felt it would be safer and pleasanter to stow myself and my jewels in some cavern along the cliffs. I had seen plenty on my way, and I determined to set off at once in search of what I wanted. So I went down again into the cabin to look for some weapon to carry with me, and having found a rusty marling-spike and cutlass still hanging where I had left them behind the door, thrust them into my belt, slung my bundle over my shoulder, let myself down over the ship's side, and started for a walk under the cliffs. I had not gone far before I found just the spot I wanted. It was a deep cavern, about three feet above the level of the beach, the mouth of which was almost hidden by an angle of rock, and was quite invisible from some little distance. The inside of the cave was smooth, and carpeted with soft white sand. The walls were dry, and tapestried here and there with velvety lichens. In short, it was precisely such a retreat as best accorded with my present purposes. I took possession of it at once, by stowing away my bundle of jewels on a sort of natural shelf at the remotest end of the cave. I then traced a great cross in the sand before the entrance, that I might find my lodging again without difficulty, and went out to seek something in the shape of food and firewood.

The first easy path up the face of the cliffs brought me to the outskirts of the palm forests. I climbed the nearest tree, and flung down about twenty nuts. They were by no means such fine fruits as those farther in amid the woods; but I had taken a kind of superstitious horror of the interior of the island, and had no mind now to venture one step farther than was necessary. I then carried my nuts to the edge of the cliff, and rolled them over. By these means, I saved myself the labour of carrying them down, and had only to pick them up from the beach, and store them in the cave, close under the shelf where I had hidden my jewels. By this time, in spite of my trouble, I was very hungry; but the sun was bending westward, and I was anxious to make another excursion to the ship before nightfall; so I promised myself that I would dine and sup together by-and-by, and so proceeded once more in the direction of the *Mary-Jane*.

What I wanted now was, if it were possible to find them, a couple of blankets, a hatchet to break up my cocoa-nuts, a bottle of some kind of spirits, and a piece of tarpauling to hang at night before the entrance to my cavern. I hauled myself up again by the cable-chain, and went down into the cabin. I found my bed a mere shelf-ful of rotten rags. If I hoped to find blankets anywhere, it must be among the ship's stores, in some place more protected from the damp. I forced open a locker in

which I used to keep spirits. Here I was fortunate enough to discover two unopened cases of fine French brandy, apparently quite unspoiled. These I at once carried upon deck, and then let myself down into the hold. There I found several pieces of tolerably sound tarpauling, and some packing-cases on the top, which seemed comparatively dry. One of these, which I knew by the marks yet visible on the cover ought to contain many valuable necessaries, I prized open with my marling-spike, and found filled with blankets, rugs, and other woollen goods. They were damp, and spotted with mildew, but not rotten. I made two great bundles of the best that I could find, and laid them beside the spirit-cases, on the deck. Searching still farther, I came upon a box of carpenter's tools, an old horn-lantern with about an inch of candle left in it, a small chopper, and a bag of rusty nails. There were plenty of barrels of ship's biscuits, pork, gunpowder, and flour in sight; but as they were all more or less immersed in water, I knew it would be mere waste of time to inspect their contents. Besides, the sun was now declining fast, and I was anxious to carry all that I could to my cavern before the sudden tropical night should come.

I then made three loads of my blankets, tarpaulings, spirit-cases, tools, and so forth, lowered them over the ship's sides one by one, and in three journeys conveyed them all to my cave before sunset, and had yet time to transport thither some large pieces of timber, the fragments probably of former wrecks, which were lying strewn about the beach. With these I made a good fire which lighted up the inside of my dwelling, and enabled me to make myself quite comfortable for the night. To spread a warm bed of rugs and blankets, to nail up a large tarpauling before my door, and to make an excellent supper of cocoa-nuts, cocoa-milk, and a little brandy, were the occupations of my evening. As my fire began to burn low, I wrapped myself in my blankets, murmured a short prayer for safety and forgiveness, and fell sound asleep.

I woke next morning with the sunrise, and started directly after breakfast upon my first expedition in search of the crew of the *Mary-Jane*. All that day I travelled along the margin of the bay in a north-west and westerly direction, stopping every now and then to pile up a little cairn of loose stones that might serve as a signal. I returned to my cavern at dusk, having seen no sign of human footsteps or human habitation in any direction, and having walked, first and last, a good twenty miles at the least. This time I brought home some more firewood, and about half a bushel of mussels which I had found clustered on the low rocks by the sea. I ate the mussels uncooked for my supper, and, having

a famous appetite, thought it the most delicious dish I had ever tasted.

The next day, and the next again, and for many days after that, I persevered in my search, trying first north, and then east and south, and finding no trace of my crew. Wherever I went, I raised cairns along the beach and on the edges of the cliffs, and once or twice even laboured to carry up a piece of broken mast and a scrap of ragged canvas to some little headland, and so raised a kind of humble flagstaff, where I thought it might be seen conspicuously from either sea or shore. I often stopped in these voluntary tasks, to sit down and shed a torrent of bitter tears, and lament my lonely fate. At night I amused myself by shaping my cocoa shells into drinking-cups and basins, and fitting up my cave with shelves and other little conveniences. I contrived, too, to vary my diet with cockles, mussels, and occasionally a young turtle, when I was so fortunate as to find one on the beach. These I ate sometimes boiled and sometimes roasted; and as I grew very weary of so much cocoa-milk, I brought a leathern bucket from the wreck, and used to fetch myself fresh water from a spring about half a mile from home. I likewise searched out a kettle, a couple of hatchets, a pea-jacket but little the worse for damp, two or three pairs of shoes, a chest containing some uninjured stores of sugar and spices, some more cases of wine and spirits, and various other articles, all of which contributed essentially to my comfort. I also found one or two Bibles; but these were so much spoiled that not more than twenty or thirty leaves were legible in each. As these were not, however, the same in each book, I found I had between seventy and eighty readable leaves—in all, about one hundred and fifty-five pages printed in double columns; the perusal and possession of which proved a great blessing to me in my lonely situation, and gave me strength, many and many a time, to bear my trial with fortitude, when I should otherwise have sunk into utter despair.

Thus a long time passed. I took no regular account of the weeks; but perhaps as many as fourteen or fifteen may have gone by in this manner. I devoted at first every day, then about four days, and at last not more than one or two days in each week, to the prosecution of my apparently hopeless search. At last I found that I had explored all that part of the island which lay immediately around my cavern for a distance of at least twelve miles in all directions. I could now do no more, unless I shifted the centre of my observations, or undertook a regular tour of the coast. After some deliberation I decided upon the latter course, and having furnished myself with a flask of brandy, a blanket tightly strapped up like a soldier's knapsack, a hatchet, cutlass,

compass, telescope, tinder-box, and staff, started one morning upon my journey.

It was now, as nearly as I could judge, about the first week in April, and the weather was enchantingly beautiful. My route, for the first day, lay along the same path that I had already trodden once or twice, up the north side of the great bay. When I wanted food, I gathered some cocoa-nuts from the adjacent woods, and at night I slept in a cavern very much like the one which I now called my "home." The next day I pursued the same direction, and provided myself with food and shelter after the same fashion. On the third day, I came to a point where the cliffs receded from the sea-board, and a broad tract of grass-land came down almost to the verge of the beach. This being the case, I was obliged to have recourse to shell-fish and such berries as I could find, for my daily food. This made me somewhat anxious for the future; for I foresaw that if the palm forests were to fail me for many days together, I should be obliged to give up my design, and return home with my doubts yet unresolved. However, I made up my mind to persevere as long as possible; and, having walked till nearly night-fall, supped on such fare as I could pick up from the beach and the bushes, and slept in the open air, with only the deep grass for my couch and the stars for my canopy.

On the fourth day I pursued the same course, with the savannah still bordering the shore, and on the fifth had the satisfaction of finding the palms, and some other trees, again fringing the beach; sometimes in clumps or plantations, sometimes scattered here and there on rising knolls, like the trees in a well-arranged English park. Among these, to my great joy and refreshment, I found several fine bread-trees and some wild sugar-canes; and towards the afternoon came upon a delicious spring of fresh water, which bubbled up from the midst of a natural reservoir, and flowed away among the deep grasses in a little channel almost hidden by flowers and wild plants. In this charming spot I determined to stay for the remainder of that day; for I was weary, and in need of repose. So I lay down beside the spring; feasted on bread-fruit and sugar-cane juice; bathed my face and hands in the cool spring; and enjoyed some hours of delicious rest. At nightfall, I crept into a little nook amid a clump of spreading trees, and slept profoundly.

The next morning I awoke, as usual, with the sunrise. I had been thinking the evening before that this would be the pleasantest spot in which to pitch my tent for the summer, should nothing more hopeful turn up; and I now resolved, before resuming my journey, to recon-

noitre the little oasis, and fix upon some site where I might command a good view of the sea, and yet enjoy the benefits of the trees and the grass. A green hill, surmounted by a crown of palms and other trees, and lying about half a mile from the water-line, looked as if it might exactly present the advantages I sought. I went up to it, in the clear, cool air of the early morning; brushing the dew from the grass as I strode along, and feeling quite reinvigorated by my night's rest. As I mounted the little hill, a new prospect began opening before me, and I saw, what I had not suspected while on the level below, that the savannah was surrounded on three sides by the sea, and that by crossing it in a direct line I should save some miles of coasting. A little reflection led me, consequently, to the conclusion that I had now reached the most northerly part of the island, according to the chart, and that from the summit of the hill I should probably come in sight of the smaller island.

Absorbed in these thoughts, I reached the top almost before I was aware of it, and was proceeding to make my way through the trees in search of the view on the other side, when something close by, reared against the stems of three palms which grew near together in a little angle, attracted my attention. I advanced—hesitated—rushed forward. My eyes had not deceived me—it was a hut!

At first, I was so agitated that I had to lean against a tree for support. When I had somewhat recovered my composure, and came to examine the outside of the hut with attention, I saw that it was utterly dilapidated, and bore every mark of having been deserted for a long time. The sides were made of wattled twigs and clay, and the roof, which had partly fallen in, of canes, palm-leaves, and interwoven branches. On the turf outside were the remains of a blackened circle, as if large fires had been kindled there; and in the midst of the circle lay some smooth stones, which might have once served the purposes of an oven. Close by, at the foot of a large bread-tree about half way between the hut and the spot where I was standing, rose two grassy mounds of about six feet each in length, and two feet in width—just such mounds as may be seen in the corner appropriated to the poor in any English country churchyard. At the sight of these graves—for graves I felt they were—my heart sank within me. I went up to the low arch which served as an entrance to the hut. It was partially closed from the inside by a couple of rotten planks. I removed the planks with a trembling hand, and looked within. All was dark and damp, save where a portion of the roof had fallen in, and hidden the ground beneath. Feverishly, desperately, I began to tear away the wattled

walls. I felt that I must penetrate the secret of the place. I knew, as surely as if the hand of God himself had written it on the earth and sky, that my poor sailors had here found their last resting-places.

Oh, heavens! how shall I describe the scene that met my eyes when I had torn the frail fence from its foundations, and lifted away the roof, that had fallen as if on purpose to hide that melancholy scene from the very stars and sun! A bed of dead leaves and mosses—a human skeleton yet clothed in a few blackened rags—three rusty muskets—a few tin cups, and knives, and such poor necessaries, all thickly coated with red rust—some cocoa shells—a couple of hatchets—a bottle corked and tied over at the mouth, as sailors prepare records for committal to the sea—these were the relics that I found, and the sight of them smote me with a terrible, unutterable conviction of misfortune.

I seized the bottle, staggered away to a distance of some yards from the fatal spot, broke it against the bark of the nearest tree, and found, as I had expected, a written paper inside. For some minutes I had not courage to read it. When, at last, my eyes were less dim, and my hand steadier, I deciphered the following words: —

"*August* 30*th*, 1761.

"I, Aaron Taylor, mate of the schooner *Mary-Jane*, write these words:—Our captain, William Barlow, left the vessel in the small boat, accompanied by Joshua Dunn, seaman, two hours after daybreak on the 24th of December last, A.D. 1760. The weather was foggy, and the ship lay to within hearing of breakers. The captain left me in charge of the vessel, with directions to anchor in the bay off which we then lay, and left orders that we were to send an exploring party ashore in case he did not return by the coming of the fourth day. In the course of the 25th (Christmas-day), the fog cleared off, and we found ourselves lying just off the curve of the bay, as our captain had stated. We then anchored according to instructions. The four days went by, and neither the captain nor Joshua Dunn returned; neither did we see any signs of the boat along that part of the shore against which we lay at anchor. The two seamen who yet remained on board were then despatched by me in the long-boat, to search along the east coast of the island; but they returned at the end of three days without having seen any traces of the captain, the sailor, or the small boat. One of these men, named James Grey, and myself, started again at the end of a few more days of waiting. I left John Cartwright in charge of the vessel, with orders to keep a strict look-out along shore for the captain or Dunn. We landed, hauled our boat up high and dry, and made for the interior of the country, which consisted apparently of nothing but dense forest, in which we wandered for five days without success. Returning in a south-east direction from the northward part of the forest-land, James Grey fell ill with fever, and was unable to get back as far as the boat. I left him on a high spot of ground sheltered by trees, made him a bed of leaves and moss, and went back to the ship for help. When I reached the *Mary-Jane*, I found John Cartwright

also sick with fever, though less ill than Grey. He was able to help in bringing along blankets and other necessaries, and he and I built up this hut together, and laid our dying messmate in it. On the second day from this, Cartwright, who had over-exerted himself while he was already ailing of the same disease, became so much worse that he, too, was unable to get back to the ship, or to do anything but lie down in the hut beside Grey. I did all I could for them, and tried to do my duty by the ship as well as by the men. I went down to the shore every evening to look after the schooner, and went on board every morning; and I nursed the poor fellows as well as I could, by keeping up fires just outside the hut, and supplying them with warm food, warm drinks, and well-aired blankets. It was not for me to save them, however. They both died before a fortnight was gone by—James Grey first, and Cartwright a few hours after. I buried them both close against the hut, and returned to the ship, not knowing what better to do, but having very little hope left of ever seeing Captain Barlow or Joshua Dunn in this world again. I was now quite alone, and, as I believed, the last survivor of all the crew. I felt it my duty to remain by the ship, and at anchor in the same spot, till every chance of the captain's return should have gone by. I made up my mind, in short, to stay till the 25th of March, namely, three months from the time when Captain Barlow left the vessel, and then to navigate her into the nearest port. Long before that, however, I began to feel myself ailing. I doctored myself from the captain's medicine-chest; but the drugs only seemed to make me worse instead of better. I was not taken, however, exactly as Grey and Cartwright were. They fell ill and broke down suddenly—I ailed and lingered, got better and worse, and dragged on a weary, sickly life from week to week, and from month to month, till not only the three months had gone, but three more to the back of them; and yet I had no strength or power to stir from the spot. I was so weak that I could not have weighed the anchor to save my life, and so thin that I could count every bone under my skin. At length, on the night of the 18th of June, there came a tremendous hurricane, which tore the schooner from her moorings, and drove her upon the shore, high and dry—about a hundred yards above the usual high-water mark. I thought she would have been dashed to pieces, and was almost glad to be rid of my miserable life, and die in the sea at last. But it was God's will that I should not end so. The ship was stranded, and I with her. I now saw my fate before me. I was doomed, anyhow, to live, or die, on the island. If I recovered, I could never get the *Mary-Jane* to sea again, but must spend all my years alone on the cursed island. This was my bitterest grief. I think it has broken my heart. Since I have been cast ashore, I have grown more and more sickly, and now that I feel I have not many more days to live, I write this narrative of all that has happened since Captain Barlow left the ship, in the hope that it may some day fall into the hands of some Christian seaman who will communicate its contents to my mother and sisters at Bristol. I have been living up at the hut of late, since the heat set in, and have written this in sight of my messmates' graves. When I have sealed it in a bottle, I shall try to carry it down to the shore, and either leave it on board the *Mary-Jane*, or trust it to the waves. I should like my mother to have my gold watch, and I give my dog Peter, whom I left at home, to my cousin Ellen. If any kind Christian finds this paper, I pray him to bury my bones. God forgive me all my sins! Amen.

"AARON TAYLOR.

"August 30th, 1761."

I will not try to describe what I felt on reading this simple and straightforward narrative; or with what bitter remorse and helpless wonder I looked back upon the evil my obstinacy had wrought. But for me, and my insatiate thirst for wealth, these men would now have been living and happy. I felt as if I had been their murderer, and raved and wept miserably as I dug a third trench, and laid in it the remains of my brave and honest mate.

Besides all this, there was a heavy mystery hanging upon me, which I tried to fathom, and could not comprehend. Taylor's narrative was dated just seven months after I left the ship, and to me it seemed that scarcely three had gone by. Nor was that all. His body had had time to decay to a mere skeleton—the ship had had time to become a mere wreck—my own head had had time to grow grey! What had happened to me? I asked myself that weary question again, and again, and again, till my head and my heart ached, and I could only kneel down and pray to God that my wits might not be taken from me.

I found the watch with difficulty, and taking it and the paper with me, went back, sadly and wearily, to my cavern by the sea. I had now no hope or object left but to escape from the island if I could, and this thought haunted me all the way home, and possessed me day and night. For more than a week I deliberated as to what means were best for my purpose, and hesitated whether to build me a raft of the ship's timbers, or try to fit the long-boat for sea. I decided at last upon the latter. I spent many weeks in piecing and caulking and trimming her to the best of my ability, and thought myself quite a skilful ship's carpenter when I had fitted her with a mast and a sail and a new rudder, and got her ready for the voyage. This done, I hauled her down, with infinite labour and difficulty, as far as the tide-mark on the beach; ballasted her with provisions and fresh water, shoved her off at high tide, and put to sea. So eager was I to escape, that I had all but forgotten my bundle of jewels, and had to run for them at the last moment, at the risk of seeing my boat floated off before I could get back. As to venturing once again to the city of treasures, it had never crossed my mind for an instant since the morning when I came down through the palm-forests and found the *Mary-Jane* a ruin on the beach. Nothing would now have induced me to return there. I believed the place to be accursed, and could not think of it without a shudder. As for the captain of the *Adventure*, I believed him to be the Evil One in person, and his store of gold an infernal bait to lure men to destruction! I believed it then, and I believe it now, solemnly.

The rest of my story may be told very briefly. After running before the wind for eleven days and nights, in a north-easterly direction, I was

picked up by a Plymouth merchantman, about forty-five miles west of Marignana. The captain and crew treated me with kindness, but evidently looked upon me as a harmless madman. No one believed my story. When I described the islands, they laughed; when I opened my store of jewels they shook their heads, and gravely assured me that they were only lumps of spar and sandstone; when I described the condition of my ship, and related the misfortunes of my crew, they told me the schooner *Mary-Jane* had been lost at sea twenty years ago, with every hand on board. Unfortunately, I found that I had left my mate's narrative behind me in the cavern, or perhaps my story would have found more credit. When I swore that to me it seemed less than six months since I had put off in the small boat with Joshua Dunn, and was capsized among the breakers, they brought the ship's log to prove that instead of its being the 25th of December, A.D. 1760, when I came back to the beach and saw the *Mary-Jane* lying high and dry between the rocks, it must have been nearer the 25th of December, 1780, the twentieth Christmas, namely, of the glorious and happy reign of our most gracious sovereign, King George the Third.

Was this true? I know not. Everyone says so; but I cannot bring myself to believe that twenty years could have passed over my head like one long summer day. Yet the world is strangely changed, and I with it, and the mystery is still unexplained as ever to my bewildered brain.

I went back to England with the merchantman, and to my native place among the Mendip Hills. My mother had been dead twelve years. Bessie Robinson was married, and the mother of four children. My youngest brother was gone to America; and my old friends had all forgotten me. I came among them like a ghost, and for a long time they could hardly believe that I was indeed the same William Barlow who had sailed away in the *Mary-Jane*, young and full of hope, twenty years before.

Since my return home, I have tried to sell my jewels again and again; but in vain. No merchant will buy them. I have sent charts of the Treasure Isles over and over again to the Board of Admiralty, but receive no replies to my letters. My dream of wealth has faded year by year, with my strength and my hopes. I am poor, and I am declining into old age. Everyone is kind to me, but their kindness is mixed with pity; and I feel strange and bewildered at times, not knowing what to think of the past, and seeing nothing to live for in the future. Kind people who read this true statement, pray for me.

(Signed) WILLIAM BARLOW,
Discoverer of the Treasure Isles, and formerly
Captain of the Schooner *Mary-Jane*.

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—LOVES.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE SEVENTH—OF LOVE.

LOVE! Of course Munchausen has felt the ardent passion.

Not only has he himself loved all sorts of ladies, but, moreover, in consequence of his great deeds, no end of ladies have formed attachments, often, alas! unrequited, for him.

MY STOUT LOVE.

My first was stout—so stout, indeed—not to say fat—that, whenever she got up unattended, over she tumbled, like an unwound humming-top, rolling instead of walking. Usually she was carried by seventeen attendants, but being a duchess in her own right, she could well afford such an expensive sort of help. She caught sight of me on my return from India, after the quelling of the rebellion. Was full of admiration at my prowess.

"Accept my hand and fortune!" she exclaimed. Did I? No!

"Not for Munchausen is the calm of retirement. Duty calls!" She cried bitterly as I thus revealed to her her sad fate.

"I cannot stop!" I said, calmly, and retired from her presence; she—that I should have to relate it—she rose from her seat without taking the precaution of calling her seventeen servants—down she fell—and rolled after me.

When last heard of she was rolling still.

My lean love was a marchioness.

MY LEAN LOVE.

Beautiful as the day—thin as a paper-knife—when she walked, the wind caught her and blew her about like an autumn leaf. Being wealthy, she employed twenty-seven servants to keep the wind from her, else she had been blown away.

At the close of the Crimean War, returning loaded with honours, I was introduced to her.

"I will give you wealth!" she cried.

"Even promise you a title, so much do I love you." But I only shook my head.

"Do you care for me?" she exclaimed.

"I do!" was my whispered answer, "but what is affection by the side of duty? Good bye!" I went.

"Life is a burden without Munchy to share it!" she shrieked, and so crying threw herself out of the sixth story back-attic side window.

Not so easily was she fated to destroy herself; the east wind caught her as she fell, and after blowing her about a little, landed her safely in the corner with two straws, a few leaves, and a feather.

There her twenty-seven servants found her sobbing bitterly.

She was tired of her life, waited for a calm day, went up the Monument, and threw herself off. (The summit of this dangerous pillar has been since then covered in with a kind of bird-cage.)

GENTLE BREEZE.

A gentle breeze from the south coming by, placed her without any hurry in the midst of St. Paul's Churchyard. Madly she rushed into the cathedral, paid three-and-tenpence, passed up through the whispering-gallery into the ball and cross, and seizing her opportunity, threw herself off again. This time there was no wind to carry her, so she fell down in Fleet-street, but so softly, that she only broke the bridge of her nose and sprained her ankle. She was carried home to her seven-and-twenty servants, and I was sent for.

"I dare not see her!" I sobbed, "for I—I love her to distraction." So instead I sent her a large chain shot, and wrote with it—

"Buckingham Palace,
"*April* 1, 18—.

"Dearest Marchioness,

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

"Chain this round your right leg, in remembrance of Young Munchausen, and no longer be the sport of the winds.

"Forget me and forgive,

"Yours,

"M."

I have never heard from her since, but report says that she is thinner than ever.

It has been muttered that I was once on the point of marrying for money, but this is untrue. Munchausen is never mercenary. The facts are these:—A certain dignitary—my very old friend—wants a million pounds to build churches with—he asked me to help him.

"Make some sacrifice for this good cause," he said.

"I will sacrifice myself!" I replied, and hurried off to Hayti—there lived a negress, so wealthy, that even her footstools were stuffed with English sovereigns, while her ordinary drink was a pound of pearls, dissolved in a quart of white-wine vinegar.

BLACK AND GOLD.

"I come to you," said I, on my knees, and with head averted, "you are ugly—I hate the sight of you. See! I am kneeling before you. Give, oh, give me a million pounds, and I will marry you out of hand."

"G'long!" she shrieked, in a thick voice, "you no lub me—here's de money for de bishop all de same. Y—ah! Y—ah!"

"Generous soul!" I exclaimed; need you wonder that in the excess of my gratitude at her liberality and my escape, I kissed her sooty lips, and made off with the money?

And here, to prevent mistakes, let me warn anyone who would dare to be my rival, that I am not to be trifled with. I have but one way with such miscreants: I shut them up in an enormous birdcage—on one side I give them water, on the other seed; through the bars they get plenty of fresh air, and that is all.

CAGED.

I first thought of this plan when I was courting a beautiful French woman—she had deceived me. Said I, in my scorn,—

"Much as you may have loved me, you have loved yourself more—you have dared to flirt with many others, young and old, when the love of Munchausen should have satisfied you. I will be revenged!"

SELF-LOVE.

"How?" she asked.

"I will shut them up," I cried.

"In what?" she inquired.

"In my birdcage!" said I.

"And for me?" sobbed she.

"For you! I tell you, you love yourself—but still Munchausen has loved you; take my estates in Normandy, my hotel in Paris. I shall see you no more. Adieu!"

And thus we parted.

A Spaniard once loved me so madly that, rather than let me leave the country without her, she stabbed me in the back, and ran off, leaving the stiletto in the wound. I took it out, sewed up the gash, enclosed the dagger in a neat brown paper parcel, inscribed, "Donna Anna, with Munchausen's thanks," and embarked for Constantinople the next day, where, in the

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.

Sultan's seraglio, I was fated to meet the fair Circassian Zulieka, for whom I would so willingly have sacrificed the world. Oh, how we loved each other, to be sure! But one evening we were walking in the moonlight, under the shadow of the rose-trees, when suddenly the Sultan himself stood before us.

"Traitress!" he growled.

"Mercy!" shrieked poor Zulieka.

"Tremble!" roared the Sultan to me.

"Munchausen cannot tremble," I replied, and punched him in the right eye; but at that moment came up the royal guards. We were overpowered, seized, sewn in strong sacks in company with some heavy stones, and, as is usual in such cases, thrown headlong into the Bosphorus. It mattered little to me—a clasp knife, a strong will, and memories of my dear friend, Monte Christo, I was soon out of my sackcloth. But poor Zulieka had disappeared—I saw her no more.

SEWN IN A SACK.

It was the Emperor Nicholas's great admiration for me that caused him, upon hearing this sad story, to make war upon the Turks.

I told him it was of no avail, for I must, at the call of duty, fight against him.

He invited me to St. Petersburg; but I wrote to him on my return:—

"Windsor Castle.

"No, Nicholas!

"Never can I see Russia again.

"The fair Worowsky, member of your Court, once deceived my too trustful heart—told me an *Untruth*. Munchausen, who cannot live in the same climate with falsehood, knows Russia no more.

THE FALSE WOROWSKY.

"Ever yours,

"My dear Nik,

"M."

Yes, it is true the Princess Worowsky had dared to tell me an untruth, when, living at the Russian Court, I had sought her hand.

Later in life I met the sweet-tempered Jenny Jones of Bettys-y-coed, who, disdaining my advice, that the national leek should be abandoned in deference to my wishes, still in secret devoured that truly Welsh but shockingly odorous vegetable.

EATING THE LEEK.

I left her.

I was once courted by a strong-minded woman, Connecticut, Disu. S.; but she, silly woman, tried beating me *before* we were married.

"Had you kept your hands off me until after our wedding-day, I should have been yours!" said I, glad enough to escape. As glad, indeed, as I was when I got rid of my Dutch Vrow, who so annoyed me by always carrying about a pail, a mop, a scrubbing-brush, and a house-flannel, that I got out of patience at last, and called her "Dutch!"

A SCRUBBING LOVE.

She, in return, screamed "Dirty!" So we parted.

My Italian beauty, who loved everybody, of course would not do for me. She who loves Munchausen must be true to him, and him alone. Far better my Mexican dame, who loved nobody, alas! not even me.

I once turned to the writing of poetry, and composed a volume of sonnets, now popularly, but erroneously, attributed to Shakespeare, all in honour of my dear Greek Medora. Some day, when life and adventure has fewer charms, I may be tempted to return to the happy Isles of Greece—some day, and compose a few more verses, who can say? I have an idea for a poem—subject, "The Corsair."

THE MUNCHAUSEN SONNETS.

But there—let me try and recount a few more love passages.

My gipsy, who was fond of fortune-telling and me, and who happening to predict that I should prove false to her, in despair drowned herself.

A LONG LIST.

My Chinese lady, who loved me dearly, until I objected to rat soup and cold tea, when we parted.

My Polish girl, who, sad to say, was too fond of the Russians.

My Maronite, who ran off with a Druse chief.

My Druse girl, who was secretly attached to a Maronite priest.

My Canadian, who would not leave Canada.

My Japanese, who was so fond of horse-riding, that she broke her pretty neck hunting, the day before we were to have been married.

My Tartar, who boxed my ears every morning and pulled my hair every afternoon.

My Sandwich islander, who left me for the king.

My Marquesan lady, who loved the sailor.

And finally, dearest of all, my darling Hindu, who loved me faithfully, and loves me still, because I am, as you all know me—a gallant soldier!

THE FAITHFUL HINDU.

THE INDIAN BOY.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER I.

BRUNSWICK HOUSE, the school at which I received my education, was situated about five miles from London, in one of the suburban villages, called Martin's Green. It was kept by one Dr. Brooksbank, a name which we irreverent youngsters used to parody as "Brickbats," in acknowledgment partly of his ponderous learning, and partly of the heaviness of the homilies, wherein he was occasionally wont to indulge. It was a large school, numbering, at times, as many as one hundred and fifty boys; and there were, of course, a great many ushers to keep them in order. But the three seniors among them were the only ones of whom we boys took much account, the others being liable to continual flux and change, unable to endure the severe ordeal, which, on their arrival at Brunswick House, they were tolerably sure to encounter.

Mr. Rawdon, the first classical master, was a good scholar and able teacher; but a rigid martinet in and out of school, and withal somewhat pompous in his manners—a failing for which schoolboys have rarely much toleration. Very different was Mr. Winter, the second classical teacher. He was as much beloved as the other was unpopular. He was not so precise a scholar, I believe, but a man of wider and more varied information—a strict, though kind master in school; and more like one of the boys themselves, than a master, out of it. He gained in many instances a great hold on the affections of the boys, and always employed it for right ends. I have often felt in after life, that the good he did to boys' characters, was far beyond what any of us understood or suspected. As for Mr. Mayhew, the first ciphering master, he was a good-natured, easy-going man, though apt to be roused to anger occasionally. He did his work fairly enough, but without any remarkable ability or zeal.

But it wasn't the masters that we juniors thought so much about. I was but a little fellow when I first went to school, and my extreme smallness preserved me from hard usage. The other fellows, even the greatest bullies in the school, would have been ashamed to ill-use such a

scrap of humanity as I was. But I was a rare exception to the rule. Bullying is said to have been more general in such schools as Brunswick House than in others; and certainly forty or fifty years ago there was more everywhere than there is now. But any way, there was a grievous amount of it during my sojourn at Brunswick House. The juniors went through hardships, which it shocks me to remember even now; and were they to be perpetrated anew in this present day, public feeling would be roused to universal indignation.

The boys who composed the first class, when I made my entrée there, are as fresh in my recollection as if I had made their acquaintance for the first time yesterday. There were but five of them, an unusually small number; but I have the features and figure of each one of them as clearly before me, as if their full-length portraits hung in a row over my study mantel-piece.

There was Norton, the junior of the class, a dull, heavy fellow, from whom the small boys suffered a good deal, though he could hardly be called a bully proper; following, as he always did, the lead of others. Next to him came Brackley, a good-natured indolent boy, too fond of his own ease to bully others, unless their comfort interfered with his, in which case he was as merciless as the worst tyrant in the school. The third in the class was Joyce—the object of our particular hatred and disgust. True, he was spiteful rather than cruel; more given to tease, than to hurt his schoolfellows. But there was more malice in him than in all the first class combined; and we always used to believe that he was a coward withal. One or two old school traditions were quoted in proof of it, but whether these were true or apocryphal, I cannot say.

Frank Trevor came next—a very different style of fellow from any of the others. He was as high-spirited and open-hearted as Joyce was reserved and stealthy. He had always been too kind-tempered to bully any one; but his natural thoughtlessness had rendered him, not so much indifferent to, as unobservant of, the discomforts of others. Latterly, however, under the influence, it was believed, of Mr. Winter, he had taken a decided line in trying to put down the bullying, which was gaining great head in the school.

The last to be named was the head boy, George Dalison; and though last in mention, he was by no means last in the consideration of his schoolmates. He was the tallest and strongest boy in the school, and the best boxer besides. Much as we feared and shunned him, we could not help being proud of his exploits. Did he not administer a tremendous thrashing to the leader of our natural enemies, the snobs—a young publican, who for some time past had been in the habit of reviling the inmates of Brunswick House: offering, for the most slender considera-

tion, to lick any three of them? And did not Dalison, when informed of this outrageous insult, encounter this Goliath on the very next half-holiday, and with a result which made every Brunswicker's heart leap with triumph? Why, the fight was nothing but one long-continued mauling and pounding of the luckless publican, who vainly attempted to retaliate on his enemy any of the blows he so liberally received, until at last his strength, great as it was, was completely exhausted, and he was led off, a pitiable spectacle, to the shelter of the paternal taproom. It was impossible not to be proud of a champion like this, and we would have endured any amount of hardship at his hands, if we could but have liked him. But that we could not do. He was not only cruel, but he was *coldly* cruel. It was his amusement to see fellows suffer, and the boys hated him for it, as boys only can hate.

We used to wonder that there could be any friendship between two fellows so different as Dalison and Trevor. But they had come to Martin's Green together years before, and had been put into the same class, and had gone up the school together, learning the same lessons and getting into and out of the same scrapes; and that, you see, makes a mighty bond of union between schoolboys. Moreover, it was only during the last year that Dalison had begun to display prominently his bullying propensities, and scarcely a few months since Trevor had begun to take the opposite line. Latterly, too, the bond between them had been growing weaker and weaker, and seemed likely, ere long, to snap altogether.

One characteristic of our school was a great hankering after rank and position in society. To hear the boys talk, you would think that every one of them could boast a pedigree as long as Sir Watkin Wynn's, and as illustrious as that of the Bourbon. In particular, they were jealously sensitive as regarded the exclusive character of Dr. Brooksbank's school. No one was ever admitted there, they were wont to affirm, who was, or ever had been, connected with trade. There were traditions current among the boys, which had descended from generation to generation, respecting wealthy citizens of London, or ironmasters in the North, who had offered the head master extraordinary sums to induce him to relax the strictness of his rule in their favour, but always without success. Not that the Brunswickers regarded Dr. Brooksbank as being insensible to the pecuniary allurements so held out: that was by no means their view of the matter. But they held that he was aware, if he once attempted such an outrage, the parents of his other pupils would immediately resent it by withdrawing them. "He knows better than that!" said Charley Rivers, one of the second-class boys—the son of Major Rivers, an old Peninsular veteran, who possessed little, beyond his gentility

and his half-pay—"he knows better than to attempt it. I am sure my father would take me away the next day, if Brickbats were to admit any snob into the school." "And so would mine!" said Gore, another second-class boy, whose father was a country apothecary of somewhat limited practice, though his son always passed him off as an eminent physician. "And mine!" struck in Heath, who had his own reasons for always speaking of his respected parent as "Captain Heath," leaving it to be inferred that he held that rank in the Royal Navy; instead of being, what he was, captain and part owner of a merchantman trading with Demerara. "And mine!" added Stapleton, the last of the group, and the one whose authority on such matters was held to be the gravest of any, seeing that he was the son of no less a personage than one of his Majesty's judges. "No, depend upon it Brooksbank will never attempt that—it would ruin his school if he did."

Yet, notwithstanding the confidence with which these assertions were made, it was curious to observe the uneasy feeling lurking in the minds of the boys, lest the head master should allow the lust of gain, after all, to prevail over his sense of duty, and induce him to overstep the prescribed limits. New boys were invariably subjected to a strict scrutiny as to their origin and antecedents, and lay under a species of social quarantine until the public mind had been fully satisfied on the subject. James Stapleton himself, whose authority, as has just been remarked, was now received with so much reverence on such matters, had been for some time the object of general suspicion in his first half-year at Martin's Green. His father, a distinguished barrister, who afterwards attained to the dignity of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, had been promoted to the Common Serjeantcy just before Stapleton's arrival; and his son, who had heard a good deal on the subject at home, was much impressed by the dignity of his parent's newly-acquired title. When, therefore, he was interrogated in the playground at his first appearance, according to the usual formula, "I say, you new fellow, what is your name, and what is your father?" he replied, promptly, "If you please, my name is Stapleton, and my father is Common Serjeant." "A common serjeant!" exclaimed Brackley, by whom the question had been asked, in mingled astonishment and disgust, "you don't mean that, young 'un, to be sure! Here, I say, you fellows, Nicolls, Jacobson, Dalison, Joyce—what do you think this new chap says? He told me his father was a common serjeant!" "A common serjeant!" exclaimed Trevor—the son, by the way, of an old Indian general, who had lately returned, full of rupees and liver complaint, after fifty years' broiling in the Presidencies—his thoughts reverting to

the non-commissioned officers of his father's regiment, whom he had often seen pipeclaying their belts, or rubbing down their horses in the barrack-yard,—"that must be his gammon; Brickbats would never venture to let him come here, you know." "A common serjeant!" reiterated the others, as the image of the ancient veteran who came every Saturday to drill the junior boys presented itself to their imaginations. "It's impossible! quite impossible! You must have made some mistake, you fellow, haven't you?" "No, I haven't!" retorted the new-comer, angrily; "he was promoted only a few weeks ago. I wonder you did not hear of it. And my mamma is very proud of it, I can tell you, and so am I. He was a serjeant before; but he will rank above all the serjeants now—I heard mamma herself say so." "I never heard such a thing in all my life!" exclaimed Trevor. "I wonder what things are coming to! I wonder whether Brickbats will expect us to associate with a chimney-sweep next!" "I don't want to associate with you, I am sure!" said Stapleton, his face growing fiery red with indignation at this innuendo; "I don't believe your fathers are any of them better than mine, if as good; and I believe it is all envy and jealousy—that is more. I feel quite as contemptible as you do, I assure you." So saying, the new boy withdrew himself, like Ajax in the infernal regions, into impenetrable silence. The boys conferred among themselves, after his departure, as to the course which it would be incumbent on them to pursue under such unprecedented circumstances. Would a general sending to Coventry of the audacious intruder suffice to vindicate the character of the school? Hardly, it was thought. "If he had been a serjeant once, and had had a commission given him, as happened to a fellow in my father's regiment," remarked Trevor, "it would have been a different thing; though, no doubt, it would have been bad enough even then. But as it is, a mere refusal to keep company with the fellow—that would not be half enough."

"Well," said Brackley, "what do you think of a round-robin to Brickbats, saying that we are sure he must have admitted him by mistake, and will send him away again, as soon as he has heard the truth?"

"He would flog us all round!" said Dalison.

"No, he wouldn't!" interposed Heath. "I would write to my father, and tell him about it, if Brickbats attempted that."

"He would flog you before you could get an answer," returned Dalison.

"Ah, to be sure," said Heath, unable to parry this thrust, "he might do that. We had better send the round-robin without putting our names to it."

"What! an anonymous letter, eh?" said Trevor. "No, I won't have anything to do with anonymous letters. My father says no gentleman ever writes them. There must be some name to it."

"Well, then, I tell you what we can do," suggested Brackley; "one of us can sign it, in behalf of the others. I know my father often does that, when he is the chairman of the magistrates at the Quarter Sessions, or of any public meeting. I have seen him sign his name, 'J. Brackley, Chairman, in behalf of the meeting.'"

"That is a very good idea," said Dalison. "We will call a meeting of the head forms in the school, and, as you understand more about how it ought to be managed than any of us do, I propose that you shall be chairman."

"That would do famously!" said Joyce. "Don't you think so?" he added, turning to the other boys.

"Nothing could be better, I think," said Nicolls.

"Nothing," repeated Jacobson.

"It is a capital thought," said Trevor.

"Capital! capital!" was the general cry.

"Thank you, Joyce," said Brackley, rather hastily interposing to put a stop to the general enthusiasm, "but I don't think I am at all qualified for the office, or else I should of course be willing to undertake it. It ought to be one of the head boys of the school—Jacobson, or Nicolls, or Trevor, or Dalison. It would be great cheek for me to put myself in such a position above all the first-class fellows."

"Why, you see," observed Jacobson, in answer to this suggestion, "Nicolls and I are going to leave so soon, that it scarcely signifies to us. Dalison, or Trevor, or Joyce would make a much more suitable chairman under the circumstances; otherwise, I need not say, I should be quite willing."

"I am unluckily very much out of favour with Brickbats just now," said Dalison. "He would regard anything I did of that kind with great prejudice, so that I should be a very unwise selection."

"And I am quite out of favour with him too," said Trevor.

"And so am I," added Joyce; and so said the others.

The office having been modestly declined by every one present, the proposal fell to the ground, and a variety of expedients were suggested in its place. The boys were still hesitating between a joint reference of the affair to their parents and a general barring out, when their attention was happily diverted by the approach of John Woodley, a former pupil of Dr. Brooksbank, who occasionally rode down from London on half-holidays during the summer months, to take part in the boys'

games. To him, as to a "Deus ex machinâ," the knotty question was referred. A hearty fit of laughter, which somewhat abashed his questioners, was the result. Woodley had been recently called to the common-law bar, and, as it chanced, had sometimes practised in the Common Serjeant's court. Their mistake, therefore, was at once explained to the boys; Stapleton was recalled from his self-imposed banishment, and elevated to a high position of honour, as much exceeding the consideration really due to his father's station in society, as the previous estimate had fallen short of it. But boys never do things by halves; and during the remainder of Stapleton's stay in the school, nice points of precedence in respect of rank between the parents of the different boys, were always submitted to him, as to a Court of Appeal, whose decisions were accepted as final.

Such being the state of feeling at Brunswick House, the reader may picture to himself the mingled amazement and wrath which took possession of the popular mind, when it was announced that the doctor had actually admitted a black boy into the school. "A black boy—a downright nigger!" so reported Billy Waters—that was Stapleton's nickname, you know—who happened to be in the parlour, undergoing some strictures of Mrs. Brooksbank relative to certain breakages of windows, when the new pupil arrived. At first, the boys were altogether incredulous as to the advent of any new boy at all, affirming that Billy, whose fondness for hoaxing was notorious, had altogether invented the occurrence. When at length the earnestness of his asseverations dispelled this idea, it was next suggested that he must be mistaken in supposing the individual in question to be black. "Perhaps he had a black handkerchief tied over his face, to keep off the cold," said one. "More likely the lady who brought him had a black page, and you mistook him for the new fellow," insinuated another. "Are you sure you saw his face at all?" inquired a third. "Perhaps he had black gloves and stockings on, and that made you think he was all black."

Billy endured the storm of objections manfully, and persisted in it that he had seen the boy's face; that he hadn't anything wrapped round it; that it was the new pupil, and not a black page; and, lastly, that the boy, whoever he was, was not black in the face from coughing, as somebody had propounded, in despair of any better solution. The new boy hadn't any cough at all—at least, he hadn't heard him cough. He was a genuine nigger, as black as his hat, and so the boys would find.

In the midst of this Babel of conjectures and comments, the door opened, and Billy's veracity was vindicated to a considerable extent, if not entirely, by the entrance of the head master, leading a short,

punchy little fellow, apparently about twelve years of age, whose complexion, if it was not actually as black as Billy's hat (a very rusty old beaver, by the by, Judge Stapleton, not unreasonably, having declined, some months before, to purchase an infinite series of new hats, which became invariably good for nothing after a fortnight's wear), was nevertheless many shades deeper in dye than a copper kettle.

"Boys," began the doctor, in his most sonorous tones, "I bring you a new scholar and playmate"—that was his regular commencement, you know—"in whose behalf I particularly request your kindness and friendly offices. He is"—here the speaker paused a moment, as though he felt a slight embarrassment as to the best mode of expressing his meaning—"he is a foreigner, you may perceive!" ["A regular nigger!" muttered Billy, half audibly, so that Brickbats caught the words, though fortunately he did not discover who had spoken]—"a foreigner, and as such more than commonly entitled to your generosity and forbearance. His father is a person of—of high rank in his own country"—"Overseer to a Yankee nigger-driver!" again suggested the incorrigible Waters; but, unluckily for him, this time the doctor heard him plainly, and turning sharply round, caught him a ringing box on the ear, which propelled him in a slanting direction, like a billiard ball, against Heath, from whom he cannoned off against Robinson, and all three boys coming into contact with a form, rolled over on the ground together. Brickbats contemplated the result of his stroke complacently: he felt that his dignity had been avenged, and withdrew in peace.

I am afraid that his exhortations to forbearance produced but little effect. The door had scarcely closed behind his portly person, ere the boys had crowded round the unfortunate stranger, plying him with questions innumerable, to which, either from inability or unwillingness, or perhaps the two combined, he made but brief answers, and those such as his hearers had scarcely expected. He came from a place a long way off; it had taken a long time, a great many months, to come to this country, and he did not much like it now he had come to it. His mother was not a Hottentot, but an English lady, and his father was Rajah of Jesselpoor—that was more; and his mother was not black, but as white as any of us, and her name was Johnstone—Mrs. Johnstone—and his name was Arthur Johnstone, and he would be obliged to us not to call him "nigger," nor yet "you fellow!" He hadn't been used to be called anything of the kind—he was used to be called "Sahib" or "your Highness," and he would thank us to call him so too.

I reckon he was sorry before long that he had made that request; which I need not say was most scrupulously complied with. He was

"Sahibed," and "Rajahed," and "your Highnessed," on all occasions, until he would have given every stiver of his pocket-money, though he wasn't over-fond of parting with it, if those words could be expunged from the English language. As Nicolls remarked, who was the best classical scholar among us, it might be counted as one of the "vota numinibus exaudita malignis."

There was, in truth, a good deal more in the new-comer's manner to attract the practical joking of the boys than is ordinarily the case. His total ignorance of English habits, his strange appearance, and mode of expressing himself; above all, the violent fits of passion into which ridicule or rough usage rarely failed to rouse him, were strong temptations to his schoolfellows to amuse themselves at his expense, when they found the time hang heavily on their hands, as was not unfrequently the case.

I remember a scene of this kind occurring, a few weeks after Arthur's arrival at the school. It was the day on which the cricket subscription for the season was collected, and a junior boy had gone round by order of the treasurer—that was Norton—to get the money in. It was paid without demur by the boys, who had no inclination to resist a demand sanctioned by long usage, and trifling in amount, and who were further aware that if they did refuse, they would not only be compelled by Norton to pay, but would receive a receipt from him of a kind by no means to be desired. The new-comer alone had rebelled against the order; nor could argument, threat, or entreaty produce any effect upon him. The emissary at last, tired out and disgusted, was obliged to return to his principal, with the information that "Sahib" had flatly refused to pay any portion of the impost.

After his departure, the coterie of small boys, who had witnessed the interview with a mixture of awe and astonishment, began to question Arthur about it.

"I say, Sahib, do you really mean you won't pay the cricket money?" asked Stevens.

"Yes, I do," replied Arthur.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't choose."

"And why don't you choose?" said Ellis, taking up the inquiry.

"I don't want to play cricket."

"That's no reason, Rajah," struck in Webber. "A great many of the fellows don't play cricket, but they all pay the subscription."

To this remark, which was not put in the form of a question, Arthur made no reply.

"I say," said Ellis, recommencing the discussion, and importing a new topic into it, "you'll find you'd better pay it. You'll get no end of a thrashing, if you don't."

"I don't care," said Arthur, "if I do. I won't pay it any the more."

"The fellows will all send you to Coventry; none of them will speak to you, that is to say, if you refuse," urged Stevens.

"I don't want them to speak to me," returned the impenetrable Arthur.

There was another silence; and then the youngsters, perceiving that they had a young Yahoo to deal with, who was insensible to all considerations of civilized life, began to assail him with weapons of a different description.

"I'll tell you," cried Webber, "why Sahib won't pay the cricket money."

"Why?" asked another.

"He is saving up all his money to buy a bottle of Rowlands' Kalydor to wash himself white."

"No, that is not it," exclaimed Stevens, noticing the dark flush of passion which this taunt called into the boy's face; "that's not it. He is saving up his money to buy a brown wig and spectacles, for fear his master the nigger-driver should come after him, and find him out."

"Or, perhaps," said Ellis, "he wants to buy his freedom. How much does your master ask, Sahib—how much, eh?"

"How much, how much?" repeated the remorseless tormentors, dancing round him like the picadors at a Spanish bull-fight, jostling him from behind, twitching his hair, pinching his legs; always keeping carefully out of his reach, and singing as they buzzed round and round him the old rhyme, wherewith many and many an unlucky wight had been saluted before him,—

Passion, Passion, take advice,
Fill your pockets full of rice;
When the rice begins to crawl,
Take a spoon and eat it all.

Johnstone's face grew darker and darker with fury, as the shafts of his assailants fell thick about him. Suddenly, with a spring like that of a wild beast, he threw himself upon Tom Dickinson, who chanced at the moment to be nearest to him, fastening on his throat with his teeth and nails, to the sore detriment of poor Tommy, who would have sustained serious injury had it not been for Frank Trevor's interposition. The latter had witnessed the skirmish from the schoolroom window,

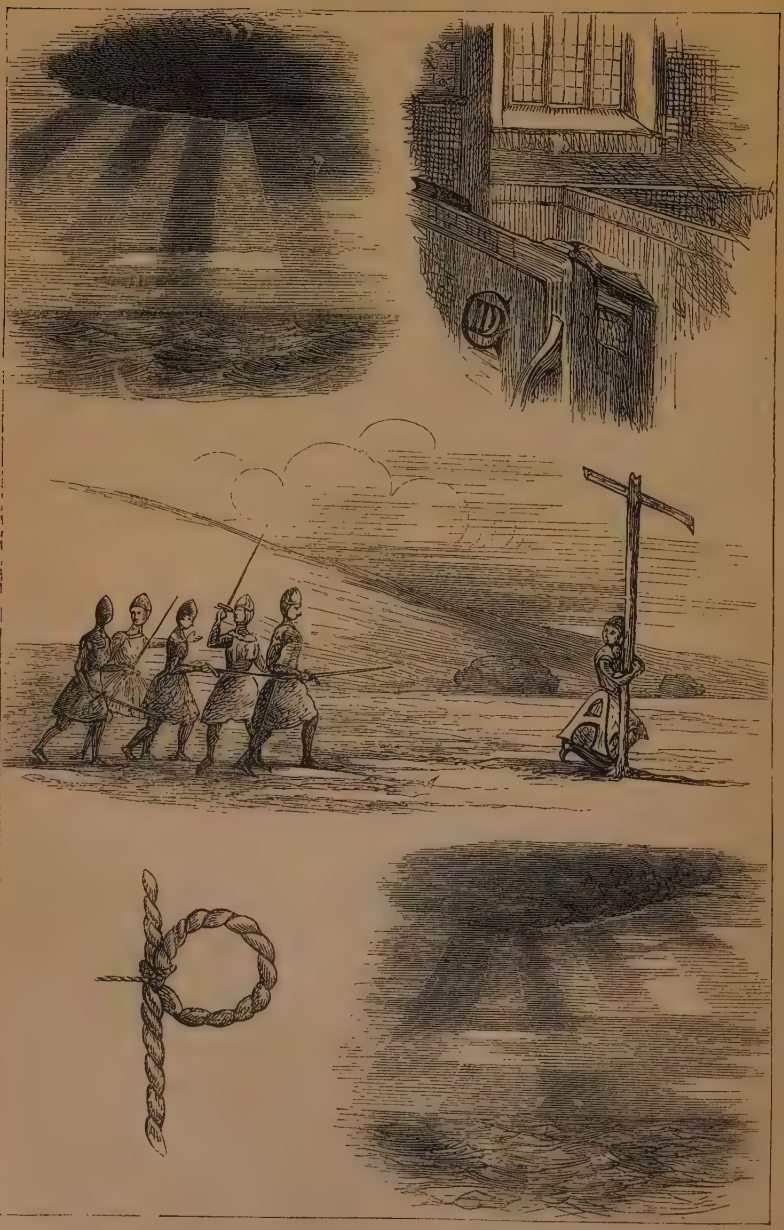
and now came forth, to put a period to it. With some difficulty he disengaged Arthur from his antagonist, and led him, still panting and quivering in every limb, to his own desk in the corner of the schoolroom, whence he did not reappear until prayer-time that evening.

Now, mind, I am not going to defend this kind of thing in schools. I have elsewhere spoken of the evils of bullying—that is, of the hardship and suffering inflicted by bigger boys on their juniors. The kind of petty badgering falling short of this, but still tending to render their schoolfellows very unhappy, is, in my judgment, almost as grave a mischief. I know that it is urged by many that it is often a cure, and sometimes the only real cure, for affectation, and sulkiness, and morbid sensitiveness, and many other boyish faults. But, as was remarked in the other instance, though it may be sometimes a good thing for those who undergo it, it is always a bad thing for those who inflict it. To get into the way of looking out for the weak point of people's characters, in order to amuse ourselves with them, is about as mischievous an occupation as man or boy can find for himself. Many a one has failed in life who would otherwise have been signally successful but for having acquired the habit in his school-days; and, what is worse, many a noble Christian character has been fatally stunted in its growth by reason of it.

Frank Trevor had interposed to protect Arthur against his small persecutors, as he had of late done once or twice before in the instance of other boys. He had resolved to keep in mind the recollection of the conversations which Mr. Winter had had with him, and the determination which he had formed in consequence of them. But he had already found out that he had undertaken no easy office; and Mr. Winter had given him some wise advice about it. "I don't want you to lecture the boys about bullying, Frank," he had said. "That isn't your business, and probably you would not do it with much effect, if you were to try it. But you may prevent a great deal by a little judicious management. A word here and there, spoken good-naturedly, will generally stop anything of the sort; and if anything more serious is attempted, say quietly you won't allow it to be done. If the boys know that you mean what you say, that will be in general quite enough." Trevor pondered over this advice after the other boys had gone up to bed that evening. Here was just such a case as Mr. Winter would like him to take up, but it was one in which he felt particularly reluctant to meddle. Arthur Johnstone was a most unpromising subject to befriend. He would scarcely ever make any answer to questions put to him, even when there was no incivility in the asking. He fought shy of all the boys alike, whether they were in the habit of worrying him

or not, and if any one pressed himself upon him, he ran the chance of getting it sharpish over the shins; for the boy kicked like a Cornishman, on the slightest provocation. This was not encouraging in itself, but there was another reason which rendered Trevor still more unwilling to interfere: this was, that he felt it would bring him into collision, not only with Joyce, who was for ever worrying Arthur, but probably with Dalison also. For the former he had no liking, certainly, though they were old acquaintances, and were thrown much together. With Dalison, however, he was very intimate. Many small ties such as have already been specified kept them together, and boys are always reluctant to break these. He felt strongly inclined to throw Arthur overboard as he reflected thus, but could not make up his mind to his own satisfaction. At length he remembered that it was getting too late for him to remain in the schoolroom, or he would not be in bed by the required time. Hastily determining, therefore, to be guided by circumstances as regarded his future dealings with little Johnstone, he went upstairs to bed.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWER TO NO. VI.

"Look here upon this picture and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers."—*Shakespeare.*

HOW TO MAKE A WORKING MODEL OF A STEAM-ENGINE.

BY TEMPLE THOROLD.

GREAT BRITAIN deprived of the steam-engine would no longer be great—she would be small—so small that it would scarcely be worth while giving her a place on the map, much less attempting to trade with her; in fact, without the assistance of Science and her hand-maid Steam, our dear little island would have nothing to exchange with her neighbours, and must hide her diminished head in obscurity, unless some other country, France or Russia, for instance, thought it worth while to turn poor foggy England to account—perhaps as a place of banishment for prisoners or rebellious subjects.

Providence, however, ordained otherwise, and we can never be sufficiently thankful that England, of all other countries, was reserved as the birthplace of the glorious invention which has endowed us with the power of giants, enabling us not only to explore the bowels of the earth in search of hidden treasures, but also giving us such extraordinary facilities for turning our spoils to profitable account, that all civilized nations of the world flock to learn of us.

This is only one advantage we have derived; and, if it were not for another equally great and attending benefit, our labours would advance our interests but little. Directly we had achieved anything that excited the cupidity of our neighbours over the water, they would have left no means untried to possess themselves of the fruit of our toil. Fortunately for us, we soon discovered that "Giant Steam" was a capital mariner, doing his work in a way that at once eclipsed sail and oar, thus enabling us to guard our own, and keep covetous acquaintances at a respectful distance.

It cannot be denied that other nations have made wonderful progress in the construction of steam-engines, both for land and marine purposes; nevertheless, we have hitherto maintained a position of acknowledged superiority, and still take the lead in all that relates to steam machinery.

The steam-engine is now quite a familiar object, and no intelligent person who is anxious to understand the principles of its construction and operation need long remain in ignorance. We see the ponderous locomotive rushing impetuously along the slender rail, drawing in its rear vehicles containing hundreds of tons of merchandize; or passengers eager to reach some scene of business or pleasure, and to whom the speed of forty miles an hour seems a moderate pace, though some have been heard more than once to speak in glowing terms of the good old coaching days, when the "'Wonder' used to race the 'Rising Sun,' doing at least fourteen miles an hour."

If any new scheme be promulgated which is to achieve some extraordinary and unheard-of result, the inventor is instantly denounced as a maniac, and his discovery derided as the wild imaginings of a disordered brain; but let him establish his claim, and show that his invention is practically successful, and those, who but now were bitterly opposed, will instantly change their tactics, and think they cannot say enough in praise of the new invention, from which they hope to reap a plentiful harvest.

This was the case with the locomotive; and, if George Stephenson had not been a man of surprising determination and perseverance, it is not at all improbable that we should even now travel no faster than our ancestors did. At first, the "Iron Horse" was regarded with much jealousy, and of course the stage-coach proprietors did their utmost to frighten the public, by relating shocking accounts of the terrible accidents daily happening to trains. These tales were soon discovered to be mere fabrications, and people who had sufficient courage to try the new mode of travelling, testified so heartily to its safety and convenience, that the old stagers had to "shut up shop" for want of customers.

This is, perhaps, the most notable instance of blind opposition, and subsequent conviction of utility, to be found in the history of the steam-engine.

Without further prelude, we will at once consider what the steam-engine is. In principle the steam-engine is very simple, and in some of its functions bears a striking resemblance to living animals. It breathes, eats, and drinks, and, if not carefully tended, falls sick, and cannot work.

It is almost needless to say that *steam* is the breath of life to a steam-engine. In many of its properties, this vapour much resembles common air, being invisible while maintained at a temperature of 212° and upwards; it is also highly elastic, on which latter property mainly depends its utility.

The "food" or fuel is expended in converting the water or "drink"

into steam, which, after passing through the cylinder or "lungs" of the engine, is usually exhaled into the air through another arrangement, with which, however, we have at present nothing to do.

The form of steam-engine in general use for driving cotton-mills, &c., propelling steam-ships, the locomotive, and for a variety of purposes too numerous to mention, is called the *rotative* engine, because it can impart a revolving motion to the machinery with which it may be connected.

To have a clear idea of this arrangement, we may take a common syringe to represent the principal part of a steam-engine. The barrel of the syringe we may call the *cylinder*, and the movable plug the *piston*. If we blow with sufficient force through the small pipe at the end of the syringe the piston will ascend to the top, and if a connection could be made with the top above the piston, we could drive it down again. From this it is easy to understand, that by alternately blowing above and below the piston we can drive it up and down the syringe. This is exactly the principle of the steam-engine, the piston being urged up and down by alternately admitting the steam at the ends of the cylinder. Having arrived thus far, the next consideration is, how to change this reciprocating motion of the piston into a revolving one. This is easily done by adding an *axle* and *crank* to our machine. These parts are represented by a common windlass, used for raising the bucket in a well, the winch or handle being the *crank*. If the cylinder be fixed, it is evident that the piston-rod, though jointed like a hinge to the crank, could not follow the circle in which it moves, therefore another rod called the connecting-rod must be introduced between the extremity of the piston-rod and the crank. This rod being attached by knuckle-joints, is able to adapt itself to the circular path traversed by the crank, at the same time allowing the piston-rod to work in a straight line.

From this may be gleaned a general idea of the nature and construction of the steam-engine, but to those who are anxious to make and not merely to talk about machinery, it is only so much theory. There is an old saying, and true, that "an ounce of help is worth a pound of sympathy." The same may be said of theory without practice; we therefore invite our readers to a trial of their skill in the construction of a working model of the steam-engine.

Fig. 1 is a perspective view of our model—engine and boiler complete, on a mahogany stand. A, the boiler; B, the funnel or chimney to carry off the fumes from the spirit-lamp; C, the safety-valve to relieve the boiler of surplus steam; L, a small cock, which must be opened occasionally to discover the height of the water; D, one of the legs or

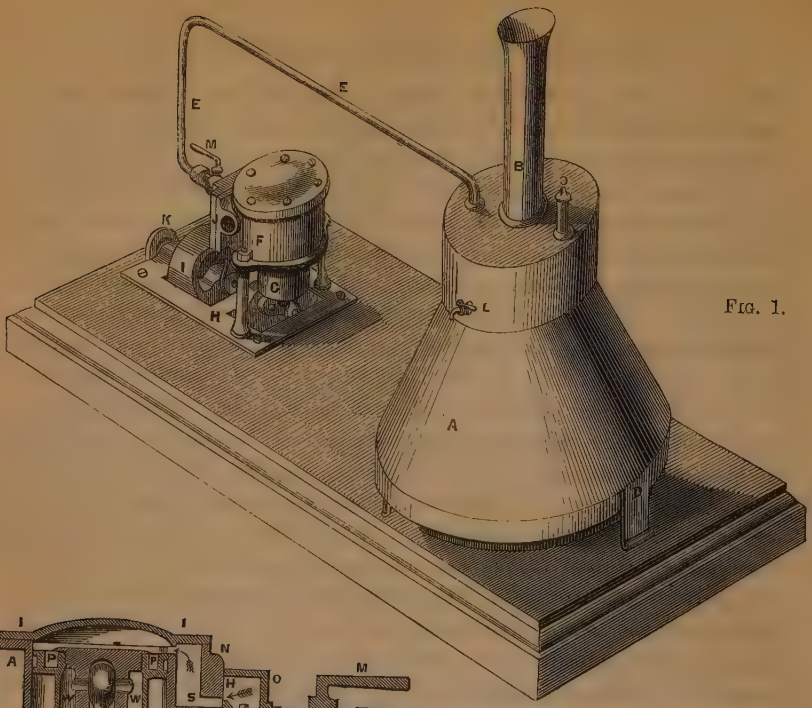


Fig. 1.

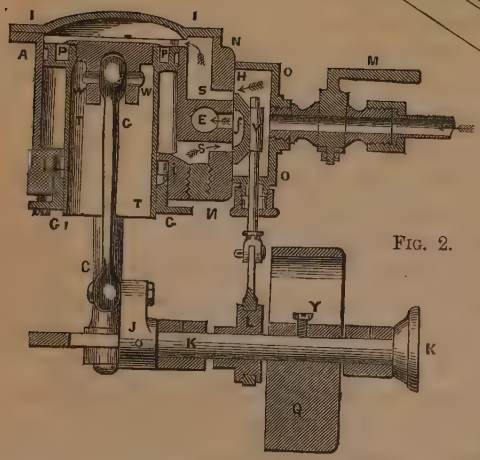


Fig. 2.

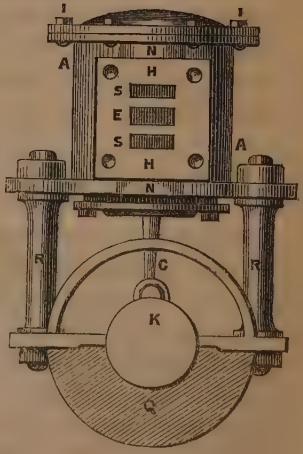


Fig. 3.

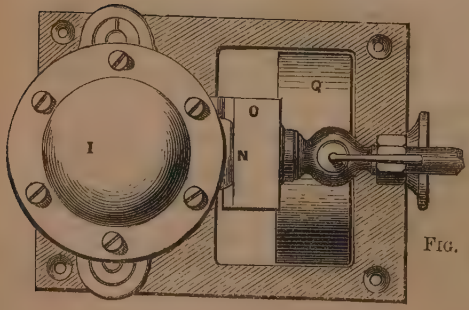


Fig. 4.

feet for raising the boiler sufficiently above the stand to admit of the lamp being introduced and withdrawn at pleasure.

Of the engine :—F, the *cylinder ;* G, the *trunk*, in place of the piston-rod, to be presently explained ; I, the *counter-balance* and *fly-wheel ;* K, a *coupling* on the end of the shaft for connecting it with any machine you wish to drive, proportioned to the power of the engine ; J, the *exhaust* or escapement pipe, from which the steam escapes after it has done its work in driving the piston to the end of the cylinder ; H, the *foundation plate*, on which is fixed all the machinery. The plate is firmly screwed to the stand with four ordinary carpenter's screws. E E, the steam-pipe ; M, a stop-cock, for shutting off, and regulating the supply of steam to the cylinder.

Fig. 2 is a section of the engine, that is, cut in half, through the centre, in this instance, thus showing the internal arrangement. A A, the cylinder ; P P, the piston ; T T, the trunk which is solid with the piston, though it may be added as a separate piece. The trunk is simply a hollow piston-rod, or more properly a tube of sufficiently large internal diameter to allow the connecting-rod, C C′, which is jointed to the piston at W W, to vibrate or move backwards and forwards, as the lower end, C′, moves in the circle described by the crank, J. The piece, W W, is a round lump of brass screwed into the piston, a cavity being cut out at the end projecting into the trunk to receive the upper end of the connecting rod. It is necessary to provide some means to prevent the leakage of steam round the trunk where it enters the cylinder. This is contrived by introducing some soft vegetable substance, such as cotton, termed *packing*, between the metallic surfaces, which swelling by the moisture keeps the parts steam-tight. All round the trunk at the lower end of the cylinder you see an annular space, *i i*, into which a metal ring, G G, called the gland, projects. This annular space is filled with packing, which can be tightly compressed by forcing the ring down with three screws, one of which is seen at G′. The outer edge of the piston, if made to fit the cylinder, will do without packing, but sufficient accuracy is seldom realized in models ; it is therefore preferable to turn out a shallow groove and wind a small quantity of lamp-cotton round the circumference. It must be remembered that the packing in both instances must be very loosely pressed, otherwise so much friction will be occasioned, that the engine will be unable to work. The upper end of the cylinder is closed with a cover, I I, secured with six screws, so that it may at any time be removed. In front of the cylinder is fixed a small brass box, *o o*, called the *slide-valve case*, which is also attached by four screws.

The slide valve V is the means by which the steam is alternately

admitted above and below the piston, and permitted to escape after doing its work. The steam is conveyed to the ends of the cylinder by two round passages, S S, made in the semicircular pipe or *nozzle*, N N, in front of the cylinder. The passages, which are about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, are in connection with the two rectangular openings or *ports*, S′S′, seen in fig. 3. These ports have no direct communication with the central or *exhaust* port, by which the steam escapes when it has done its work. It is the office of the slide valve V to uncover the ports S′S′ alternately, so as to admit the steam from the slide-case to the ends of the cylinder, and place them alternately in communication with the exhaust.

By examining the drawing closely, it will be seen that the slide valve has uncovered the top port a little, and the steam is entering, as shown by the arrow. The steam now drives the piston down and the port is opened wider and wider, until the piston reaches the middle of the cylinder, when it begins to return and close the port. By the time the piston has reached the bottom of the cylinder, the valve has uncovered the lower port the same amount it did the upper one, and the steam now entering below the piston pushes it up again. You ask what becomes of the steam above the piston which just now pushed it down? The cavity *f*, in the slide valve, comes over the exhaust and steam ports, and thus for a short time makes a connection, consequently the steam above the piston is able to return through the passage by which it entered the cylinder into the cavity of the slide, and so out at the exhaust port E. This action is supposed to be taking place now, the steam *below* the piston escaping, as shown by the arrows in fig. 2. The motion of the slide valve must be just sufficient to uncover the steam ports alternately, but the exhaust port must always be covered by the cavity, otherwise the steam in the slide-case will escape by the exhaust, without entering the cylinder. The part which works the valve is called the *eccentric*, seen at Z: we shall speak of this part presently. Q is called the *counterbalance*, and, as its name implies, it is used to counteract or balance the weight of the piston trunk and connecting rod, which would, owing to their weight being all in one direction, make the engine work very irregularly. The part of the counterbalance that is cut out is exactly equal to the weight of the piston, &c.; consequently, by fixing the wheel in the position shown in the drawing, the heavy part being in its lowest position while the piston is in its highest, the mechanism is balanced, the weight of the piston making up for the deficiency on one side of the wheel, while the heavy side is counteracted by the gravity of the piston and connections.

The cylinder is supported on two wrought-iron columns, RR, which

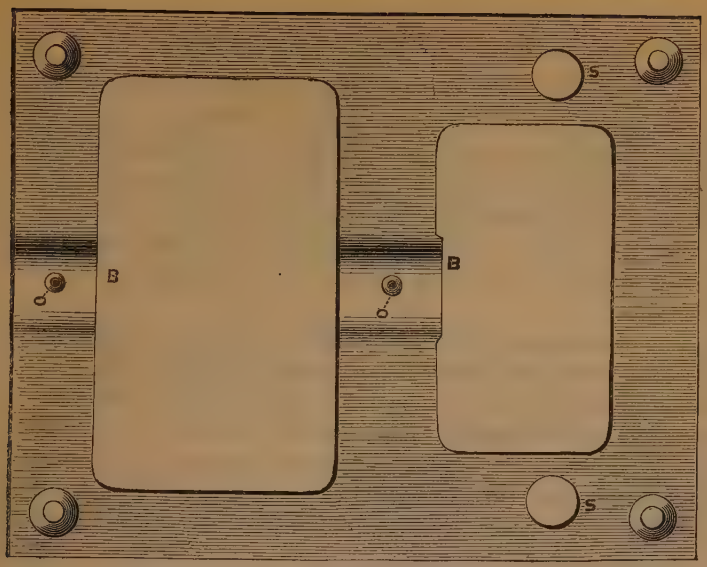


Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

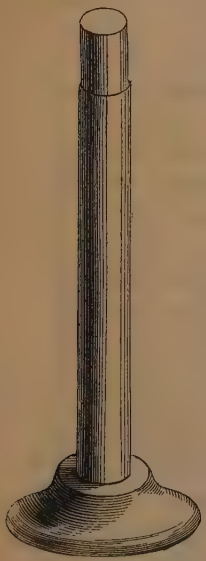


Fig. 7.

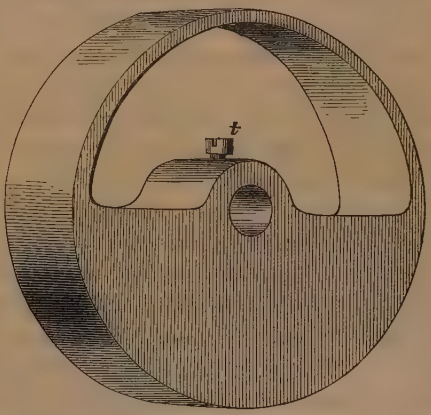


Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.

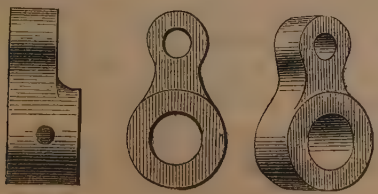


Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

are secured to it by nuts screwed on the ends, as shown in fig. 3. In fig. 3 the slide case is absent, in order to show the steam ports. Fig. 4 is called a plan, that is, a view of the engine, as it would appear if we looked directly down on it. All these views represent the model one-half full size, in order to economize valuable space; but if our readers be desirous of making the engine, the size of the one from which the drawings are taken, they need only double the dimensions when measuring with a carpenter's rule.

For the sake of elucidating the separate parts of the model more thoroughly, we have given most of the pieces in detail full size. Fig. 5 is the foundation plate, made of brass, having two bosses, B B, perforated with holes perfectly cylindrical, in which the shaft revolves. Fig. 6 is an edge view, showing the thickness of the plate. The holes, S S, are for the standards or columns. Fig. 7 is the axle, which should be made of wrought iron or steel. The small holes, O O, are for admitting oil to lubricate the shaft. Fig. 8 is the counterbalance, made of brass. It is fixed to the axle by a small screw, *t*, which nips it fast. Fig. 9 is one of the standards, made of wrought iron or steel. Fig. 10, the connecting rod, which must be made of steel, unless brass ends are fitted to it. Fig. 11 is three views of the crank. This part should be made of wrought iron, and secured to the axle by a steel pin, passing through the large eye of the crank. Fig. 12 is the crank pin, which is made taper where it enters the small eye of the crank; a nut is then added to secure it. Fig. 13 is three views of the slide valve. The one on the left hand shows the face which works against the cylinder face, HH, fig. 3, and they should fit so exactly that no steam can pass between them. The next is an edge view, and on the right hand the back of the valve is shown with the notch into which the slide rod fits. The eccentric is shown in three views in fig. 14. This part is simply a small brass sheave or pulley, with the hole for the shaft a little out of the centre; in this instance the centre of the shaft is about one-eighth of an inch from the centre of the disc. The plate P, is movable, being only secured by a screw, which is drawn when it is necessary to put on the eccentric band, fig. 15, the inside diameter of which is equal in size to the eccentric between the ledges or rims. The eccentric imparts a similar motion to a crank. The slide rod is seen in fig. 16. The end is flattened a little on opposite sides, to allow of its introduction into the notch made in the back of the slide-valve, by which means connection is made. Fig. 17 is the slide-case, made of brass, like the cylinder. A stuffing-box, W, is provided to keep the slide-rod steam-tight, like the trunk.

The last part we have to consider is the boiler, fig. 18, which is to

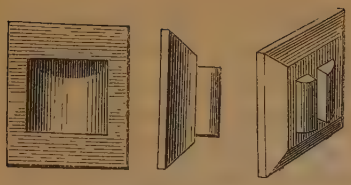


Fig. 13.

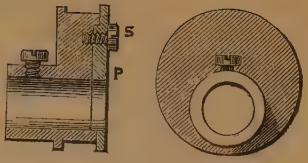


Fig. 14.

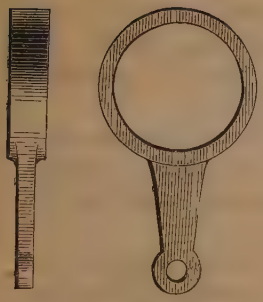


Fig. 15.

Fig. 16.

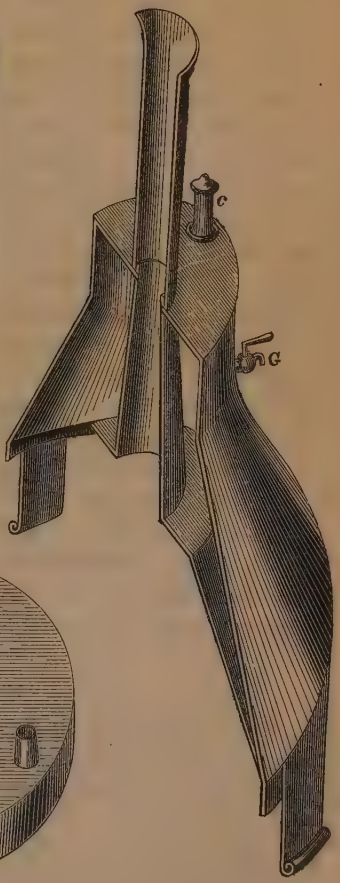


Fig. 18.

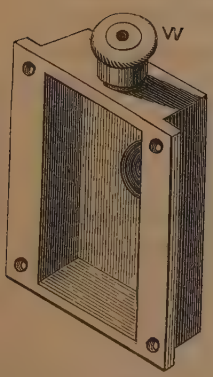


Fig. 17.

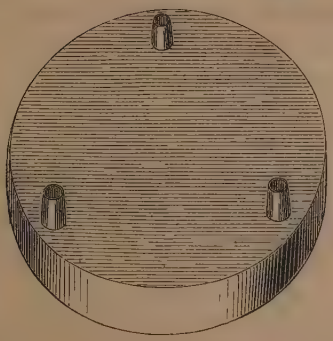


Fig. 19.

generate the steam. This part is simply a funnel-shaped vessel, with an internal flue or pipe, to carry off the smoke from the lamp. The size of the outer case is ten inches high, four inches diameter at the upper end, and seven inches at the lower. The inner case or fire-box is also a cone, as seen in the drawing, and is about two and a half inches deep, and two inches diameter at the top, where the conical tube or flue joins it. The size of this tube is one inch diameter at the lower end, and five-eighths of an inch at the top. This tube projects beyond the top of the boiler only about an inch, a separate funnel is then slipped on, which can be removed at pleasure. The boiler is supported about two inches from the stand, by three feet, thus allowing a free circulation of air, without which the lamp cannot burn. The safety valve is seen at C, and one of the gauge cocks at G. Of this latter there should be two, one inserted at the proper level of the water, about three inches from the top of the boiler, and the second, about one and a half inches below. The thickness of the boiler should be equal to about four leaves of this magazine, and should be strongly brazed together by a coppersmith.

The lamp, fig. 19, is a shallow tin case, about five inches diameter, having three moderate-sized burners, for ordinary lamp-cotton. Spirits of wine is the only combustible found really successful besides gas, oil being quite useless as an agent for raising steam.

When about to work the engine, the boiler must be supplied with water until it escapes at the uppermost cock. During the working the lower one must be occasionally opened to discover the position of the water, otherwise, neglecting this precaution, may lead to the destruction of the boiler. No danger need be apprehended unless the boiler be suffered to become red hot, which would be the result of gross neglect.

The space fails us ; we must make haste to say farewell for the present, and, by way of a parting hint, recommend those of our readers who have not the advantages of a lathe and engineer's tools, to procure the separate parts of the model from a modeller.

Mr. E. Bell, of 31, Fleet Street, London, will furnish all the separate parts of the model in the rough or finished state, and of the same or half the size here described.

Answer to No. VII.

"Solid pudding against empty praise."

Pope.

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—A SURPRISE AND A BATTLE.

HERE! halloo! hi! Hobbs! I say," shouted Mr. Sudberry, running out at the front door, after having swept Lucy's workbox off the table and trodden on the cat's tail. "Where has that fellow gone to? He's always out of the way. Halloo! (looking up at the nursery window) Mrs. Brown!"

Mrs. Brown, being deeply impressed with the importance of learning (just because of Mrs. Sudberry's contempt thereof), was busily engaged at that moment in teaching Miss Tilly and Master Jacky a piece of very profound knowledge.

"Now, Miss Tilly, what is the meaning of procrastination?" ("Ho! hi! halloo-o-o-o!" from Mr. Sudberry; but Mrs. Brown, supposing the shout is meant for any one but herself, takes no notice of it.)

Tilly.—"Doing to-day what you might have put off till to-morrow." ("Halloo! ho! don't you hear? hi!" from below.)

Mrs. Brown.—"No, you little goose! What is it, Jacky?"

Jacky.—"Doing to-morrow what you might have put off till to-day." ("Hi! halloo! are you deaf up there?")

Mrs. Brown.—"Worse and worse, stupid little goose!"

Jacky (indignantly).—"Well, then, if it's neither one thing nor

t'other, just let's hear what *you* make it out to be——" ("Hi! ho! halloo! Mrs. Bra-a-o-w-n!")

"Bless me, I think papa is calling on me. Yes, sir. Was you calling, sir?" (throwing up the window and looking out.)

"Calling! no; I was n't 'calling.' I was shrieking, howling, yelling. Is Hobbs there?"

"No, sir; 'Obbs is not 'ere, sir."

"Well, then, be so good as to go and look for him, and say I want him directly to go for the letters."

"'Ere I am, sir," said Hobbs, coming suddenly round the corner of the house, with an appearance of extreme haste.

Hobbs had, in fact, been within hearing of his master, having been, during the last half-hour, seated in McAllister's kitchen, where the uproarious merriment had drowned all other sounds. Hobbs had become a great favourite with the Highland family, owing to his hearty good humour and ready power of repartee. The sharp cockney, with the easygoing effrontery peculiar to his race, attempted to amuse the household—namely, Mrs. McAllister, Dan, Hugh, and two good-looking and sturdy-limbed servant-girls—by measuring wits with the "canny Scot," as he called the farmer. He soon found, however, that he had caught a Tartar. The good-natured Highlander met his raillery with what we may call a smile of grave simplicity, and led him slily into committing himself in such a way that even the untutored servants could see how far the man was behind their master in general knowledge; but Hobbs took refuge in smart reply, confident assertion, extreme volubility, and the use of hard words, so that it sometimes seemed to the domestics as if he really had some considerable power in argument. Worthy Mrs. McAllister never joined in the debate, except by a single remark now and then. She knew her son thoroughly, and before the Sudberrys had been a week at the White House she understood Hobbs through and through. She was wont to sit at her spinning-wheel regarding this intellectual sparring with grave interest, as a peculiar phase of the human mind. A very sharp encounter had created more laughter than usual at the time when Mr. Sudberry hallooed for his man-servant.

"You must be getting deaf, Hobbs, I fear," said the master, at once pacified by the man's arrival; "go down and fetch——"

"Pray do not send him away just now," cried Mrs. Sudberry, "I have something particular for him to do. Can you go down yourself, dear?"

The good man sighed. "Well, I will go," and accordingly away he went.

"Stay, my dear."

"Well!"

"I expect one or two small parcels by the coach this morning; mind you ask for 'em and bring 'em up."

"Ay, ay!" and Mr. Sudberry, with his hands in his pockets, and his wideawake thrust back and very much on one side of his head, sauntered down the hill towards the road.

One of the disadvantageous points about the White House was its distance from any town or market. The nearest shop was four miles off, so that bread, butcher-meat, and groceries had to be ordered a couple of days beforehand, and were conveyed to their destination by the mail-coach. Even after they were deposited at the gate of Mr. McAllister's farm, there was still about half a mile of rugged cart-road to be got over before they could be finally deposited in the White House. This was a matter of constant anxiety to Mr. Sudberry, because it was necessary that some one should be at the gate regularly to receive letters and parcels, and this involved constant attention to the time of the mail passing. When no one was there, the coachman left the property of the family at the side of the road. Hobbs, however, was usually up to time, fair weather and foul, and this was the first time his master had been called on to go for the letters.

Walking down the road, Mr. Sudberry whistled an extremely operatic air, in the contentment of his heart, and glanced from side to side, with a feeling amounting almost to affection, at the various objects which had now become quite familiar to him, and with many of which he had interesting associations.

There was the miniature hut, on the roof of which he usually laid his rod on returning from a day's fishing. There was the rude stone bridge over the burn, on the low parapet of which he and the family were wont to sit on fine evenings, and commune of fishing, and boating, and climbing, and wonder whether it would be possible ever again to return to the humdrum life of London. There was the pool in the same burn over which one day he, reckless man, had essayed to leap, and into which he had tumbled, when in eager pursuit of Jacky. A little below this was the pool into which the said Jacky had rushed in wild desperation on finding that his father was too fleet for him. Passing through a five-barred gate into the next field, he skirted the base of a high, precipitous crag, on which grew a thicket of dwarf trees and shrubs, and at the foot of which the burn warbled. Here, on his left, stood the briar bush out of which had *whirred* the first live grouse he ever set eyes on. It was at this bird that, in the madness of his

Seeing this, the gipsy got up again, and looked cautiously along the road, first to the right and then to the left. No human being was in sight. Mr. Sudberry observed the act, and felt uncomfortable.

"You'd better go for help, sir," said the man, coming forward.

"Thank you, I'd rather wait for it."

"This seems a handy sort of thing to carry," said the gipsy, taking up the sack that looked like groceries, and throwing it across his shoulder. "I'll save you the trouble of taking this one up, anyhow."

He went off at once at a sharp walk, and with no symptom either of lameness or exhaustion. Mr. Sudberry was after him in a moment. The man turned round and faced him.

"Put that where you took it from!" thundered Mr. Sudberry.

"Oh! you're going to resist."

The gipsy uttered an oath, and ran at Mr. Sudberry, intending to overwhelm him with one blow, and rob him on the spot. The big blockhead little knew his man. He did not know that the little Englishman was a man of iron frame; he only regarded him as a fiery little gentleman. Still less did he know that Mr. Sudberry had in his youth been an expert boxer, and that he had even had the honour of being knocked flat on his back more than once by *professional* gentlemen—in an amicable way, of course—at four and sixpence a lesson. He knew nothing of all this, so he rushed blindly on his fate, and met it—that is to say, he met Mr. Sudberry's left fist with the bridge of his nose, and his right with the pit of his stomach; the surprising result of which was that the gipsy staggered back against the wall.

But the man was not a coward, whatever other bad qualities he might have been possessed of. Recovering in a moment, he rushed upon his little antagonist, and sent in two sledge-hammer blows with such violence that nothing but the Englishman's activity could have saved him from instant defeat. He ducked to the first, parried the second, and returned with such prompt goodwill on the gipsy's right eye, that he was again sent staggering back against the wall; from which point of observation he stared straight before him, and beheld Mr. Sudberry, in the wildness of his excitement, performing a species of Cherokee war-dance in the middle of the road. Nothing daunted, however, the man was about to renew his assault, when George and Fred, all ignorant of what was going on, came round a turn of the road, on their way to see what was detaining their father with the letters.

"Why, that's father!" cried Fred.

"Fighting!" yelled George.

They were off at full speed in a moment. The gipsy gave but one glance, vaulted the wall, and dived into the underwood that lined the banks of the river. He followed the stream a few hundred yards, doubled at right angles on his course, and in ten minutes more was seen coursing over a shoulder of the hill, like a mountain hare.

CHAPTER XV.—A DREAM AND A BALL.

That evening Mr. Sudberry, having spent the day in a somewhat excited state—having swept everything around him, wherever he moved, with his coat-tails, as with the besom of destruction—having despatched a note to the nearest constabulary station, and having examined the bolts and fastenings of the windows of the White House—sat down after supper to read the newspaper, and fell fast asleep, with his head hanging over the back of his chair, his nose turned up to the ceiling, and his mouth wide open. His loving family—minus Tilly and Jacky, who were abed—encircled the table, variously employed, and George stood at his elbow, fastening up a pair of bookshelves of primitive construction, coupled together by means of green cord.

While thus domestically employed, they heard a loud, steady thumping outside. The Sudberrys were well acquainted by this time with that sound and its cause. At first it had filled Mrs. S. with great alarm, raising in her feeble mind horrible reminiscences of tales of burglary and midnight murder. After suffering inconceivable torments of apprehension for two nights, the good lady could stand it no longer, and insisted on her husband going out to see what it could be. As the sound appeared to come from the cottage, or offshoot from the White House, in which the McAllisters lived, he naturally went there, and discovered that the noise was caused by the stoutest of the two servant-girls. This sturdy lass, whose costume displayed a pair of enormous ankles to advantage, and exhibited a pair of arms that might have made a prize-fighter envious, was standing in the middle of the floor, with a large iron pot before her and a thick wooden pin in her hands, with the end of which she was, according to her own statement, "champin' tatties."

Mrs. McAllister, her son, Hugh and Dan, and the other servant-girl, were seated round the walls of the room, watching the process with deep interest, for their supper was in that pot. The nine dogs were also seated round the room, watching the process with melancholy interest; for their supper was *not* in that pot, and they knew it, and wished it was.

"My dear," said Mr. Sudberry, on returning to the parlour, "they are 'champing tatties.'"

"What?"

"'Champing tatties;' in other words, mashing potatoes, which, it would seem, with milk, constitute the supper of the family."

Thus was Mrs. Sudberry's mind relieved, and from that night forward no farther notice was taken of the sound.

But on the present occasion the champing of the tatties had an unwonted effect on Mr. Sudberry. It caused him to dream, and his dreams naturally took a pugilistic turn. His breathing became quick and short; his face began to twitch; and Lucy suggested that it would be as well to "awake papa," when papa suddenly awaked himself, and hit George a tremendous blow on the shoulder.

"Hallo! father," cried George, remonstratively, rubbing the assaulted limb; "really, you know, if you come it in this way often, you will alienate my affections, I fear."

"My dear boy!—what?—where? Why, I was dreaming!"

Of course he was, and the result of his dream was that everybody in the room started up in surprise and excitement. Thereafter they sat down in a gay and very talkative humour. Soon afterwards a curious squeaking was heard in the adjoining cottage, and another thumping sound began which was to the full as unremitting as, and much more violent than, that caused by "champin' tatties." The McAllister household, having supped, were regaling themselves with a dance.

"What say to a dance with them?" said George.

"Oh!" cried Lucy, leaping up.

"Capital!" shouted Mr. Sudberry, clapping his hands.

A message was sent in. The reply was "heartily welcome!" and in two minutes Mr. Sudberry and stout servant-girl No. 1, George and stout girl No. 2, Hugh and Lucy, Dan and Hobbs (the latter consenting to act as girl No. 3), were dancing the Reel o'Tullochgorum like maniacs, to the inspiring strains of McAllister's violin, while Peter sat in a corner in constant dread of being accidentally sat down upon. Fred, in another corner, looked on, laughed, and was caressed furiously by the nine dogs. Mrs. Sudberry talked philosophy in the window, with grave, earnest Mrs. McAllister, whose placid equanimity was never disturbed, but flowed on, broad and deep, like a mighty river, and whose interest in all things, small and great, seemed never to flag for a moment.

The room in which all this was going on was of the plainest possible description. It was the hall, the parlour, the dining-room, the drawing-room, and the library of the McAllister family. Earth was the floor,

whitewashed and uneven were the walls, non-existent was the ceiling, and black with peat-smoke were the rafters. There was a dresser, clean and white, and over it a rack of plates and dishes. There was a fire-place—a huge yawning gulf, with a roaring fire (for culinary purposes only, being summer)—and beside it a massive iron gallows, on which to hang the family pot. Said pot was a caldron; so big was it that there was a species of winch and a chain for raising and lowering it over the fire; in fact, a complicated sort of machinery, mysterious and soot-begrimed, towered into the dark depths of the ample chimney. There was a brown cupboard in one corner, and an apoplectic eight-day clock in another. A small bookshelf supported the family Bible and several ancient and much-worn volumes. Wooden benches were ranged round the walls; and clumsy chairs and tables, with various pails, buckets, luggies, troughs, and indescribable articles, completed the furniture of the picturesque and cozy apartment. The candle that lighted the whole was supported by a tall wooden candlestick, whose foot rested on the ground, and whose body, by a simple but clumsy contrivance, could be lengthened or shortened at pleasure, from about three to five feet.

But besides all this, there was a world of *matériel* disposed on the black rafters above—old farm implements, broken furniture, an old musket, an old claymore, a broken spinning-wheel, &c., all of which were piled up and so mingled with the darkness of the vault above, that imagination might have deemed the spot a general rendezvous for the aged and the maimed of "still life."

Fast and furious was the dancing that night. Native animal spirits did it all. No artificial stimulants were there. "Tatties and mulk" were at the bottom of the whole affair. The encounter of that forenoon seemed to have had the effect of recalling the spirit of his youth to Mr. Sudberry, and his effervescing joviality gave tone to all the rest.

"Now, Fred, you must take my place," said he, throwing himself in an exhausted condition on a "settle."

"But perhaps your partner may want a rest?" suggested Fred.

Lass No. 1 scorned the idea, so Fred began.

"Are your fingers not tired?" asked Mr. Sudberry, wiping his bald forehead, which glistened as if it had been anointed with oil.

"Not yet," said McAllister, quietly.

Not yet! If the worthy Highlander had played straight on all night and half the next day, he would have returned the same answer to the same question.

"You spend a jolly life of it here," said Mr. Sudberry to Mrs. McAllister.

"Ay, a pleasant life, no doot; but we're not *always* fiddling and dancing."

"True, but the variety of herding the cattle on these splendid hills is charming."

"So it is," assented Mrs. McAllister; "we've reason to be contented with our lot. Maybe ye would grow tired of it, however, if ye was always here. I'm told that the gentry whiles grow tired of their braw rooms, and take to plowterin' aboot the hills and burns for change. Sometimes they even dance wi' the servants in a Highland cottage!"

"Ha! you have me there," cried Mr. Sudberry, laughing.

"Let me sit down, pa, pray do!" cried Lucy. Her father rose quickly, and Lucy dropped into his place quite exhausted.

"Come, father, relieve me!" cried Fred. "I'm done up, and my partner *won't* give in."

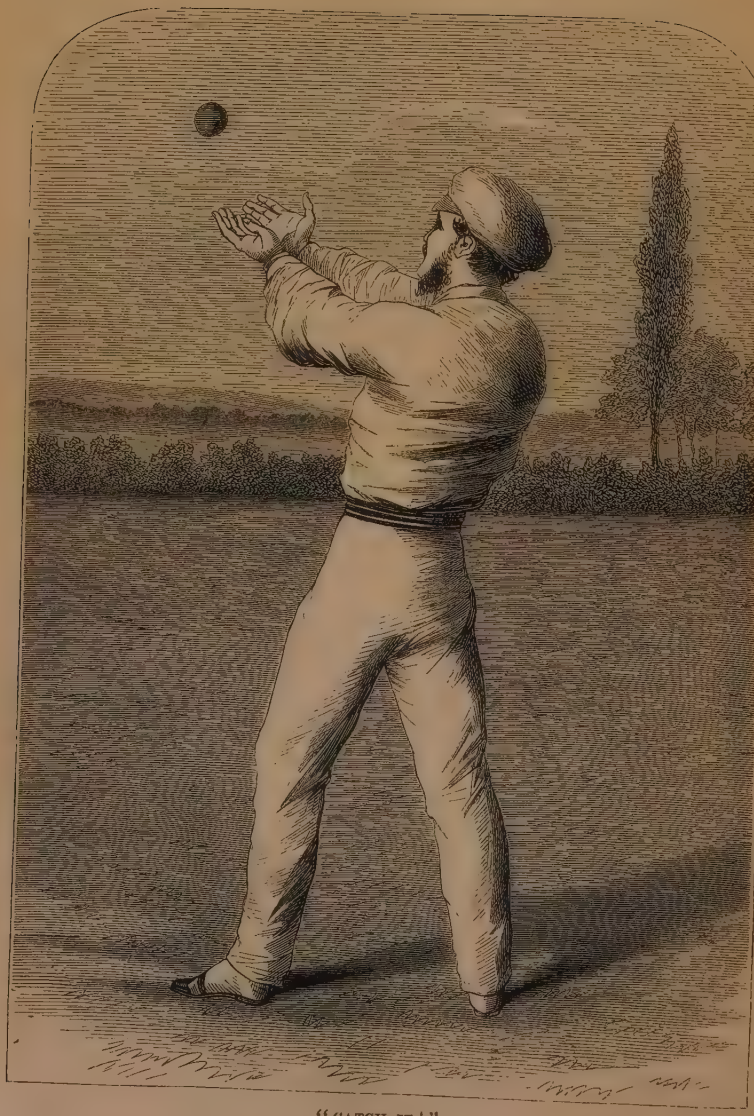
To say truth, it seemed as if the said partner (stout lass No. 1) never would give in at all. From the time that the Sudberrys entered she had not ceased to dance reel after reel, without a minute of breathing-time. Her countenance was like the sun in a fog; her limbs moved as deftly and untiringly, after having tired out father and son, as they did when she began the evening, and she now went on, with a quiet smile on her face, evidently resolved to show their English guests the nature of female Highland metal.

In the midst of all this the dogs suddenly became restive and began to growl. Soon after a knock came to the door, and the dogs rushed at it, barking violently. Mr. McAllister went out, and found that a company of wandering beggars had arrived, and prayed to be allowed to sleep in the barn. Unfortunate it was for them that they came so soon after Mr. Sudberry's unpleasant rencontre with one of their fraternity. The good man of the house, although naturally humane and hospitable to such poor wanderers, was on the present occasion embittered against them, so he ordered them off.

This incident brought the evening to an abrupt termination, as it was incumbent on the farmer to see the intruders safely off his premises. So the Sudberrys returned, in a state of great delight, excitement, and physical warmth, to their own parlour.

The only other fact worth recording in regard to this event is, that the Sudberrys were two hours late for breakfast next morning!

(*To be continued.*)



"CATCH IT!"

STRAY NOTES ON CRICKET.

FIELDING.

ALTHOUGH not of so interesting a character as batting and bowling, yet fielding is in itself of too much importance to be overlooked, or even carelessly practised by anybody who desires to become a cricketer. Many a match has been lost by loose fielding, and instances without number have occurred of a man who, after being missed before he has made a run, has sent his score up to fifty before receiving his dismissal. It is astonishing how many runs may be saved by careful fielding. Hits which at first seem good for four, only obtain one through good fielding, and that even a sharp run.

Quick fielding should be practised by the tyro, before either of the other two departments of the game. As soon as a boy gets a ball in his hand, he tries to catch it, or to get a companion to throw it to him; and thus before he even knows how to handle a bat, many a boy has in him the elements of a good field. As, however, the fascination of batting grows upon him, he cares less for the other parts of the game, and thus it happens that although we have many gentlemen cricketers who bat just as well as professionals, yet the latter obtain the mastery through their superior bowling and fielding, which they are obliged to practise as often as batting, in order to obtain the reputation of good players. I have, however, heard it stated that no finer fielding can be seen than that shown in the University match. This is naturally admitted, but it must be borne in mind that the University match is played by young men whose ages vary from twenty to five-and-twenty, whereas most of the players are over thirty, and some rapidly approaching to forty, an age at which the bones are not so lissom as those that have just arrived at man's estate.

As a proof of this, I may cite the Gentlemen and Players' match at Lord's, a contest (if such it can be called) which is only worth seeing on account of the excellent bowling and fielding of the professional players. It is satisfactory to know that it is the opinion of most judges of the game, that as long as the gentlemen persist in practising batting only, they will never have a chance against the players.

No advice, however, will produce the same good upon a young player in the matter of fielding as watching a match in which some of the best

players take part. In this he should bear well in mind the manner in which the ball is stopped and thrown to the wicket-keeper.

Supposing that our cricketer can stop and catch a ball pretty well, the next point for him to study is to throw in carefully. How many men that should have been run out save their wickets through the bad throwing of a field, who, either through hurry or nervousness, pitches the ball over the wicket-keeper's head, or sends it in so much along the ground as to render the picking up of it sharply by the wicket-keeper a matter of impossibility! The best plan is to throw in a catch to the top of the bails. A long hop occasionally meets with success, but if the ground is bumpy, and the ball is thrown in from a distance, it is very possible that it will go over the man's head.

One of the most prominent failings of a young eleven is the careless manner in which they back up. Overthrows in a professional eleven are almost a matter of impossibility, for if the ball passes one field there is almost sure to be another behind him to stay its progress, whereas, in some clubs, if there is one man to back up the wicket-keeper, the ball is considered safe, and as he generally stands within a few yards of the wicket, he usually misses the ball if it passes the amateur Lockyer. If, however, it is expedient to throw the ball to the bowler, and he does not wish to hurt his fingers, an overthrow is sure to follow, for long-on or long-off scarcely ever thinks it his duty to stand behind the bowler's wicket when the ball is thrown in. Overthrows in themselves are not only annoying, because they are obtained through no merit of the batsman, but because they always produce a merciless laugh from the spectators, and occasionally epithets of not a very complimentary character. It is therefore the captain's bounden duty to make his eleven back up well, and not to consider the ball safe unless two or three people are behind the wicket at which it is thrown.

One naturally imagines that the wicket-keeper's hands get occasionally damaged from the sharp throwing to which he is subjected. Whatever he would do without his thick gauntlets it is unpleasant to imagine. Care should on all occasions therefore be taken to save his hands, and when the batsmen are not running, there is no need to throw the ball as hard as possible at him. The long-stop, who returns the ball to the wicket-keeper oftener than any other field, should send it in gently when there is no run, and the wicket-keeper ought, in throwing it to the bowler, to toss it as quietly as he can, in order not to deaden the fingers of that important functionary.

Whilst writing about bowler and wicket-keeper, I cannot allow the opportunity to pass of requesting all players to obey with the utmost

fidelity any order given to them in the field. The wicket-keeper can, by raising his hand, change the positions of the field unknown to the batsman, who, hitting a ball to a place which he thinks is not covered, and finding it suddenly stopped, sees that he must play more carefully in future.

Two of the most important positions in the field are the mid-wickets and cover-point, and no player unless he is a safe catch, and can return the ball sharply, should ever be placed there. It has been computed that mid-wicket runs more out than any other field. Anybody who has seen R. Daft in this place will be surprised at the rapidity with which he picks up the ball and sends it in. The space that a good cover-point can command is really astonishing. Players seeing that the ball has passed point feel sure that it is safe for one, whereas, if the cover runs in and sends it in well to the wicket-keeper, one of the batsmen will probably have "run out" to his name.

Longstop should on no account be too close to the wicket. If he takes a position where he feels sure he can stop one run, he will do much more service than nearer the stumps. Not only will he be able to stop some balls which might have gone over his head, but he may stay the progress of many leg hits and slipped balls, besides standing a better chance of a catch.

Catching comes so naturally that I need say little about it. The chief point to be remembered is to keep the hands well together. Occasionally one sees—in catching—the ball slip through a man's hands altogether. At other times the ball lodges in the hands for an instant, and then drops to the ground, because the arms were not drawn back with the ball, but held out to meet it. In catching, the arms should always be drawn back as the ball comes, as this lessens the force with which the ball strikes the hands. A good plan, but one which, however, requires much practice, is to pat the ball up as it comes, and then to catch it. It is evident that when the ball has thus been sent up, it descends much more slowly than when it comes direct from the bat.

Even, however, if, in spite of advice and practice, one of the field is unfortunate enough to miss a catch, the captain should not allow any unfeeling remarks to be made. The anguish of the unfortunate player is quite deep enough without being aggravated by growls and sneers from comrades who may perhaps do the same thing in a few minutes.

The captain should also do all he can to prevent talking in the field. It is time to do that when a wicket falls, but very unlike a true cricketer to endeavour to attract the field's attention just as the bowler is about to deliver the ball.

I cannot close this chapter better than by quoting two anecdotes which show the force of these remarks, from an excellent book on Cricket by William Bolland, Esq.

In advising the field to pay attention, he writes, "An accident may soon occur if you are near the wicket. We are reminded of one which happened to Mr. Knatchbull, though it was not the penalty of inattention; but it will prove our remark true regarding the danger inattention may involve. He was keeping wicket, and suddenly moved, for good reasons, towards the point, standing close in upon the batsman. The ball was struck sharply to him, and hit him severely in the centre of the forehead and rebounded. In the excitement he shouted, 'Catch it, somebody;' and, strange to say, the catch was made by the bowler who had lately delivered the ball. Mr. Knatchbull assured us he felt no inconvenience from the blow, nor was any mark of violence perceptible upon him."

In cautioning players about the dangers of overthrows, our author writes: "Colonel Lowther and Mr. Walker, the left-handed bowler, a very fast runner, made an example of a field at Woolwich from an indiscreet shy. The Colonel was always a desperate runner of sharp runs, and stole many from his opponents. On this occasion he made a little tip, and ran it. Swish came the ball—missed the wicket; on went the Colonel and Walker, frequently both being simultaneously at the same wicket—swish, swish, going the ball. At last it came to the experienced hand of Captain Mundy, who closed the pantomime by imitating the clown's universal remedy in difficulty—viz., putting the ball in the pocket. Then came the inquiry from the scorers, 'How many are we to score?' and the umpire's reply, 'Why, you may put down five; but Mr. Walker has run a great many more!'"

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

A TALE OF OUDENDALE COLLEGE.

BY R. HOPE MONCRIEFF.

CHAPTER I.

"HURRAH! Finished at last!" sung out Master Thomas Brackenbury, one of a group of three boys who were sitting in one of the schoolrooms of Oudendale College on a September afternoon. There was no one else in the room, and the three were attentively regarding a roughly formed key, which work of art was apparently just receiving the finishing touches from a file which one of them held in his hand. This was a tall and dark boy, with rather a cunning and unprepossessing expression of countenance. His name was Howard Roberts, and he was a cousin of Brackenbury. The third, George Wyndham, was a pleasant-looking fellow, with blue eyes, regular features, and a great deal of that curly, light-brown hair which is peculiar to English boys. The only possible description of Master Brackenbury, commonly called "Tom" or "Brack," is that he was a careless, goodhumoured-looking fellow, whose merry eyes spoke of "larks" and impositions, and whose tongue, for ever in motion, proclaimed that its owner had neither the gift of silence nor the possession of deep and erudite wisdom.

"Finished at last! Now for a lark!" cried Master Tom, with manifest tokens of delight and exultation. "Ri tooral, ooral, ooral, diddle-de-dum!" he added, by way of strengthening his exclamation.

"Well, I'm game for anything you like," said his cousin Roberts. "Are you sure it will fit, though?"

"Sure as bricks. Chuck over the file, will you, George. I want to smooth down this rough place. Now, I say, you fellows, what shall we do now that we can get out? What do you vote, George?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Wyndham. "You have never told me yet what it is the key of."

Both the others burst out laughing.

"We'll tell you, but you musn't let on to anybody," said Tom. "It's the key of the master's garden, and we intend to get out some night and have some fun."

"And I have thought of such a capital dodge," said Roberts. "We might get out about one o'clock and bag a whole lot of old Hardy's plums. What do you say, Wyndham?"

"You don't think that I am going out to steal plums, do you?" cried George, rather indignantly. "I wish you had just told me what you were making that key for, and I would have had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, man, what's the use of being so particular?"

"You know quite well, Brack, that I don't like having anything to do with affairs of that sort. I wish you had never told me about it."

"I didn't know you were so particular."

"At all events, you musn't tell anybody," said Roberts. "If we had thought you were going to tell we would never have let you into the secret."

"You needn't be afraid. I won't tell, but I would rather not have anything to do with your plans;" and with that George Wyndham left the room.

"What a fool Wyndham is! I would never have let on to him, if I had thought he would have kicked up such a row," said Tom, when he had gone.

"Oh, never mind him. I vote we go and bag the plums all the same. Nobody will ever find out, and Wyndham won't tell, of course."

"Oh, shut up, Howard. Robbing gardens is unanimously voted low. There's no fun in that sort of thing, and it's beastly caddish. It's not the proper tip either—not correct—you know what I mean. Did you never read that beautiful thing Tennyson or Dr. Johnson, or one of those fellows, says—

> Him as prigs wot isn't his'n,
> When he's cotched 'll go to pris'n?

I should like some real lark, but none of your low dodges."

"Well, then, let us go and break some of that old humbug Lowton's cucumber-frames. It will pay him out nicely for telling Godfrey about that affair at the Warm Arms."

"Them's the words of wisdom, and I second that resolution," said Tom. "He's a horrid muff, that Lowton. Do you remember, Howard, when he found us at a pothouse with Arkley, how he looked glum at us out of his great goggles, and jawed away about all sorts of bosh for an hour? He told us that what he was saying was for our good."

"Then we'll break his cucumber-frames for *his* good," growled Roberts. "Won't he be mad! You must take your catapult, and we will have a bombardment from the top of the wall. Oh, what fun!"

"All right. We'll do the business without Miss George's assistance.

If you stay awake till eleven, I will till half-past twelve, and then we'll slip out while the other chaps are buried in the arms of—what's his name?"

"All right. But there goes the bell. Come along."

The two conspirators now separated and went into tea, after which followed preparation, so that they had not another opportunity of conversing until bedtime. Tom and Roberts slept in the same room, in which were also Wyndham and five others. When they were all ready, the captain of the room made a rattling sound upon the ventilator, which was the signal for the boys to say their prayers. This interval Tom and his cousin made use of to carry on a correspondence upon scraps of paper about their proposed nocturnal expedition. Tom was for revealing their plan to all the rest, but Roberts, who was of a suspicious and cautious disposition, wished to keep it secret. As in all cases of mischief the college boys were honoured with the first suspicions, he feared to be found out if he entrusted the plan to others, but hoped, by keeping it secret, to gratify his malice against Mr. Lowton with impunity. Moreover, as he and Tom had obtained leave to go and see his father, who was to be in the neighbourhood next day, he thought to escape an inquiry, if it should be instituted. Poor Tom had none of his cousin's cunning, and, eager for a lark, never reflected whether it were right or wrong, nor considered the chances of detection and punishment. However, he complied with Roberts' wish, and when prayers were over they got into bed without saying a word about their intention to any one.

George Wyndham never supposed that his companions really meant to carry their design into effect. He had not spoken to either of them since he left the room to escape Roberts' sneers, and now he fell into the refreshing sleep which happy and healthy boyhood alone can give, without thinking about the plot. But if he had remained awake, he would have seen Tom Brackenbury jump out of bed about twelve o'clock and awaken Roberts. The two then dressed themselves with great haste, and without much regard to their personal appearance, only speaking a few words under their breath. At length their preparations were completed, and they were just going to leave the room, when Tom said,—

"What have you put on that great-coat for? It aint yours, is it? No, I say, it's George Wyndham's. You'd better leave it."

"Hush! Never mind. It's a jolly big one, and I want something of the kind to keep me warm. Wyndham will never know."

Tom made no further objection, but led the way out of the bedroom, which opened into a large hall. Noiselessly crossing this, with their

boots in their hands, they pushed open a little door, which admitted them to a flight of steps leading down to the ground floor. Arrived at the bottom, they came to a small window, which was easily opened by pushing back the catch. Leaving it open, they then dropped down into a garden, at the end of which they found a small door which was locked. Roberts produced the key which we have seen them fabricating, and unlocked it. Then having passed out and shut, but not locked, the door, the boys put on their boots, and scampered down the road.

After they had gone about three hundred yards they turned up a path leading through some fields, and presently arrived under a low garden-wall.

"Now," said Roberts, "give me a leg up, and I will get over and see where these frames are. I don't know exactly, but when I have found them I shall whistle to you, and you must shy over some stones to me. Then when we've smashed them, you must get up on the wall and help me back."

"All right," said Tom; "fire away."

Roberts got up to the top of the wall and dropped into the garden. There was a crash of bushes heard, showing that he had not alighted on his feet.

"Holloa, old fellow, what's the row?" said Tom in a loud whisper. "Got a spill?"

"Ah, it's no matter. Now look out for my whistle."

Master Thomas was now left to his own reflections, which was a most uncommon predicament with him. It was very cold, he thought. If it wasn't for the fun he would rather be in bed at school. While making that key he had never thought of getting out at night to do mischief; and now, when he thought of it, there was no use in breaking Lowton's frames. The old boy was an awful muff, but he certainly did once protect Tom, then a very small boy, from a big bully who was licking him. It was a shame. George Wyndham was right. He was a jolly fellow, George, and it was a shame to humbug him. Roberts said he was a muff because he read a chapter of the Bible every day. But Roberts wasn't half so good at football as George was; and after all those awfully particular fellows were not so bad. Cholmondeley, who was captain last year, always read the Bible, they said. Oh, hang it, what was the use of breaking Lowton's frames? He would be shot if he would, after all. Such was the train of Tom's thoughts, and accordingly, hearing Roberts whistle close by, he said,—

"I say, look here. What's the fun of smashing this chap's frames? I think it's all bosh, and I vote to cut back. The whole fun's in coming out, you know, not in breaking things and climbing over walls."

To his surprise, Roberts made no opposition to his proposal, but answered,—

"All serene. I'll come over, and we'll go back."

Just then, a window in the house was opened, and Mr. Lowton, in full evening dress of spectacles, bedgown, and nightcap, looked forth into the garden, which was now clearly lighted by the almost full moon. Roberts shrank behind some bushes, but not before he was espied by Mr. Lowton, who immediately cried out, as loud as he could,—

"Robbers! Robbers! Help! Police! John, John, get your gun. They are in the gooseberry-bushes, beside the peach-tree. I see one lying down!"

Roberts, finding that he was seen, and terrified by the mention of John's gun, jumped up and attempted to climb over the wall. But he found it no easy task, and was obliged to ascend by the boughs of a small peach-tree nailed against the wall, several of which, in his hurry, he broke. When he reached the top, fancying that he heard the dreaded John and his gun behind him, he leapt down, and fell into a great puddle of water by the side of the astonished Tom Brackenbury, who lost no time in picking the flying hero up. They then started off for the school as fast as possible, the shouts of Mr. Lowton and his alarmed household pursuing them and spurring their steps to a speed which would have won the prize at the races any day.

"Well, here's a go!" said Tom, when they had got some distance, and paused to take breath. "I say, Howard, you have got all wet, and what a mess George's coat is in! I told you that you shouldn't take it. What's that the pockets are filled with? You must find it heavy."

"Oh, fives-balls, I dare say. Some of Wyndham's trumpery."

"Oh, I say, let's look. If they are fives, I shall ask George to give me one or two, for I am cleaned out just now, and haven't got one. What on earth does he want with so many balls? Let me look if they are fives."

"Oh, bother, Tom; don't keep us waiting. Let us get on as fast as we can, or we shall be nabbed. What ever tempted you to think of making that key?"

"Why, our butler. He's an awfully clever chap, and can make the rummest things out of ——"

"Well, I'll hear that another time. Come on."

They arrived at the garden-door without further adventure, and got into the school again in the same way as they had left it. But, as they were crossing the hall, a door opened, and some one looked out and said,—

"Who's there?"

The two boys made no answer to this interrogation, but crouched down in the shadow of a pillar until the door was shut and all was quiet again, when they regained their room in safety. Without speaking, lest they should awaken any of the others, they got into bed and soon fell asleep. Tom, at least, did; but when he was fairly asleep, Roberts rose quietly from his bed, and carefully locked away in his trunk something which he took from the pocket of Wyndham's great-coat. He then returned to his bed, and slept, this time in reality.

Now, the person who had caused them a momentary alarm in the hall was one of the masters, whose real name was Porbury, but who was always alluded to as the "donkey" by his undutiful and disrespectful subjects. The reason of this honourable designation was, that though Mr. Porbury was crammed full of every language and science, he was quite confused and incompetent when called upon to perform any of the common duties of life. When his wits were wanted for any trivial matter, they had to be fetched down from a lofty height of *ologies* and the most puzzling and crabbed species of *atics*, before they could be brought to bear upon it. Altogether his genius was cumbrous and unwieldy, and though it could go crashing and smashing through the apparently invincible lines of a Greek play, yet the smallest craft in the school could elude and foil this great hulk, just as the English ships attacked in safety the huge vessels of the Armada. Of course, his inefficiency was well known, and if boys were ever caught by him doing any mischief, they knew that, before he could exactly comprehend the affair, his attention would be directed to some abstruse question; so Tom and Roberts never thought that they would be detected by old Donkey, and went to bed without bestowing a second thought upon his appearance. But Mr. Porbury, who had been denied sleep for that night by a puzzling question in some mysterious science, had, in his own opinion, heard the sound of feet and voices; and although he could not discover the owner or owners of the same, yet he was not satisfied, nor did his mind rest when he shut the door. He had really heard a sound, and, after long reflection, it seemed therefore proved to him that the sound must have existed. It then occurred to him that there ought to be no sound at that time of night, and, therefore, that something unusual must have occurred. His next conclusion was that, as the persons producing the sound had not come forward to explain their conduct, there must be something wrong in it. Finally, after long deliberation and reflection, he determined to go to see if he could throw any light upon this singular circumstance, and, accordingly, walked

first into the bedroom, where our friends were, by this time, fast asleep. Having entered the room, he was about to walk up it, when he stumbled upon a coat which was lying on the floor, and, putting down his hands to save himself from falling, he found that it was quite wet. This struck him with astonishment, more especially when he saw, holding it up in the moonlight, that it was covered with fresh mud. Mr. Porbury stood astounded for some time, but at length, seeing that there was the evidence of something wrong in it, he resolved to carry it away to his own room, and to take counsel, next morning, with some other master, about it; the first part of which resolution he immediately carried into effect.

CHAPTER II.

Next morning, there was a regular row, as the phrase is, in Oudendale College. Mr. Lowton had waited early upon Dr. Godfrey, the head-master, to complain that some very fine peaches had been stolen from his garden, and the tree broken by a lad who, he was certain, was a college boy. Great injury had been done to the tree, which was a particularly rare specimen, and Mr. Lowton, being rather excited, made use of not very moderate language with regard to the college discipline. Dr. Godfrey, who was very angry at the imputation and the remarks accompanying it, immediately called a meeting of the masters, and laid the matter before them, giving it as his opinion that the college boys had nothing to do with it. But some discoveries had been made which tended to strengthen the suspicion. The master's garden had been found to be marked with recent footsteps leading from the garden-door to one of the windows. Some of the masters had heard footsteps during the night, and all along the hall there were traces of fresh mould, which were continued into Room No. 1. The suspicion arising from these facts became almost certainty when Mr. Porbury announced that he had found a wet and muddy great-coat on the floor of this same room. The coat was recognised, from the name written inside, as belonging to George Wyndham, whom Dr. Godfrey immediately set down, in his own mind, as the culprit, having an old grudge against him for accidentally knocking off his "mortar board," one day, with a snowball. It will be seen that Dr. Godfrey was by no means a very desirable master, for he was harsh and unforgiving, and was too apt to put petty tricks and mistakes in the same rank with crimes of a worse description. Not of a very malicious temper, he had a great regard for himself, and was in the habit of disliking a boy merely because he fancied that he had been disrespectful. Add to this

that he was cold and polite almost to a ridiculous degree, and it may be conceived that there was not much love lost between master and pupils. Such was the master of Oudendale.

There now appeared more evidence against George. A master who had gone into one of the schoolrooms, the previous day, to fetch a book, remembered seeing him, with two others, making a key with a file. He particularly noticed their occupation, and that one of them, whose face had been turned towards him, was George Wyndham. The other two he did not recognise. Here was the opening of the door explained. George was therefore summoned to answer for himself, though his own form master, Mr. Campion, expressed his full conviction that he would be able to explain these very suspicious circumstances.

George Wyndham soon entered the room, and was very much surprised when he heard the charge brought against him. Dr. Godfrey summed up the evidence, and concluded by saying,—

"It seems perfectly certain that some boys of this college have disgraced themselves by perpetrating this most atrocious act, and as certain that you have been one of them. The only way by which you may lighten your punishment will be to confess your participation and to yield up the names of your wretched associates. I never thought that there were any but gentlemen at Oudendale, and am deeply grieved to find how ill-founded my pride and confidence were."

George flushed up, as he always did when he was indignant, and he answered, shortly,—

"I had nothing to do with it."

"Do not add a lie to your disgraceful conduct. You did do it, sir; I feel perfectly satisfied that you did," thundered Dr. Godfrey.

"Appearances are certainly against you, Wyndham," said Mr. Campion, "but perhaps you can account for the wet great-coat and the other circumstances which form our evidence. I cannot believe you to be a thief, even on such strong proofs."

"Thank you, sir," said George, with a smile. "I say that I had nothing to do with it. I am not a thief!"

"Don't get into a passion!" said Dr. Godfrey. "We will decide the matter by the plain facts, and not by your protestations and haughty looks."

"You say that you had nothing to do with it, but perhaps you may know who had?" said another master.

George looked on the floor, and was silent.

"Do you hear, sir?" said Dr. Godfrey. "Do you know who has done this?"

George now became very red, and answered in a confused manner,—

"No—not exactly—I think I do."

"Upon whom, then, do your suspicions fall? Beware of deceiving me."

"I would rather not say, sir."

"What! Oh, then you know all about it, and refuse to inform me. It is too evident that you were concerned in it; and unless you reveal the whole matter, you will be punished for it."

"I can't tell you, sir."

"This is impertinence. George Wyndham, go to your room and remain there for the rest of the day. I shall speak to all the school, and unless some one confesses the whole truth to me, you leave this college to-day, for a thief may remain in it no longer."

"Do speak out and tell the truth!" said Mr. Campion, earnestly.

George shook his head, and, in obedience to a second command from Dr. Godfrey, went up to his room.

He had been so taken aback by this sudden accusation that he had not had time to think about it; but now he began to reflect upon his position. He had no doubt that Roberts and Brackenbury were the authors of the mischief, but ought he to tell upon them? If he did not, the master was sure to carry his threat into effect, more especially as he was by no means a favourite with that dignitary. It would be hard to leave the college and all his friends; and why should he suffer for others when he was perfectly innocent? His own expulsion would hurt and annoy his family even more than himself. Roberts and Brackenbury were always doing something wrong, and they ought to be punished. But then the secret of the key and the plan for going out had been revealed to him in that unsuspicious confidence which schoolboys ever hold sacred—and should he break that? Roberts and Brackenbury had opened their hearts to him in the full understanding that he would not tell upon them, and certainly, in honour, he was bound to preserve their secret. George could not for a little make up his mind which course he ought to follow, but he determined to do what was right, come what might. "I wish I had never known anything about their secrets!" sighed George. Then he began to think whether the Bible said anything which might bear upon the matter, and could only remember two verses, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men," and "A talebearer revealeth secrets, but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter." At length he made up his mind. The two cousins were away spending the day with a relative, but when they came back, perhaps they might confess and save him. At all events, he determined to suffer any punishment rather than breathe a word of the very strong suspicions which he had.

"All is lost but honour!" he said, with a smile, when he had come to this determination, and resolved to stick to his first answer. He felt quite composed now, and sat reading till the hour of twelve released his companions from Homer and Virgil, and sent them running and shouting into the playground. Not one came near him, being, in fact, forbidden to do so; but presently William, the college servant, commonly called Bill Rufus, from his brilliant capillary attractions, appeared with a message from Dr. Godfrey, who wished to know if Wyndham still refused to give him the information which he requested. George told Bill to tell him that he would say nothing more than he had already said, and added,—

"I say, Rufus—I mean William—do tell me if the fellows believe that I did this?"

"Not one of them. They all say that you have nothing to do with it—and I think so, too. I have been used to young gentlemen this twenty years come October, and I never saw one so unlikely to be picking and stealing as you, Master Wyndham, though you were caned the other day for making such a row in the fourth-form room; and such a dust as there was, and Dr. Godfrey coming in, too. And that reminds me that he is awfully waxy about this business—far more than when you can't say your Virgil or your *amo* and all the other Greek nouns. And sure learning's a very fine thing, and by it some day you'll all come to be grand and mighty doctors, and order about poor chaps like me, which reminds me that I am ordered to tell you to pack up your things, if you won't answer, and a trap is to come for you at five o'clock, to take you down to the train. Now, I daren't stay, for I was to come back immediately; and, Master Wyndham, I'm very sorry you are in a row, and I hope you'll get out of it all right."

Having uttered this long expression of his thoughts and feelings, without much regard to the rules of punctuation, William went away. He was quite a character, and at any other time George would have been greatly amused by his oddities, but now he was in no laughing mood, for his fate seemed decided, unless Roberts and Brackenbury confessed. So he must be expelled, and perhaps the truth would never come to light. He knew that his family would believe in his innocence, but many others who did not know him so well, would think ill enough of him when they heard that he had been expelled from Oudendale College for stealing peaches. Oh! it was hard to bear, but it must be borne. He was now fairly overcome by this sudden and disgraceful trouble, and falling on his knees, he prayed to God to show his innocence and to save him, but still never thought of informing upon his

companions. Long and earnestly did he pray, and he rose from his knees with a tranquil spirit, and a firm determination to bear all for what he thought right. He then set about packing up his clothes. William brought him his books at five o'clock, and informed him that the fly was now waiting, and that the master wished to see him before he left. With a bold heart and a resolved mind he went into the dreaded presence. Dr. Godfrey gave him a long lecture, pointing out the heinousness of the crime, which it was evident that he had committed, and his own clemency in not making the punishment of a more public character. Finally, the master bade George a cold adieu, with many expressions of pity and advice, which made his blood flush up to his face, and his teeth close tighter upon his clenched lips. But he restrained himself, and without a tear walked out of the room, and was driven off from Oudendale College.

Mr. Campion, the master of George's form, could not yet bring himself to believe that his favourite had been guilty of such an act, and after vainly endeavouring to procure a mitigation of the punishment from Dr. Godfrey, he began to think if he could not discover the truth for himself. Accordingly, he paid a visit to the bedroom in which our friends slept, and carefully looked round it in hopes of seeing something which might cast some light on the matter. He was accidentally struck by seeing a number of pieces of paper lying beside two of the beds, and, picking them up, he saw upon one the word "Lowton's," which led him to examine them closely. They were all scrawled over in pencil, and after a little trouble, he found some which fitted together and formed the following note :—

"Are you still game for old Lowton's to-night?"

Some other pieces made—

"Don't tell Wyndham, or he will carry on just as he did when we asked him to come. He won't tell, I know, and we ——"

The rest of this was not to be found.

When Mr. Campion had read these notes, he thought that he saw a solution of the mystery. He recognised the first of them as the handwriting of Brackenbury; the second, he thought looked like that of Roberts. In fact, he had picked up some of the fragments of the notes which these two had written to one another the previous evening, while the rest were at prayers. Elated with his discovery, Mr. Campion rushed down with the pieces to Dr. Godfrey, who, having examined them, was obliged to admit that there was something to be made out of their contents.

"I think I know the writing of each," said Mr. Campion, "but, at

all events, I have the form's verses in my pocket, and we will see if there are any written in the same hands. Ah! Just as I thought," he continued, when he had looked over the bundle of verses; "there they are—Roberts and Brackenbury. It is quite evident. And both those boys have been absent from the school to-day, so they have not known that Wyndham was accused."

"True. But, if I remember rightly, I only gave them leave till five o'clock, so they should be here by this time. Will you have the goodness to order William to send them to me whenever they arrive?"

At this very moment Roberts and Brackenbury were entering the gates of the college. They then separated, and Tom went in search of some one of his acquaintances to whom he might confide the day's adventures. But the court into which he went was quite empty, and only one little boy came running out, and said,—

"I say, Brackenbury, Bill Rufus is looking for you everywhere. I think the master wants you."

"Walker," answered Master Tom, dubiously, for he was an old bird, and not to be caught with his own chaff. But William appearing, and confirming the intelligence, Tom was obliged to go away, not much perturbed by the summons, however, as it was with him quite a common occurrence. Being used to get into scrapes, his thoughts did not recur to his last night's escapade, and he was therefore greatly astonished when the master said sharply,—

"Brackenbury, did you steal Mr. Lowton's peaches last night?"

"No—I really didn't, sir. I never stole his peaches."

"Take care, now. Were you out of the college?"

Tom was neither deceitful nor cowardly by nature; and, besides, he saw that the master knew all, so he answered boldly,—

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! we are getting at the truth now. There has been a complaint made by Mr. Lowton that some of the boys last night stole his peaches and destroyed a valuable tree. Against one boy very strong evidence was discovered, and, as he refused to confess the truth and reveal the names of his associates, he has been expelled from this college. That boy was George Wyndham. But I have since made some discoveries which tend to throw suspicion upon you and to exculpate him. Now, confess all that you know, and beware of deceiving *me*."

While Dr. Godfrey was speaking thus, Tom's face had exhibited unmistakeable signs of guilt, and then of amazement at hearing of George Wyndham's scrape. When the master had finished, he burst out,—

"What *have* you done? He never did it. I and Rob—another fellow, did it. We never stole any peaches, though; I assure you we didn't. We went to the garden to break his cucumber-frames, only I thought we had better not, and then we came back. But George wouldn't come when we asked him, because he said it was wrong."

Tom was evidently very sorry that George had been falsely accused, and made a full confession of the circumstances, only still maintaining that they had not stolen the peaches. Dr. Godfrey now saw that George was innocent, and repented of his harshness and hastiness. While he was examining Tom a small knock was heard at the door. A sudden idea seized him. He motioned to Tom to walk into an inner room, and then cried out "Come in," at which Roberts entered with an appearance of indifference, but with a guilty and fearing heart, for he had met fellows who had informed him of what had passed.

"I believe you wished to speak to me, sir," he said, in a subdued and respectful voice.

"Oh, yes," answered the master. "I wished to know if you were out of the college last night?"

"No, sir."

"Then was Brackenbury, do you happen to know?"

"No, sir. He was not out either, I'm sure."

"You have told me a lie, sir," said Dr. Godfrey, quietly.

Roberts grew very red; but what were his feelings when Tom was called from the inner room and confronted with him! His assumed calmness now forsook him, and he offered to confess all. Still, however, he tried to equivocate, but Tom, who was now disgusted with his cousin's duplicity and meanness, corrected him, and insisted on telling the whole truth. At length, Roberts, seeing that he was detected, and that it was as well to tell all, confessed to having taken the peaches without saying anything to Tom, who, he thought, might not like it. He also confessed that he had known of George's expulsion when he had denied that he was out of the college, which, of course, made his crime far worse. Finally, after making the whole affair plain, the wretched coward burst into tears and howled for mercy. He had deceived his own companion about the peaches; and, when he heard that George was expelled for refusing to tell, he had resolved, trusting in his silence, not to confess. When he understood the whole truth of the matter, Tom Brackenbury was thoroughly disgusted with his cousin and with himself, and saw how foolish and wicked his conduct had been. Roberts was a scamp of the first water, but Tom, though easily led astray by evil companions, was not what would be called a bad boy,

and he now resolved that, in future, he would imitate and associate with fellows who were neither fond of carrying on "larks" which the masters would not approve of, nor of telling lies. Up to this time, Tom had always thought that "jolly fellows" were those who broke all laws, and disregarded all authority in pursuit of "fun;" but Roberts' meanness did more than twenty "jawings" would have done to remove this notion, and to show him that boys who scrupled to do what the masters thought wrong were not of necessity "sneaks" or "muffs." So the two boys stood waiting while Dr. Godfrey was deliberating what their punishment should be.

In the mean time the boys were all standing outside in a crowd, for there was a report that something had turned up in George Wyndham's favour, and George was liked by nearly every fellow in the college, so there was some anxiety to hear if it was true. After a while Mr. Campion came out and said hurriedly,—

"Wyndham is cleared. Could any of you run to the station before the train goes and bring him back? You have quite ten minutes."

"Hurrah!" shouted the whole crowd, and started off with one accord to the station, which was about a mile distant. Away they all went to the station, breaking the bounds without fear, and rushing up the green lanes at a splendid pace. The smaller ones soon dropped behind, but the two best runners in the school reached the station before the train arrived, and burst upon George with the welcome tidings. One by one the rest of the school came up, and made such a noise congratulating, hurrahing, and so forth, that the passengers in the train, which just then came up, were perfectly bewildered. Then they bore George back in triumph, and the procession entered the grounds of the college just as the tea-bell was ringing.

"Well, was he right or wrong, do you think?" said one of the masters, as some of them were talking over the circumstance that evening.

"Wrong, in my opinion," answered another. "Wrong to run the risk of ruining his prospects in life and annoying his family, rather than give up to justice two scamps who richly deserved to be punished."

"Not so," said Mr. Campion. "I think he was right, inasmuch as he was doing what the school-laws of honour directed him to do. School-boy confidence is most sacred and inviolate, and the boy who breaks it is not likely to be distinguished for honesty in after-life. He did what he was accustomed to regard as right, and had he been wrong in reality —which I do not admit—I would still admire his conduct."

"Oh, you're young, Campion, and don't look rightly at it. When

you are as old as I am, you will have found that it is everyone's best plan to look out for himself. Besides, I can prove that he was decidedly wrong. Do you mean to tell me that any one is to be allowed to let his private scruples stand in the way of justice? Why, in that case all law would be completely abolished. In the first place——"

"Oh, stop, stop, Henderson. I would rather not reason upon the subject, as, doubtless, Wyndham never reasoned about it. As we must look at the peculiar customs and habits of schoolboys, when we wish to decide upon their conduct, I can have no hesitation in saying that George Wyndham was right in his decision upon this point of honour."

"I agree with you," said another master.

"More than I do," growled Mr. Henderson.

"This affair, I think, will do good in two different ways," said Mr. Campion. "In the first place, it will teach Dr. Godfrey not to be so hasty in forming judgments. He has a bad habit of taking likes and dislikes to boys, and consequently is prejudiced against them. Yet he seemed sorry for having punished Wyndham, and told him so before the whole school, which was right. I think that he was also very right in expelling Roberts, and in letting Brackenbury off with a flogging. And secondly, it will do good by showing to the school an example of honour and self-denial among themselves. I think it is well for schoolboys to have a good *esprit du corps* and to stick well to each other. Some people may not agree with me, but I would rather have a class formed of idle blockheads, who would act rightly and honestly to one another, than of Balliol scholars, senior wranglers, and unfledged bishops, who would not. Honour and truth seem to me to be worth all the Greek and Latin in the world."

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes," said Mr. Henderson. "Wish you joy of your model class, Campion; and I think I'll go to bed. Dear me, when I was young, there was never so much discussion made about a boy's feelings or intentions. If any fellow did wrong he got well thrashed by the master, without any words about it, and none more frequently than your humble servant. *Tempora mutantur.* Good night."

"*Sed tu non mutaris in eis*, Henderson," said Mr. Campion, laughing.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE EIGHTH—OF INVENTIONS.

WATT invented steam.

Munchausen did without it. Which is the greater? — Never mind, together they are greatest; all others count for naught beside them. There remains no true record of the genius of Watt; accept this apology for one—in honour of myself.

EARLY INVENTIONS.

I invented the cradle that rocked me to sleep, swayed by those very kicks and struggles which the gentle motion tended to subdue; and on the day mamma put me into short clothes, sketched out the plan for a simple but effective teeth-cutting machine, by means of which infants may cut their teeth without inflicting loss of rest upon either parent. Details forgotten; enough that the leading firm in Birmingham owes its enormous wealth to this capital invention, stolen from me before I was old enough to spell "Patent."

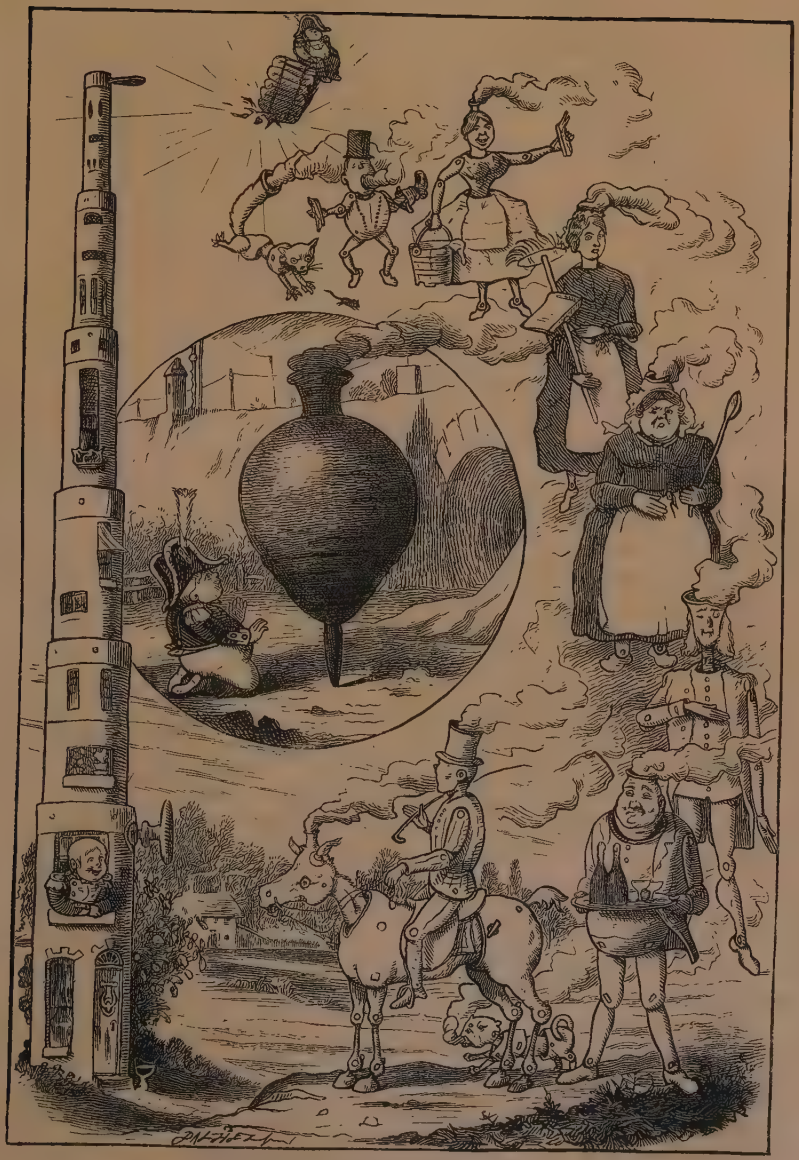
This was a blow—still, with my active intelligence, I soon recovered, and in a fortnight after I had been exiled to a distant boarding school, turned my attention to the question of tops. The result—my enormous

STEAM PEG-TOP.

steam peg-top—a great beauty—larger than a beer-barrel—all the pistons working on a vertical axis, the steam kept up by the motion of five-and-forty gun-flints, striking sparks round the steel peg, thus keeping up a constant supply of heat under the boiler. The merits of the invention are not easily numbered; I will only say here that the top spun from morning till night unceasingly, and did away with the enormous trouble of winding with string.

I was only a *little* boy at that time; in my ignorance I said, "This is the thing to upset railroads!" forgetting that, fast as my "boxer" went round, it had no idea of going on.

Not such a bad beginning though, eh? Indeed, after I had been well



YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—INVENTIONS.

flogged for neglecting my lessons while engaged in the manufacture of this wonderful top, I enriched science, and at the same time revenged myself upon my savage instructor, by inventing a cast-iron schoolmaster, which taught us ten languages, the classics, arithmetic, algebra, mathematics, trigonometry, physical geography, and English grammar, with this advantage over the ordinary dominie, that by the unyielding sternness of its look, it so put down all rude and impudent urchins, that flogging ceased in our school from the hour that it entered the class-room; one puff from its funnel being more than enough to quiet the more daring of the fifteen hundred boys over whom it ruled.

STEAM DOMINIE.

But I was already getting tired of steam. I saw that with all its power, it was but a clumsy invention at the best. I made my patent conveyance cracker, with three hundred and sixty-five bangs—any one of which was capable of safely jerking the proprietor to the place towards which he had made up his mind to go. The objections to it were few, the principal one being that as each cracker lasted but for one year, and yet cost in construction no less than fifteen shillings, its expense lifted it out of the reach of those numerous classes who never have any money at all.

CONVEYANCE CRACKER

However, digging an artesian well with my new but unpatented borer, I thought when at the depth of about a hundred leagues, that after passing through fifty miles of solid granite, I must at last have come upon the great Central Fire; and so it proved. Here then see steam outdone at last.

THE GREAT CENTRAL FIRE.

It was but to bring this great Heat up in asbestos buckets, and I had my power to my hand. The next day I rented, bought, leased, or otherwise occupied all the vacant farms in England, drained the land, threshed, cut crops, harvested, sold, bought, sent to market, kept accounts, all by my Central-Heat-propelled machinery. The one thing I could not at once accomplish was subsoil ploughing, but I soon settled that by working my "central-fire plough" under instead of over the ground, by which means I managed to get a depth of good arable soil quite unparalleled in the history of farming.

I am sorry to say I did not quite understand the effects of my great discovery after all, for, reasoning that in the vacant space left in the earth by the withdrawal of the Fire I might deposit all that sour and stagnant water which so hinders cultivation in low-lying lands, I bored another hole, let the useless fluid down, and, as you will find if you ask Charles Dickens, at that very time we were suddenly afflicted with

violent earthquakes. I saw at once that the earth was about being blown up. I hurried to the other side of the globe, and there boring a somewhat smaller hole, let the water out again with a terrible commotion and steam—it was all I could do.

WORLD MIGHT HAVE BEEN BLOWN UP.

But notwithstanding the trouble, it taught me one fact in agriculture —Never to drain an estate by merely carrying the water into the next parish, but to pass it right through the world at once, and get it out of the way.

Luckily, neither earthquakes, ditch-water, nor any other mishaps have yet extinguished the Great Fire, and although I sometimes fancy the earth is cooler than it used to be, I yet draw upon it for the ready means of carrying on my many and wonderful schemes.

USEFUL LIST.

A Sewing Machine, that cuts out, bastes, sews, stitches, herring-bones, turns down, brushes, and sends home.

A Beating Frame for carpets.

A Carding Engine for address cards.

A Drawing, Slubbing, and Roving Frame for artists on sketching tours.

A Throstle Spinning Frame for music-halls.

A Self-acting Mule for costermongers.

A Hammering Machine to hammer fat men thin.

A Drilling Machine for the Volunteers.

A Punching Machine for Tom Sayers.

A Planing Machine for levelling Switzerland; and

A Newspaper Machine for printing three hundred thousand copies in five minutes, and delivering them at the door of the retailer before he is out of bed in the morning.

But of all my Central-Heat inventions none at all approached my establishment of automaton servants, formed on the following plan :—

AUTOMATON ESTABLISHMENT.

A Butler who bottled in, laid down, took up, and put on the table at the right moment the most delicious wines known in Europe, without ever tasting or spilling a drop.

A Footman, with calves and irreproachable manner, who waited at table, cleaned plate, and adorned the hall-door without either making love to the cook or flirting with the housemaid.

A Cook, equal to Francatelli and modest as Soyer, without a trace of bad temper.

A Housemaid, could sweep, scrub, and dust without insolence or disdain.

A Scullery Maid who was clean.

A Page who never cut off one of his hundred buttons.

A Groom who used good language, and never stole the oats, because there were none to steal.

A Horse which never ate, drank, jibbed, reared, or stumbled.

A Dog who only barked at thieves and German bands ; and

A Cat who could catch the mouse without murdering the canary bird—all worked by machinery set in motion by Central Heat, brought up from the depth of a hundred leagues in buckets of asbestos.

I turned my attention to house-building once—began with glass houses, but suffered from heat and the tendency of every inmate to grow tall, like flowers under a frame ; besides, as everybody could see what we were doing—here was, even to Munchausen, another drawback. My house on wheels was the next attempt, but as it was put about that I travelled in a house on wheels for the sole purpose of evading my income-tax collector, I gave it up to Wombwell, who turned it into a menagerie, and set to work on a folding house, which would lay flat and free from housebreakers while we were at Scarborough for the season—still, as the postman could not find the slit in the door after the house was packed up, and I thereby lost so many letters, I was obliged to make an accordion house, that pulled in and out at discretion, playing operatic music meanwhile ; but Mr. Balfe, who paid me a visit, getting up in the middle of the night to play "See, he comes!" I got so badly squeezed in one of the folds, that I could only find comfort in the idea for a telescope house, built in accordance with my means at that time, but so constructed as to pull out like a telescope, as my fortune and its incumbrances increased upon me. This plan, founded upon so much foregone experience, is quite the best yet known, and has already given rise to that new style for which architects have been so long gazing. It is called "The Floriatelescopicwithawinchausen style."

GLASS HOUSE.

WHEEL HOUSE.

FLAT HOUSE.

MUSIC HOUSE.

TELESCOPE HOUSE.

Out of this house I pulled my well-known laboratory, where my too-famous experiments in chemistry, electricity, magnetism, and spectrum analysis were carried on.

Here I invented my soluble electro-magnet, for drawing iron into the human system. This alone has brought me more honours than I can tell, save in an appendix. It has given iron constitutions to all the peoples of Europe, and already enabled the Italians to free themselves from their worst oppressors, who failed to

SOLUBLE MAGNET.

swallow my magnet. My speaking electric telegraph, which delivers messages in the exact tone of voice in which they are given, is not yet allowed as a witness in our law courts, but its general utility has long been admitted.

VOICE PHOTO.

Of course you have heard (talking of human voice) of my photographic invention, by which not only are features and form indelibly impressed upon the collodion, but words spoken at the time of operation are printed on the background in clear legible Roman characters. It is not within the limits of probability that any one but Munchausen could have prepared a film so sensitive; it has been made in connection with a galvanic battery, which so shocks the feelings of dishonest persons, shopkeepers, tickets-of-leave, and the like, that they at once return to upright and irreproachable lives, taking with them thereunto photographs of the last wicked words they dared to use.

It was through my microscope that the ultimate Atom was descried —I say no more! With my telescope I have held conversations with the man in the moon—my combined thermobarometer gives the weather for a year to come—never fails—has done away with all chance of shipwreck; but, alas! ruined my friend, poor Admiral Fitzroy.

THE "MUNCHY."

My safety-lamp, now used in preference to either "Geordie" or "Davy," is called the "Munchy." In addition to giving a light more brilliant than the so-called electric light, it cooks a joint, boils a kettle, bakes a pie, and roasts a potato, while the miner is quietly getting on with his work. It is lighted with a gas non-explosive, non-conductive, free from smell, self-generative, and made for nothing; the only cost is first hand for the lamp itself, sold by Deane & Co., price sixpence.

I discovered Aluminium, Thallium, and the water-glass process. In this top chamber of my telescopic house I distilled a poison so strong and so tasteless, that an accident happening in its wholesale manufacture at my works at Sheffield, we were forced to attribute the enormous number of deaths to the bursting of a reservoir, for fear of the fury of the populace, who, had they but known the truth, would have killed the innocent Munchausen with a dose of his own extract; luckily since then I have discovered that cold water is the antidote, so in case of accident it is best to run to the water-butt.

NARROW ESCAPE.

When I tumbled on the philosopher's stone, I broke it into three pieces—one I sent to Baron Rothschild, the second to Lord Palmerston; but the third I kept. The Jew has wealth, the statesman health, and the philosopher perpetual youth.

"A very sensible division," said Pam, in reply, for which compliment I here publicly thank him. While the philosopher's stone was engaging my attention, I found, quite by accident, the universal solvent, by means of which I restore geological specimens to their original state. I cannot yet get them to speak, or even to walk, but as a young megatherium squeaked like a sucking pig yesterday, on being put into the pot for my dinner, I have hopes of restoring these gentle creatures to the world in time, if I have but patience.

A COMPLIMENT.

The price of coals has gone up this year considerably, but I don't wonder at that, for as I have found that my carbon refiner consumes upwards of a ton of Wallsend to make but one Koh-i-noor, you may guess that I use a large quantity of coal in the course of a year.

DIAMONDS FROM COAL.

I keep all the hospitals of England well drenched with oxygen gas, by means of my oxyvaporiser. Indeed, what with galvanism, mesmerism, cayenne pepper, and common soda, I am enabled to send out as cured ninety-nine $\frac{999}{1000}$ths of every hundred patients received into these establishments. This is gratifying, and as my Geyser pipes have just been laid on, and a plentiful supply of hot water will be spread from Iceland all over the world, I look even to a more complete result in time.

OXYVAPORISER.

My guillotine amputator, for taking off limbs, has a compensation movement, by which the ends of the nerves and arteries are all caught up, a piece of my artificial epidermis spread over, and an acorn planted in the hollow of the bone, so that in a few weeks the patient finds that he has grown his own wooden leg.

My artificial eyes enable people to see so keenly that Lord Shaftesbury came to me only last week and implored me to take out the pair I had given him, as they forced him to see so clearly the faults of other people that he could not bear it any longer.

EYES AND VOICE.

That my artificial voices are a great success, may be settled at once by any one who cares to take the trouble of listening to either Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bellew, or Mr. Spurgeon.

Of my centrifugal railway "all round the world in half an hour;" of my fire-escape, a kind of bellows, blowing the fire away from the person wearing it, I say nothing. I will only remind you that I invented spectrum analysis, and the art of procuring endless supplies of emerald green cheese from the moon at the full.

ST. JOHN'S EVE; OR, THE FOUR DESTINIES.

A LEGEND OF PORTUGAL.

Told by FATHER MANUEL, *Monk of the Order of St. Francis, to*

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—THE FOUR DESTINIES.

THE following events occurred during the most glorious days of the Lusitanian Monarchy, when the victorious fleets of Portugal extended their renowned voyages, as well to the far-off lands of the ancient East, as to the distant shore of the New World, lately discovered by the enterprise of the daring Genoese, Colombo. Those were the days when our foes crouched humbly before us, and when by the power of our conquering swords we compelled the hapless heathens to believe in our Holy Church—that Church now trampled on and despised by the infidels and political economists of the present generation, that Church which established the Holy Inquisition, and more than all was the firm protector of the pious monks of St. Francis. Ah me! Ah me! But to my story. Not far from the renowned and ancient city of Oporto, on the south bank of the gold-bearing Douro, was and still exists in all its beauty the picturesque village of Avintez, embosomed in groves of orange, olive, and almond trees, while the heights around are covered with tall and umbrageous woods. It is indeed a lovely spot, and worthy of the fair damsels inhabiting it, who have ever been celebrated in the neighbouring districts for their beauty. Among the prettiest maidens in the village were two sisters, Rosa and Maria by name, daughters of an honest lavrador well to do in the world, who esteemed his children—and therein he was right—not the least valuable portion of his possessions. It was on the Eve of the Festival of St. John, that day so celebrated throughout the whole of Christendom, and Rosa and Maria, dressed in their *festa* costume, were about to set forth to a merry-making which was to take place at the house of a relation who lived at the other end of the *povoa* (village). How pretty they looked with their large broad-

brimmed hats, and the white handkerchiefs falling over their shoulders, their little corkscrew ringlets, their large gold ear-rings, their blue jackets and cloth petticoats, their thick gold chains and their new *socos* (wooden shoes), decked out for conquest yet unconscious of the power of their artillery. "To the wild beasts of the forest Heaven has given teeth and claws to defend themselves, to the birds of the air talons and beak, to man courage and strength; but denying these to woman, it has given her charms to disarm their power," says the poet, and truly I, though an aged monk, fully agree with him. Old Domingos, the father of Rosa and Maria, was unable to accompany them, and their mother being dead they were compelled to leave home without any escort, but they were well accustomed to go abroad by themselves, and had no cause to fear any danger for the short distance they were to journey. There was one danger, however, of which they happened not to think. It was then the custom throughout the country, and still is in many parts, for the young men to sally forth on St. John's Eve to levy toll on all passers, young and old, rich and poor, men or women, and to offer what they thus collected at the shrine of the saint—the nature and amount of the toll, it must be remarked, being generally at the option of the receiver instead of the giver. Thus from young maidens, especially if they were pretty, the contribution demanded was generally a kiss from their ruby lips; hence if the saint was mulcted of more substantial offerings, he received an abundant supply of these second-hand. The priests at one time declared that receiving kisses in lieu of money was a heathen custom and ought to be discontinued, but somehow or other their parishioners did not attend to their remarks, and so at last they gave up preaching on the subject. Now, it seems so odd that Rosa and Maria should have forgotten this custom, that I am inclined to doubt the fact of their want of memory. They had not gone far when they beheld advancing as if to meet them two young men, with their hats adorned with ribbons, set jauntily on one side, and their *violas* (guitars), with which they were accompanying their voices, in their hands. It is odd that in their song the names of Rosa and Maria often occurred with the words *linda*, *amores*, and *casada*, which may be translated pretty, love, and married. On hearing which the maidens looked at each other, blushed, clapped their hands, and burst into shrieks of laughter. The youths now advanced rapidly, crying out, "A toll to St. John, a toll to St. John," on which the maidens, recollecting the penalty for venturing out on that day, turned round and endeavoured to escape by running, though it might be supposed that they must have been aware of the hopelessness of the attempt. At all events their pursuers very soon

overtook them, nor did the penalty they were compelled to pay appear very much to discompose them; they laughed and blushed and pretended to defend their faces, but finished, as is usual in such cases, by giving what was asked. This little drama being concluded, the young men turned back with them, both to prevent their being compelled to pay the toll to any one else, and also because they themselves happened to be going to the same merry-making as the maidens were. It must be confessed also that not only were they old acquaintances but that they respectively affected a tenderer sentiment towards each other. Rosa's admirer was called Francisco Martello, and her sister's lover rejoiced in the name of João Lobo, both as fine, good-looking youths as one would wish to see.

When they reached the house of their relation many of the guests were assembled. Near the entrance of the house, with a broad open space before it, overshadowed by stout cork-trees, was an altar with candles surrounding an image of St. John, and encircled by an arbour of branches and flowers, which made it look very pretty and highly edifying to all beholders. Then some of the guests began to sing and play on their violas and fifes, while others stood up to dance, exhibiting their grace and agility in a most commendable manner. Indeed, everybody was full of life and animation and perfectly contented: their fish was fried and a wine-cask was broached, and they eat and drank and were happy. As night drew on, some returned to their homes, but others, among whom were Rosa and Maria with their lovers, remained. Now the good woman of the house was a great adept in telling fortunes, and everybody being tired with dancing they sat round in a circle while a glass was brought out and the white of an egg thrown into it, that each one might see what might be his future lot in life, the which practice though I do not much commend, as it partakes of the character of a heathen superstition, I yet hope that the soul is not thereby perilled. It first fell to Rosa to try her fate. The glass was well shaken, when as clear as could be a coach and horses appeared in it. "Ha! ha! ha!" cried everybody, clapping their hands. "Then she will be a great donna to a certainty." "Alas!" cried Francisco Martello, "then she will forget her humble lover and marry some rich fidalgo." "No indeed," exclaimed Rosa; "if I ever become a great lady, though you had lost a leg or an arm, or were blind of an eye, without a cincoreizinnos in your pocket, I would love you still." "I will remember your promise, my sweet Rosa, but I trust never thus to have to put you to so hard a proof, for both our sakes," exclaimed the enraptured Francisco, pressing her hand affectionately, at which she blushed and smiled, and they were

both very happy, as young people when they are good and innocent ought to be. The glass was next passed to Maria, and when she had shaken it, there appeared a large house, with a number of windows and a handsome portal, all as clear as if it had been drawn by an artist. When the party saw this they again all clapped their hands with such shouts and peals of laughter that the whole house rung again. "Maria will be a great lady also to a certainty," they cried. "Remember, Maria, when you become a fidalga you must get me a place at court," said one. "And get me made a judge," "and me the governor of a city," said others. All were indeed passing off their jokes, merry and full of glee, except João Lobo, who looked grave and melancholy. "I suppose, then, that Senhora Donna Maria will discard her humble lover, poor João Lobo, and will marry some proud fidalgo, who will trample him down with his proud steed," he said, speaking bitterly, and giving her the title of Fidalga. It was now Maria's turn to look grave and vexed. "Oh! you men never give us poor women credit either for truth or constancy," she exclaimed. "Now let me tell you, Senhor João, that I am as capable of true love as you are, and that if you prove faithful to me I shall not be wanting, that I promise you." "What, if I was to lose a leg or an arm and to come a ragged beggar to your door?" said João, his brow clearing at this honest declaration of her love for him. "Ay, so that you do not make me wait too long," she answered, laughing. "I have no wish to die an old maid." After the glass had been passed round to a number of girls, whose fortunes thus predicted were very various, though generally fortunate, it came to the turn of the young men to try their lot. Among the first Francisco Martello took the glass in his hand and shook it, laughingly observing that good luck never came to him. As before, all the young faces eagerly pressed forward to examine the magic glass, some declaring that the egg scattered on it represented a cathedral with tall gothic spires, and that he would be a bishop to a certainty, but the greater number, and those the most sagacious, insisted on it that it was a ship, and that his lot would accordingly take him to sea. "Then I shall lose a leg or an arm to a certainty, and minha Rosa bella will have to pay the penalty," he exclaimed, laughing and putting his arm round her waist and giving her a kiss on her fair cheek, for which liberty he received a box on the ear, though so little did he seem to mind the punishment that immediately after he again committed the offence.

The glass next passed into the hands of his friend, João Lobo, whose melancholy mood had not quite deserted him, it seemed, for when he examined the glass he declared that the object represented in it was

nothing else than a prison, in which he should be doomed to spend the best days of his life. His friends, however, insisted that it was a castle, and that they saw the soldiers going in and out of the gate, so that perhaps he might go to the wars and become a great man, the governor of a castle, or even of a province; such things had been before and might be again. At all this, however, honest John shook his head and insisted that no such good fortune was in store for him, till pretty Maria, patting him on the back, told him to pluck up courage and that he would be a great man yet, he might depend upon it. Some people of sensitive tempers require encouragement, and that Maria, by a sort of instinct, knew was her lover's case; thus at her kind looks and words his spirits rallied completely, and for the rest of the evening he was as gay and full of fun as the rest of the party. There were many other lovers present whose future fortunes were predicted in the same way with equal probabilities of accomplishment, and though what they said and did was equally important and interesting to themselves as what I have narrated, I have not space to write it all down, having in the present story nothing to do with any other persons than the two young couples whose names I have mentioned. There was an immense quantity of laughing and joking, and a number of wonderful stories were told of bruchas, and feiticeiras, and lobishomes, against the powers of which a variety of charms were recommended as the most efficacious, till at last the guests set out to return to their respective homes.

I need not say that Rosa and Maria were escorted as far as the door of their cottage by their loving swains, and that perhaps a few kisses were exchanged at parting.

Well! well! I like to see the young and innocent enjoying the existence a kind Heaven has thought fit to bestow on them, and far be it from me to teach them to consider as crimes what assuredly are not so.

It happened that a few days after St. John's Day Francisco and João went together to the city of Oporto, where they heard that an expedition of great magnitude was fitting out at that port for the newly-discovered shores of the Brazils. Some of their friends who had already volunteered to serve on board the fleet narrated to them all the wonders they had heard of those lands, their beauty and fertility, and of the glory and wealth to be attained there by those who were bold enough to venture across the ocean. On their return home they could talk of nothing but the good fortune of those who were bound for that land of promise instead of being compelled to toil on at home, and, after all their trouble, barely gaining sufficient to support a wife and family.

The next day Francisco went to his mistress's father and asked him

without circumlocution to give him his daughter for his wife. The old lavrador stared at him with both his eyes, telling him that when he could come to him with both his pockets full of gold he might possibly listen to his proposals, but till then it was vain for him to think on the subject; that he need not despair, as he was too young to marry, and that his Rosa was little more than a child, so that they had plenty of time to wait. Poor Francisco went away, as may be supposed, in a very unhappy state of mind, but on his road home he recollected all that he had heard about America, and it struck him at last that perhaps in the eldorado spoken of he might be able to fill his pockets with gold sufficient to win his dear Rosa. He directly communicated his ideas to his friend João, who, for much the same reason, was willing to accompany him as far as he could have his own way. When, however, João went to ask his father's blessing and leave to go, his parent told him that he required his assistance at home, and could on no account part with him, so poor Francisco went off to Oporto by himself. He forthwith offered his services to the captain of a ship about to sail in the expedition, who, seeing that he was an active intelligent lad, without hesitation engaged him. He returned home for a day to bid his friends farewell, when his Rosa with tears renewed her promises of constancy and received his in exchange. He had not long been gone when João became so restless at his loss, his anxiety to follow the same course preventing him from working, that his father began to suspect he should have acted more wisely in allowing him to go at the first. At last he was permitted to go to Oporto to inquire whether any stragglers from the expedition remained behind, or whether any other was fitting out. No other ships he learned were about to proceed to the Brazils, but he found a ship just about to sail to join a squadron bound for the East Indies, a land, he heard, overflowing with wealth. Warlike preparations were being made, and numerous soldiers were levied, with high pay and promises of rich rewards to induce them to attack the vile infidels of those lands, in their victories over whom many of their countrymen had already gained undying renown and abundant wealth. At these glowing accounts João Lobo's ambition was thoroughly excited, so he determined that nothing should deter him from joining the expedition, and he accordingly at once enlisted as a soldier in a band raised for that purpose. He, as Francisco had done, returned for a few hours to his home to bid his friends farewell and to exchange vows of eternal constancy with his pretty Maria, who was, of course, very miserable at losing him, but she felt that she ought not to repine, as her sister was left in the same unhappy predicament.

THE INDIAN BOY.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER II.

THE half-hour or so which intervened between prayers and the arrival of Mrs. Brooksbank, or her deputy, to take away the candle, was one generally dedicated to mischief of some kind. Sometimes it was a bolstering match, either a single combat or a general *melée;* sometimes an extempore dance, Sir Roger de Coverley being usually selected. On these occasions the gentlemen appeared in their ordinary attire (minus the shoes, which would have raised such a clatter over the Doctor's head as would have brought even him upstairs to see what was the matter); and the *costume de bal* of the ladies consisted of night-gowns, put on over their other apparel, and fastened round the waist with a neckerchief or comforter, by way of sash; while the orchestra was represented by a boy playing on a Jew's harp, or failing that instrument, a comb wrapped in silver paper. When neither "tourney nor dance" had sufficient attraction for the boys, they commonly took to teasing one another; and this mode of passing the time was more frequent in Dalison's room than in any of the others: he being much given, as has been already intimated, to that species of capricious petty tyranny which boys call "bullying."

On the present occasion the popular fancy inclined to this method of diversion, Arthur Johnstone being fastened upon by general consent as the victim. Dickinson and his sympathisers were clamorous for vengeance on the perpetrator of the assault, the marks of which were still distinctly visible on the boy's chin and throat. Norton, who had no opportunity of having it out with him respecting his refusal to pay the cricket subscription, was desirous of selecting the present opportunity as the fittest for that purpose. Joyce too had his secret grudge, which he wished to gratify, though he did not openly allege it. There was a junior boy in the same class with Arthur, whose timid demeanour and an occasional stuttering in his speech, when more than usually nervous, made him a favourite butt for Joyce's idle half-hours. A kind of fellow-feeling had sprung up between these two outcasts; and that

morning Arthur had contrived, with more dexterity than any one would have given him credit for, to deliver his fellow-sufferer from his tyrant's clutches. Joyce was amusing himself, after a frequent fashion of his, by making Gray repeat a string of words beginning with the letter W; and every time he stuck fast, which was on an average at every third word, he helped him through the difficulty by driving a kind of spur, composed of three long pins fastened to a stick, into some sensitive part of his body. The shock so administered generally released the imprisoned syllable from its bonds, much to the diversion of Joyce, but sorely to the injury of the sufferer, whose arms and legs were tattooed like those of a New Zealander by the oft-repeated process. As the elder boy was engaged in this Domitian-like entertainment that morning, he had chanced to seat himself with his back to the bookcase containing the school lending library. Arthur, who had watched the scene for a quarter of an hour with considerable, though useless, indignation, had suddenly conceived a bright thought. Going silently out of the schoolroom, he had tapped at Mr. Winter's door, and begged him to lend him a book, the only copy of which he knew to be in the school library. Mr. Winter, in reply, had offered him his key of the school cupboard, to get the book in question out. But on Arthur's replying that he was unable to open the lock himself, the usher had good-naturedly gone into the schoolroom to unlock the door for him. As Joyce's back was turned to the bookcase, and he had no expectation that any of the masters would come in at that hour, he continued his torture of Gray for some little time after Mr. Winter's entrance; when the sound of the usher's voice caused him to turn round. The former had apprehended but imperfectly what was passing, but his eye was fixed upon Joyce with an expression which made him turn first red, and then white, and, lastly, hastily get up and leave the schoolroom. He noticed, however, Arthur's expression of satisfaction at the success of his manœuvre; and at once divining the stratagem that had been employed, resolved that it should cost its contriver dear.

No sooner, therefore, had the boys assembled in their bedrooms, than he adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of the cricket subscription. It will be remembered that he had not been present when the money had been refused, and had only heard the circumstances from popular rumour, so that his question did not seem to have any direct reference to Arthur.

"Norton," he said, "when are the new cricket things going to be ordered? It is quite time. The weather was almost warm enough for a game to-day; and the old stock has run very short. I was looking it

up yesterday morning. We must have a new batch of things before we shall be able to have a match at all."

"I would send for it at once," replied Norton. "I meant to have sent for it to-day, but I have not got all the money yet."

"Not got the money!" exclaimed Joyce, in affected surprise; "why, there are as many fellows as usual in the school, this half-year, are there not?"

"Yes, but some of the fellows can't pay all the money; and one won't pay at all."

"Won't pay at all! Who is he, I wonder? A fellow ought to be tossed in a blanket, in my opinion, who refuses to pay the cricket money. That is the way we served a fellow five years ago, who wouldn't pay it, I remember."

"Hear, hear!" said Robinson. "Who are the defaulters?"

"Willett, Saunders, and Dusautoy say they will pay, as soon as they hear from home. Henderson has paid half; one or two others are a shilling short. Rajah Sahib is the one who says he won't pay at all," returned Norton. "I can't order all we want, until we have got all the money in."

"Rajah Sahib won't pay at all, do you say?" asked Joyce.

"No, he won't pay," repeated Norton. "Here he is himself. I say, why won't you pay, you young snob?"

Arthur screwed up his face into its most obstinate expression, but made no reply.

"Answer, will you!" said Joyce, "or I will shy this boot at your head."

"Answer, answer!" chorused a dozen voices.

"Toss him in the blanket, as some one suggested just now," exclaimed Robinson.

"Do, do! that will just serve him right," cried Rivers. "Now then, my lads, off with the blanket, and in with Sahib."

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys, always ready for this species of entertainment, and feeling the special justice of it in this instance. A blanket was soon torn from Arthur's bed; himself chucked into it, in spite of his struggles, in the course of which he bestowed one or two heavy kicks on his assailants' shins; and in two minutes more he was flying up to the ceiling, *secundum artem*, under the vigorous efforts of his persecutors.

While the hubbub was at its height, the door suddenly opened, and Trevor entered. He was on his way to his own bed, still pondering over the difficult problem which, it might be said, Mr. Winter had

given him to solve; and hearing the disturbance in Dalison's room, had looked in, to see what was the matter. His entrance startled some of the boys, who, imagining that Mrs. Brooksbank had come upon them unawares, released their hold on the blanket; and the living shuttlecock flew off in a slanting direction, alighting breathless and enraged, but happily uninjured, on one of the beds.

"Up with him again," shouted the boys, as soon as they perceived that the alarm was groundless. "Up with him again. He hasn't had half enough yet!"

"Will you pay the cricket money, you young wretch?" asked Joyce. "Say you will this minute, or I will pitch you into the blanket again, and no mistake about it."

"No!" roared Arthur. "I won't pay a sixpence, not if you kill me for it; I won't, I tell you! Let me alone!" he bellowed, as the boys again seized hold of him. "Let me alone, I say!" struggling as he spoke with such energy as to enable him to break loose from his captors, and fling himself at Trevor's feet, which he clasped with frantic eagerness.

"Oh, Trevor! don't let them!" he exclaimed. "You are kinder to me than the rest. Don't let them drive me mad in this way! They are all bullies in this room. Don't let them, pray!"

Frank could not help being moved by this appeal. With the recollection of Mr. Winter's injunction still fresh in his mind, he felt it to be impossible to resist it.

"Come, I think he has had enough, has he not?" he asked, looking round him, and glancing more particularly at Dalison, who had sat throughout the scene on the end of his bed, watching what was passing, but taking no part in it. "I wouldn't toss him a second time, if I were you. He might be really damaged."

Trevor was popular with the boys; and, besides, an appeal to their mercy rarely failed to soften them.

"Well, I don't mind letting him off now, if the others don't," said Rivers.

"I don't want to toss him again, so far as I am concerned," added Robinson.

"Let him pay the cricket money, and I have no objection," observed Joyce, rather stiffly, for he was annoyed at Trevor's interference.

"But that is just what he won't do," cried Norton.

"Well, then, I am for tossing him again, till he does," said Joyce. "I am for tossing the sulks out of him, whatever Trevor may think about it."

Trevor bent over Arthur. "Would you mind giving me the money?" he asked, in a low voice.

"No," answered Arthur in the same tone, after a moment's hesitation. "I will give it you, though I would not to a bully like Joyce."

"There," said Trevor, turning round to the others, "he has promised to pay the money; so you will let him off now, as a favour to me, won't you?"

"To be sure! By all means! Certainly!" was the cry from all sides. Joyce alone did not join in it.

"I overheard what he said, Trevor," he remarked angrily, when the others were quiet, "and I have a good mind to give him something for his impudence which he will like still less than being tossed in the blanket. I don't know what business you have to come in here, interfering with our room. But if you do choose to take this young snob up, you had better advise him to give me no more of his sauce, or he may find your protection won't prevent him from getting his deserts."

"Won't it?" retorted Trevor, provoked at Joyce's language. "We'll see about that when the time comes. As it is, I don't see what right you have to make a row. Dalison, and not you, is the head boy in this room, and if he doesn't object to my coming in here, you have no right to. And as for what Arthur said, he didn't mean you to hear it, so it was no impudence that I can see."

Joyce, who was much irritated, would have replied in the same strain, but at this moment Mrs. Brooksbank's step was heard, as she slowly ascended the stairs, and the alarm was instantly given. Trevor vanished through the opposite door; the boys flew right and left to their beds; trousers and stockings were peeled off with the rapidity of a pantomimic change; and when the old lady entered the room, every boy was not only in his bed, but wrapped apparently in the serenest slumber.

Well, that was the beginning of Trevor's patronage of little Johnstone. You see it was in a measure forced upon him, after what Joyce had said, even if his mind had not already been made up on the subject. Arthur was removed at his request to the desk next to his in school, and into his room instead of Dalison's. It made a great difference to the boy every way. Frank helped him in his school work, so much that he got on very tolerably with the ushers, instead of being in continual disgrace; and the boys gave up their hitherto constant practice of bullying him—partly out of regard for Trevor, and partly because he did not any longer exhibit such violent outbursts of anger as he had been used to indulge in. All might have gone well but for Joyce, who never forgave him. He was a good hater, and took care that Arthur should

suffer severely for the vexation he had sustained through him. Nor was Dalison better pleased, though he repressed for the present his displeasure. If Mrs. Brooksbank's entrance on the night of the blanket-tossing had not put a stop to the quarrel, he would have answered Frank in a manner which would probably have made an open breach between them. As it was, a hollow show of friendliness was still maintained; but each had an instinctive feeling that something would in all likelihood occur before long to interrupt it.

Such proved to be the case. One afternoon, about a month before the close of the half-year, a group of four were engaged in practising bowling and batting, preparatory to a great match to be played shortly with the Martin's Green Eleven. The four players were Dalison, Gore, Heath, and Joyce; the two former bowling, and the other two handling the bat. Half a dozen or more juniors had been impressed to watch out. Amongst others, a boy named Simpson, and Arthur Johnstone, had been obliged to act as the two long-stops behind the wickets. Something had that morning occurred which did not tend to the improvement of Dalison's temper. This was the information contained in a letter from his father, that he had applied to General Trevor, asking his influence to obtain a writership in the East India Company's service, in preference to the promise of a cadetship, which was all that he had hitherto been able to secure for his son. But the interview with the general had not fulfilled his anticipations. Mr. Dalison knew that Sir Henry Trevor had invited a large party of young people, as usual, to pass a fortnight at his country seat during the holidays; but he had not extended the invitation this time to George. He had further spoken rather coldly and doubtfully as to his ability (that is, according to Mr. Dalison's view of the matter, his willingness) to push George's interest. He half suspected, he said, that some coldness must have arisen between young Frank Trevor and his son. But he meant to make another trial next week, before the appointment he was asking for had been given away. In the mean time, if there had been any quarrel with Trevor, his son must by all means make it up without delay. Dalison was a good deal provoked by this letter. He was too acute not to know that any overtures addressed to Frank, under the circumstances, would be more likely to provoke his quondam friend's contempt than his goodwill. His best chance of success, he felt, would be to leave things altogether alone, and trust to his not injuring his cause at all events, if he did not assist it. He would know the issue of his father's second appeal to the general in a few days; and if the latter *did* altogether refuse—why, Trevor would perhaps find out that he had learned the fact.

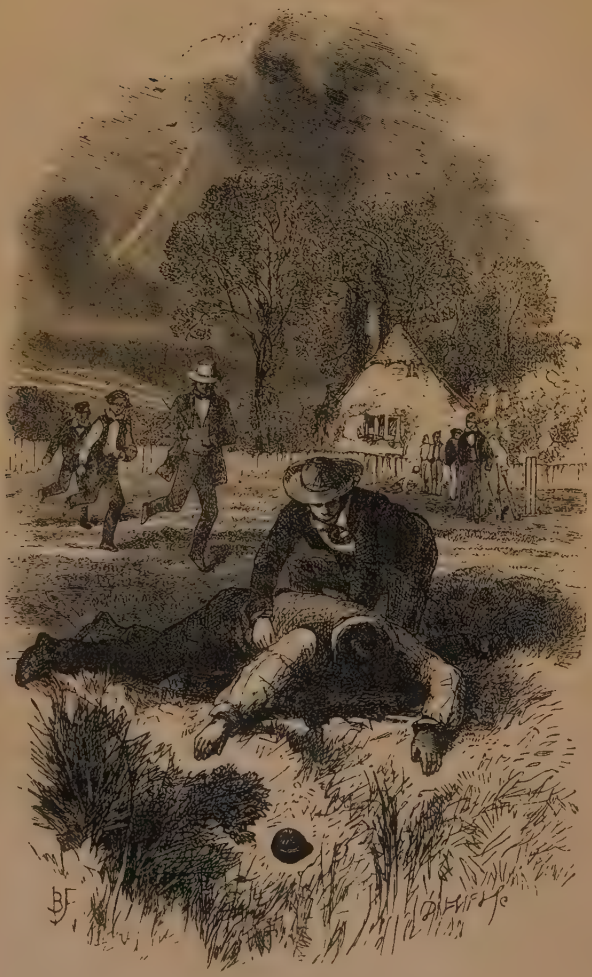
But though he kept his thoughts carefully to himself, his secret dissatisfaction showed itself in very evident outward symptoms. His style of bowling was always swift, but he bowled that day faster than usual, and got provoked that the long-stop repeatedly let the balls by. Simpson was in truth not much experienced in long-stopping, and the bowling was so rapid and irregular, that a much older and better player might have been pardoned for failing to stop it. Dalison at first went no further than abuse and a cuff or two, when one or two balls in succession slipped through the boy's fingers; but his temper was more and more roused as every successive ball was missed, and at length, calling Simpson up, he gave him several sharp boxes on the ear, and desired Arthur Johnstone to change places with him. This arrangement, however, did not tend to soothe Dalison's irritation. Arthur was sulky in the first instance at being obliged to watch out against his will, and still more sulky at being obliged to change the easier post for the more difficult. He soon grew superlatively sulky at the angry objurgations which Dalison now transferred to him whenever he failed in stopping his balls. At last he broke out into one of his fits of passion, such as he had not indulged in for several weeks past, and declared that let Dalison say what he might, he couldn't stop the balls, and it was of no use his trying.

"Sulky little brute!" said Joyce, as he witnessed this outbreak, "I'll soon cure him, if you leave him to me, Dalison. Just bowl a little to leg, and I'll send him a ball or two, which he will have some excuse for not stopping."

Dalison complied, and Joyce hitting sharp round to leg, struck two or three balls with all his force, which narrowly missed Arthur. Dalison and Heath laughed as they watched the effect of this proceeding on the young Indian; who, immovable as he was on most occasions, was fairly frightened by the force and noise with which the balls flew past him, and which, if they had struck him on the temple, would not improbably have killed him.

"I say," whispered Gore, who was standing close to Joyce's wicket, "hadn't you better mind you don't really hit him? There'd be an awful row if he was seriously damaged. And, by Jove, here is this nigger's friend, Trevor, coming up. He will kick up a row, as sure as fate, if he sees it."

"I don't care what Trevor says or does either!" returned Joyce, angrily. "I have a right to hit round, haven't I, if Dalison bowls leg-balls? I can't help it, if this young stupid won't stop them, or get out of the way. Bowl away, Gore, and don't trouble yourself about me—I'll manage all that, you may rely on it."



"THE BALL STRUCK THE BOY, AND BROUGHT HIM TO THE GROUND LIKE A NINEPIN."

Gore shrugged his shoulders and went on with the game; and presently Trevor, who was returning from his walk, came up, and stood still awhile to watch the practice. He did not appear at first to perceive what was going on; and it was not until one or two balls had passed close to Arthur's person, one of which indeed struck him, though very slightly, on the thigh, that he called out to Arthur to move farther off.

"You are too near, Arthur," he said. "If Joyce is practising hitting round in that way, you ought to be farther off. You might be hurt very much there."

Arthur was only too glad to comply, and was moving back, when Joyce called to him to stop.

"I say, you young villain, if you don't stay where you are, I'll come and knock your head off with this bat."

"You will knock his head off with that *ball*, I expect," said Trevor, "if he does stay where he is. He ought not to be placed there, Joyce, and you know it."

"What business is it of yours?" returned Joyce. "You are always meddling with what doesn't concern you. This fellow is fagging out for us, and not for you. He shall stand where we please."

"Where *you* please, I suppose you mean!" said Trevor. "No one would think of putting a little fellow like him so near the wicket, and cutting those slashing balls round at him, but you. You have no right to do it, and you shan't. Arthur, move ten yards farther back. I will take care he shan't thrash you for doing it."

"Take that, at all events!" shouted Joyce, striking round again as he spoke, and this time with a more successful aim. The ball struck the boy between the shoulders as, in compliance with Trevor's directions, he was moving farther off, and brought him to the ground like a ninepin.

Trevor ran and picked Arthur up, who was much bruised and in great pain. He was immediately joined by Gore, who, though by no means blameless as regards the article of bullying himself, was shocked at so extreme a piece of brutality. "Joyce is a horrid beast, I must admit," he said. "It is a shame to bully fellows as he does. Shall I help you to take him indoors?"

"Thank you, Gore," said Trevor. "If you will be so kind as to see him safe inside the house, and take him to Mrs. Brooksbank, that will do. He can walk by himself, though not very well. I should like to go and have this out with Joyce."

So saying, he turned round and walked up to the latter, who, somewhat disturbed by the success of his last hit, though not at all penitent,

had now joined Dalison and Heath at the further wicket. "Joyce," he said, abruptly, "I wish you to understand, once and for all, that I won't have you bully little Johnstone in the way you have been doing for the last two or three weeks. I am determined to prevent it."

"Indeed!" returned Joyce, emboldened by the presence of Dalison. "And pray how will you prevent it?"

"If you attempt to thrash him again, I shall interpose to stop you."

"In fact you mean you will try to thrash *me* if I do?"

"Well, yes!" returned Trevor. "I don't wish anything of the kind, unless you force it on me. But I *will* try it, sooner than allow him to be bullied in that disgraceful manner."

"I don't know what right you have to say that Dalison and I were bullying him disgracefully."

He looked appealingly at his ally, as he spoke, but to his surprise and discomfiture Dalison only replied, "You had better not bring in my name, if you please. I don't wish to have anything to do with this business."

"Nor do I wish to mix you up with it, George," said Trevor. "It was Joyce whom I saw slashing round at him, and trying to knock him over, if he could; and it is only Joyce with whom I am concerned."

"Very well!" said Joyce, sulkily, "I am sure I wish to have as little to do with you, as you can with me. As for young Johnstone, it will be time enough for you to talk of interfering in his behalf when I do anything to justify it. He is the most impudent young snob in the school; and if he is impudent to me, I shall lick him, whether you like it or not." And so saying, Joyce retired towards the house, covering his retreat, or we may say his defeat, as well as he was able. The other boys followed more slowly, Dalison rather cool and silent, and thinking to himself that if it had not been for his father's letter, it would have afforded him very particular satisfaction to have taken down Trevor's insolence (or what he considered as insolence) a peg or two; and that not impossibly, before many days had past, he would have the satisfaction he desired.

(*To be continued.*)

POULTRY.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A. F.L.S.

IN order that I may not induce the readers of this magazine to keep poultry under the idea that they are likely to make any profit from them, I begin by stating that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a hope is a snare and a delusion. Counting chickens before they are hatched is proverbially an uncertain method of estimating assets; and in few matters is this more true than in poultry-keeping.

Nothing is easier than to calculate the number of eggs which a hen ought to lay in the year, the number of chickens which she ought to hatch, and the price which they ought to fetch. You may put it down on paper, and make the array of figures look so pleasant that the philosopher's stone seems scarcely a shorter way to wealth, and the only wonder is that anyone will condescend to be poor.

There is the hen—she costs five or six shillings, say the latter sum; but she lays a great quantity of eggs in a year, say two hundred, which are at least worth double her cost; then, she will rear a number of chickens, say ten, which, at half-a-crown each, will bring one pound five shillings. As to the food, anything will do; she may have the crumbs and refuse of meals; the slugs, snails, worms, and caterpillars out of the garden; or even damaged rice or corn, which will not cost much, say five shillings. Deduct the five shillings from the one pound seventeen shillings, and you have one pound twelve shillings left, representing a return of 350 per cent. on the original outlay. Then, if a few of the chickens are retained and used for breeding also, the original outlay has not to be made, and the eggs and chickens, and consequently the profits, increase in arithmetical progression. Who would trouble themselves to invest money in a business that only returns a poor twenty per cent., when here is so easy a way of getting three hundred?

This is, without any exaggeration, the style of reasoning which we hear on the subject, and which is found in more than one book on poultry-breeding. Alnaschar reasoned in a similar manner and on better grounds, for, though he calculated on doubling his capital every

time he sold his goods, his pots and glasses ate no food, and were no expenses beside their original cost.

If the intending fowl-owner happens to have the use of a farmyard, or can use the overplus food of a large establishment, the expense of keep will be so reduced that he may hope to make a little money by his birds, simply because they utilize food which would otherwise be wasted entirely; whereas, if the food must be bought for them, the whole case is altered. The only safe method in calculating certain expenses and possible profit, is to multiply the estimate of the expenses by two, and to diminish that of profits by three-fourths. At the end of the year, when the debtor and creditor accounts are balanced, the result will be found to be very close to the supposition.

Some friends of my own have kept fowls for twenty years, and are thoroughly experienced in their management—knowing exactly how to feed them, where to procure the proper food at a good discount by taking a quantity, and where and how to sell the eggs and chickens which they do not consume at home; yet they say that when they make up their accounts at the end of the year, they find that the fowls have paid their expenses, and no more.

Their object in keeping them is twofold—their first reason being that they like the kindly task, and their second that they can depend on the freshness of the eggs, and never have any trouble with the greengrocer about exchanging bad or doubtful eggs for better.

Whether the reader intends to rear poultry for profit or only for amusement, let me strongly recommend him to keep a special book, and to preserve a debtor and creditor account of their cost and profit, never expending one halfpenny without entering it in the book, and noting the number of eggs and chickens, and whether the latter be male or female. If used at table, they should be entered in the book at the current market prices, which may always be learned by inquiry at the shops. Note down also any deaths that may occur, and the reason for the misfortune, so that precautions may be taken to prevent such a mishap for the future. Their habits should always be observed, and it will be seen that they have as much individuality as human beings, their temperament being as different as their appearance. A poultry-book well kept will be found to be not only amusing but instructive, and will add much to future success.

The first requisite in poultry-keeping is to have a proper house, which should always be floored with gravel, and perfectly dry. Don't let the birds be cooped up in little pens, as they never preserve their health under such circumstances, being essentially active birds, formed more

for walking than for flight, and delighting to use their strong legs. If a gravel floor cannot be obtained, plenty of coarse sand and old mortar ought to be given to the fowls, as without such substances they are unable to grind the corn, rice, and other seeds which they eat, and which would be rolled about unavailingly in the gizzard but for the stones which are continually swallowed.

As to the particular variety of fowl which is to be chosen, it may be left much to the fancy of the intending purchaser. The Dorking variety is always a favourite, as it is a large, fine bird, becomes very plump when properly fed, and is by no means delicate in health. A Dorking fowl can always be distinguished by the fact that it has *five* toes on the feet instead of four. The white fowls are considered the most perfect by fanciers, but for my own part I take little interest in the arbitrary requirements of fashion, which is ever changing, and think that a good fowl, like a good horse, can scarcely be of a bad colour.

DORKING FOWLS.

The huge Cochin China fowl, the giant among poultry, was once quite fashionable, and is still much favoured by some persons. Personally, however, I care little for the bird, as its enormous size has but few real advantages, being obtained more from the bone than the flesh. They are noisy creatures, and their crow is absolutely aggravating, appearing to be all out of tune, and having an unsatisfactory effect on the ear.

One of my friends was formerly much plagued by the noise made by a neighbour's Cochin China cock, and tried various means to quiet him, but without effect. Stones and missiles in general were worse than useless; for, whenever the bird was hit, he took it as a challenge, and crowed defiance to his foe. At last, however, an effectual means was found. Small arrows were made, and instead of being pointed with metal they were tipped with the peculiar fusees called "fixed stars." Whenever the bird began to crow, one of these arrows was shot against the wall of his yard so as to fall near him, and generally ignited by the

friction. The noise and blaze of the fusee were always too much for the feathered stentor, and his voice was hushed for some time.

It is true that Cochins are not very destructive if they get into the garden, because they are lazy birds, and scarcely trouble themselves to scratch up the seeds. But this very characteristic makes them useless to the breeder, and causes an infinity of trouble, as they generally decline to procure food for themselves, and have to be fed by hand.

The Spanish fowl is a splendid creature, very large and handsome, besides being a capital layer. Unfortunately, however, she is a bad sitter, and not good at finding food for her young. Perhaps it is hardly possible to procure a better breed than a mixture between the Dorking and the Spanish, having a few good Dorking hens and one good Spanish cock. The result of this admixture will be a breed of large, full-bodied chickens, which are not only excellent eating, but which, if allowed to live, will produce and rear plenteous families, and lay an abundance of large eggs.

Another variety of poultry which is in great favour is the Polish breed; its peculiar top-knot exciting admiration, though its delicacy of constitution renders it a troublesome kind to keep. Some of the best Polish fowls that I have seen were in a very large enclosure near the New Forest, — the liberal space allowed them permitting them to run about as much as they liked, and the extreme cleanliness rendering them perfectly healthy. The strange part in the structure of the Polish fowl is that the top-knot actually includes the skull itself, which runs up into a protuberance and somewhat resembles a cottage loaf, so that the brain is of an hour-glass shape. Mr. Frank Buckland has kindly showed me some of his dissections of tufted fowls, and it is most curious to see how completely the skull has been modified in order to obtain the result which is so valued by fanciers.

POLISH FOWLS.

Game fowls are very handsome, clean-made, sprightly birds, but I scarcely recommend them to a beginner, because they are so quarrel-

some. If they hear the crowing of a neighbouring cock, they are restless and uneasy for a fight; and if once they come face to face, one of the combatants is sure to die, and perhaps both, provided they are both of a good game breed. I once saw a little, old, one-eyed game-cock assault a fine young barndoor fowl, and in a few minutes cut it to pieces, as the saying is, without having suffered any damage to speak of. Ordinary fowls, on the contrary, will fight readily enough, but then they know when they are beaten, and one who finds his antagonist too strong for him, yields the point and acknowledges his master.

Some persons like the Bantam—a very dwarf of a fowl, mostly as brave as the game-cock, but too small to be of the least use, either for the combat or for the table. Certainly a bantam cock is a handsome little creature—a Geoffrey Hudson among ordinary fowl—and as self-important and tetchy as that personage was said to have been, and is perfectly ready to attack a bird of six times its size. In the accompanying illustration the comparative sizes of the bantam and the ordinary barndoor fowl are well shown, though a fancier might perhaps take umbrage at some points of the former bird.

BANTAMS.

It is necessary that the fowls should have a house in which they may roost, and where the hens may lay quietly; and upon the construction of the house much of the success will depend. It may be built of brick, stone, or wood, and the chief requisites are that it should be capable of perfect ventilation, of perfect cleanliness, and of perfect security.

The first essential is easily attained by having some of the tiles or slates slightly raised, so as to prevent rain from entering, while at the same time they admit air. Of course the apertures should be so small that not even a mouse can creep through them. To coop up fowls in a

close, stifling atmosphere is as great a mistake as to imprison human beings in a similar situation,—perhaps a greater, as fowls are naturally in the habit of roosting in trees, and not of creeping into holes for the night. Flap-windows at the side are extremely useful, and their best form is that of the Venetian blind, so that cats cannot get through ; for a regular poaching cat is one of the greatest nuisances that can annoy a poultry-keeper. And, although I am very fond of the animal, I think that the owner of a hen-roost is quite justified in killing any cat that he finds lurking about the fowl-house.

Perfect cleanliness is managed without difficulty. The floor should never be left in its natural state, but either be laid down in flat stones, asphalt, or a mixture of Portland cement and fine gravel, so as to permit the whole of the surface to be swept quite clean. The floor should if possible be cleaned every morning, and on no account should it be allowed to remain more than forty-eight hours uncleaned. The whole interior of the house should be kept well whitewashed—a process which occupies but little time, and is invaluable in its effects. All birds are troubled with vermin, and it will be found that those of the fowl are apt to congregate on the floor, in dirty houses, absolutely blackening the ground with their numbers. This habit enables the poultry-keeper to extirpate them by the simple process of strewing unslaked lime on the floor, next pouring water over it from the rose of a watering-pot, and then mopping and sweeping all clean. The heat generated by the process of slaking the lime is so great that the insects have no more chance of surviving than if they were plunged into boiling water.

As to security, much depends upon the foes. Rats are perhaps the worst enemies that a poultry-keeper can have, and there are no creatures more difficult to keep out of a place into which they desire to penetrate. They cannot, however, climb up a smooth wall, so that the windows need not be particularly guarded, and they can generally be kept out of the house by binding the lower corner of the door with iron hooping. They always make their attacks at the corner, so that hooping the whole edge of the door, as is sometimes done, is a needless trouble. Stoats are kept out even with more ease than rats ; for they can climb but little better than rats, and they cannot gnaw through wood.

The concrete, or asphalt, or stone floor is of the greatest use in checking the inroads of rats, as the animals are unable to burrow under the house and then make their way through the floor, as they will often do if simple earth or planking be employed.

As for thieves, there is but little use in trying to guard against them, but a good strong padlock will keep out any ordinary thief, and none others are likely to risk their safety for a few fowls.

It is perhaps needless to say that the perches should never be placed above each other, so as to allow the fowls below to be soiled by those above them. The perches should be round, so that if rats should happen to make good their entrance, they find but a poor foothold, and cannot attack the fowls to much advantage.

The boxes in which the hens are intended to lay should be of wood, rather shallow, and round, if possible. They should be separated from each other by wooden partitions, so that the birds cannot see each other while sitting on the eggs, as they are apt to quarrel and fight under such circumstances, so that the eggs are addled or broken, and sometimes forsaken altogether. As soon as a brood have been hatched, the old nest should always be taken out and burned, and a new nest and box inserted in its place, while the old box is thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed.

All these precautions may seem tedious, or even absurd; but everyone who has bred birds of any kind will know how necessary they are, and how dependent is success on all these little minutiæ.

If possible, the sitting-boxes should be in a separate shed from the fowl-house; but if this arrangement be not practicable, a supplementary shed should be attached to one side of the fowl-house, and made so as to allow the eggs to be removed without entering the house.

I need scarcely mention that it is always necessary to keep a nest-egg, as the bird is apt to cease from laying if she finds an entirely empty nest. If a real egg be used for this purpose, it should be boiled hard; but the best plan is to buy a few artificial eggs, which are made for the express purpose, and sold at a reasonable rate. Even a lump of chalk, rudely fashioned into the resemblance of an egg, will answer the purpose.

When the hen intends to hatch her eggs, and to cease from laying, she utters a peculiar short cluck, and should at once be supplied with a nest for the purpose. Always choose the largest eggs, and be sure to have an odd number, as then a single egg lies exactly in the middle and the rest around it. Put water and food close to the nest, and leave the bird as undisturbed as possible. Somewhere about the twenty-first day the young chickens make their appearance; so that on the twentieth day, at the latest, the coop ought to be ready for them.

Do not have one of the ordinary coops; but make, or have one made, something like the coop which is figured in the accompanying illustration. The sides are best made of galvanised-iron netting, with a very small mesh, so that rats and mice cannot squeeze themselves through; and one side, or part of one side, may be made into a door for the

admission of the hen, and openings reserved through which the chickens can easily pass. Have also a couple of wooden flaps which will shut down over the wire and keep out the wind and rain. These should always be closed at night, and be made so large that the chicken-doors are shut up by them. In windy and rainy weather it is always easy to shut the windward flap, and the comfort of the mother and her young brood will be greatly promoted thereby.

COOP.

Another point is that the coop should have a boarded floor, as in the ordinary coops it is impossible to keep the ground dry when the rain falls heavily. Water should be placed so near the coop that the hen can feed herself by putting her head through one of the chicken-doors, and the best plan is to make a bird-fountain, such as has already been described in the article on Canaries. Deep vessels must be carefully avoided, as the young chickens are so apt to get into them and be drowned.

The best age for a sitting hen is from ten to five years; and if any hen should prove herself a careless mother, she should never be allowed to sit again.

One point in the economy of poultry-breeding is very important: never suffer the birds to breed "in and in," as the stock always becomes deteriorated, and generally dwindles down by degrees, until a dwarfish family is the result. All the very small varieties of animals, whether furred or feathered, are procured by breeding "in and in," and there is no hope of maintaining a fine stock, unless new blood is frequently introduced. The simplest plan is to use the cocks for the table, leaving the best of the hens for breeding purposes, and to exchange the surviving cocks for those of some neighbour. If this be not possible, it will be found more economical to reproduce new blood by purchasing cocks from a distance than to allow them to breed as they like, even if the original fathers and husbands have to be killed.

The food of fowls is of great importance. They should be fed twice a day, and always in the same spot, and care should be taken that every fowl gets its proper share of the food. Unless this precaution be observed, one or two of the weaker fowls will be so bullied and pecked by the others that they can scarcely secure any food, and are half-starved in consequence.

Grain of various kinds, such as wheat, barley, oats, &c., is excellent and useful food for them; and they are very fond of buckwheat, tares,

peas, and other seeds. Damaged rice can be procured by the sack at a moderate price, and, if boiled with the parings of potatoes, carrots, and other vegetables, a very nutritious mixture is obtained. If the fowls are wanted to lay plenty of eggs, they can mostly be induced to do so by supplying them with animal food, which can be obtained at a cheap rate from the butcher. The offal, such as the paunch, lights, &c., should be well boiled, and then chopped very fine, and given to the fowls three or four times a week. The liquor should be saved, and the potatoes, meal, rice, &c. be boiled in it, and given on the days when the birds have no meat.

Some people seem to fancy that the fowl is a sort of egg-laying machine, performing that special duty as long as it is alive. But it must be remembered that there is no effect without a cause; and if a fowl is wanted to produce almost daily so large a proportionate mass of animal substance as an egg, it is evident that she must be plentifully supplied with the food from which it is elaborated.

If the fowl-owner has a garden, he should go out in the evening and collect all the snails, slugs, caterpillars, and worms that he can find, and put them in a closed box, or pan, where they cannot escape. In the morning they should be given to the fowls, who will hold great rejoicings over them. It is better to crack the shells of the snails, as sometimes the fowls take so much time in breaking the shell of one snail, that four or five others crawl away and make their escape.

As to the diseases of fowls, their treatment is not easy; and even to give a brief sketch of them would take up too much space. I will therefore only mention, that if one of the fowls shows symptoms of illness, it should be at once removed from the others and isolated until it recovers or dies. This is the kindest plan that can be adopted to the healthy fowls, for the sick bird would probably communicate the disease to them; and it is the kindest for the sick bird itself, as it would be sadly bullied and worried by its still healthy companions were it allowed to remain with them.

In conclusion, I can only say, that everyone who will personally take care of his fowls will deserve success; and that all the expensive apparatus in the world will not avert failures, if personal attention be wanting.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE MASTER AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Flows not the while gay Pleasure's tide—
No shout of boyhood rends the air!
Grief's sable robe hath fallen there,
And young hearts wish he had not died.

None thought that he was e'er unkind,
Whose kindness they should know no more;
Who Youth's perverseness gently bore,
And gently swayed each wavering mind.

Each felt that he had lost a friend!—
Oh! what a loss! a friend in life.
Yet, joy! for over is the strife,
And he hath won a Christian's end.

If talents, which to him were given,
Used for the Giver's glory, and
Faith in a happy promised land
Can win a home, a rest in Heaven,—

Then know we whither he hath fled,
Whose body in the cold grave lies—
Whose spirit singeth in the skies—
Whom, living, we do mourn as dead.

Then let our eyes no tear-drops dim;
He sleeps in Christ—all tears are vain!
He may not come to us again;
But we may up, and go to him!

R. B. Reade.

Answer to No. VIII.

"Linked sweetness long drawn out."

Milton.

THE INDIAN BOY.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER III.

AS Gore entered the house, partly leading and partly supporting Arthur Johnstone, they encountered Mr. Mayhew, who was setting out for an evening walk. This master I have described as being neither so severe as Mr. Rawdon, nor so considerate as Mr. Winter, and holding in consequence a sort of middle place in the boys' regard. He seldom took notice of what passed out of school hours; partly, no doubt, because he did not wish to give himself more trouble than he was obliged to take; and partly, we must add in fairness to him, because he really believed that interference during their play-hours was generally unwise. He was about to pass the two boys without remark, when it suddenly struck him that Johnstone not only looked dogged and sullen, as was not unfrequently the case with him, but that he appeared, from some cause or other, to be so weak as scarcely to be able to put one foot before another. His compassion was moved.

"Why, Johnstone," he said, "what is the matter? Are you ill, or have you met with an accident?"

"He has been hit by a cricket-ball, sir," said Gore, anxious to anticipate Johnstone's own story, which might perhaps disclose too truly what had really taken place.

"Hit by a cricket-ball?" returned Mr. Mayhew. "You must mind what you are about, Johnstone, and not go too near when a match is being played. What match has been going on this afternoon, Gore?"

"No match, sir; only some of us have been practising together, and Johnstone offered to stand longstop to Joyce, Dalison, and one or two others.

"I did n't offer," growled Arthur, "you made me."

"*I* did n't make you," said Gore, quickly.

"If you did n't the others did," returned Arthur.

Mr. Mayhew internally blamed himself for his folly in meddling with the matter, and endeavoured to extricate himself.

"Well, if you were only standing longstop, Johnstone," he said, "you could not be very much hurt. None of our boys bowl so hard that you need be afraid of their balls. Face them boldly, that is the way to learn cricket."

"I should n't mind the bowling," said Arthur, "the ball that hit me was struck from a bat."

"I thought you said you were standing longstop?"

"So I was; but Joyce hit round at me."

"Hit round *at* you? Hit round, I suppose you mean. He did n't try to hit you, I imagine?"

"Yes, he did," returned Arthur, in the same tone as before, regardless of the winks and nods which Gore, who was standing a little behind Mr. Mayhew, directed at him. "Yes, he did; he hit round at me, I daresay a dozen times, before the ball struck me. Trevor was there, and you can ask him if you don't believe me."

Just at this moment Dr. Brooksbank entered the house on his return from riding; and Mr. Mayhew, who felt that the matter was too serious for him to pass over in silence, related what had transpired to his principal.

The Doctor was much moved. "I have several times fancied," he said, "that there was a good deal of bullying going on this half year, and that the first-class boys were the chief offenders. I shall certainly inquire into this. Where is the boy I saw just now? Gore, was it not? Did I understand you to say he was present?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Mayhew, "both he and Trevor were present, according to Johnstone's account. But Gore seems to be gone."

This was true; that worthy having taken the opportunity of Dr. Brooksbank's entrance to decamp, taking Johnstone with him.

"But," added the usher, "here come Trevor and Joyce;" and, as he spoke, the two boys named entered the passage, followed at a little distance by Dalison.

"Stop, if you please," said the head master, as the three were about to pass on, "here is something which requires explanation. Arthur Johnstone has told me, or rather he has told Mr. Mayhew, that you have been obliging him to stand behind the wicket, and have hit balls round at him to try and knock him down. Is that so, Joyce?"

"I hit round to leg," replied Joyce, evasively, "and it happened to hit him, no doubt. He ought to have got out of the way."

"*Happened* to hit him, Joyce? I asked you whether you *tried* to hit him. Have the goodness to answer my question."

"I don't know what right anyone has to say that I tried to hit him, sir," returned Joyce. "When a ball is bowled so much to leg as the one I struck, there is always a chance of its going near the longstop. He ought to have stopped it, or got out of the way."

"You mean, then, that it was an accident. Mr. Mayhew, however, tells me that Johnstone complained of your having hit round at him a dozen times running, trying to knock him off his legs, and he adds that Trevor knows about it. Whether he was a party to it or not, I do not understand."

"I had hit several times to leg," replied Joyce, in the same tone as before, "but that was because the balls were so bowled. As for Trevor, he had better tell his own story."

"I will question him, for it is plainly no use to inquire of you. But first, who was bowling to you?"

"Dalison, sir," said Joyce.

"Dalison? Where is he?"

But Dalison had prudently followed Gore's example, and walked quietly off, as soon as the Doctor began questioning Joyce.

"Well, then, Trevor," resumed the head master, "you, I find, were present, though I do not understand what part you took. Have the goodness to tell me how far was Johnstone standing behind the wicket?"

"About the usual distance of a longstop, sir."

"No nearer?" asked the Doctor, with a slight frown.

"I have seen a longstop as near," said Frank, anxious if possible to spare Joyce.

"Hem! that hardly accords with what Mr. Mayhew told me. Do I understand you to mean that you think the boy might have stopped the balls, or got out of the way, if he had tried to do so?"

"I think a practised hand certainly could," returned Trevor, "and perhaps Arthur might, if he had been very sharp."

"'Perhaps?' and 'if he had been very sharp?' That is, if the boy had not been very young, new to the ways of the school, and ignorant of the game. You must know that that would make the whole difference; and what would be harmless then, is wanton cruelty now. I am sorry to hear so lame a defence of such conduct from you, Trevor. I should have hoped you would have acted differently. You may go, sir."

Trevor's cheek flushed with indignation, but he could not vindicate

himself without accusing his schoolfellow; besides, if he were now to detail all that had passed, it would seem like a retractation of what he had advanced. He turned away without a word, and as he entered the house took his first bitter, but salutary, lesson in that school in which all who would do God's work must study; which teaches that honest efforts to resist evil in others are sure to be met, at the very outset, by calumny and discouragement. If any who have undertaken the better part, expect that their motives will be understood, and their acts approved, by the world, they most entirely deceive themselves. The advanced servant of his Master recognizes in the efforts made to thwart or malign him, the genuine stamp of the Cross; but it is hard for a beginner, like poor Frank, to do so. Nevertheless, he recovered himself after a minute or two, and resolved bravely that he would stick by Mr. Winter and poor little Arthur, let who might misjudge him.

The Doctor now called Joyce up, who had been standing at some distance, and had not heard the conversation between himself and Trevor.

"Joyce," he said, "I would fain believe that you did not intend seriously to injure the little boy; but your conduct is both cowardly and cruel. You will confine yourself to the playground, sir, for the next fortnight; and, if I hear of any repetition of such tyranny, I shall send you away immediately from my school."

So saying the Doctor pursued his way into the house with a dignity of port and step which, on that occasion at least, became him well. He had meant to do justice, and believed he had. He was, in truth, a kind-hearted and right-minded man; and if not as earnest and anxious as one in his position should be, was, at any rate, in advance in these respects of the schoolmasters of that day; and it is not unlikely that he was wont sometimes to comment on the low standard of duty which his predecessors had acted on, and would have been greatly surprised if he could by anticipation have heard, how the next generation would speak of *him*. Perhaps a similar revelation of the future might do us, in the present day, no harm!

There was one individual among his hearers, at all events, who did not share the good Doctor's complacent view of his proceedings, but who judged him probably more unfavourably than the severest critics of the succeeding age could do: this was Joyce, who was greatly annoyed at the sentence of confinement to the school precincts, and still more at the instrumentality by which this punishment had been brought about. He would have openly revenged himself upon Trevor and Johnstone if he had dared; but as the former was his equal in strength

and skill, and his superior (he well knew) in courage and spirit, he would, in all probability, have got the worst of any encounter with him. And as for Johnstone, it was clear that he could not reckon upon his keeping back from the masters, anything that it might suit his convenience or humour to tell them. If he tried to pay him out for his impudence, as Joyce considered it, by any act which could be traced personally to him, he would have to undergo the penalty wherewith Dr. Brooksbank had threatened him; and that, he was fully aware, would be a very serious injury to him. Nevertheless, he was resolved that, come what might, he would make both Trevor and Arthur smart for the part they had taken against him. After carefully watching for a considerable time; an opportunity of indulging his malice presented itself.

There was, in the school library, a book which contained a description of the manners and customs of the Hindoos, illustrated by some very elaborate coloured engravings. Among them was one representing the idol Juggernaut, seated, in all his hideousness, upon his shrine, and arrayed in gorgeous attire; while the Brahmins were depicted as offering sacrifices on an altar before him. It had chanced that one of the boys showed the picture to little Johnstone, with the *bonâ-fide* idea, I believe, of obtaining some explanation from him respecting its details, which the boy himself did not understand. But the moment that Arthur's eye rested upon it, he exhibited such extreme disgust and alarm, that the boy who had showed it to him was at first astonished, and then diverted, at what he regarded as mere affectation. One or two of the boys, who were witnesses of the scene, were equally amused, and the story was a good deal talked about in the school for a day or two, after which it was displaced in popular favour, and was soon forgotten again.

But it had reached the ears of Joyce, and he resolved to make use of it whenever occasion might serve. The outline of the scheme he had laid out for himself, was to induce Dalison to take up the cudgels against Trevor, and punish his impertinence by practising some annoyance on Arthur. If Trevor resented this, or attempted to prevent it, a personal quarrel with Dalison would ensue, and in that case Frank would probably get a severe thrashing from Dalison, who was more than a match for Trevor, both in respect of strength and skill. On the other hand, if Trevor made no attempt to prevent Dalison from annoying his *protégé*, that would in itself be a great humiliation, which Joyce would thoroughly enjoy. Further, even if young Johnstone should make a complaint to the masters, and any punishment should ensue, it would alight, he

cunningly reflected, on Dalison, and not on him. But his great difficulty in the execution of this design lay in the strange demeanour of his associate. Dalison had hitherto always been willing enough to join in any of the petty persecutions which he was in the habit of devising against the juniors; and in particular, had seemed to find unusual amusement in the annoyances practised on Arthur. He was also, as Joyce felt well assured, considerably provoked with Frank Trevor, who for some time past had not only gradually withdrawn himself from companionship with his old crony, but had repeatedly said and done things which were, in effect, reflections upon him, if not actually intended to be so. Dalison was not, in general, the kind of fellow to put up with this. All that Joyce could extract out of him, however, when he urged these topics upon him, was a sinister smile and a significant shake of the head.

One day—it was the last, by-the-by, of Joyce's imprisonment,—the first class were preparing their morning lesson, previously to the arrival of Dr. Brooksbank; and Dalison and Joyce, having completed their tasks, were chatting carelessly together, when the latter took the opportunity of telling his companion of the exaggerated and absurd horror which Johnstone had exhibited at the sight of the Juggernaut's picture. "I never saw such an impudent ass as that young nigger is," he exclaimed; "it would be good fun, as well as be serving him right, to make him go through the whole ceremony of offering sacrifice to Juggernaut; I'll be bound he has seen it often enough in India. I'd make him do it, whether he liked it or not, if I had my way."

"You would have some difficulty in doing that, I expect," said Dalison; "he is the most obstinate young rascal I ever saw. I believe he'd sooner be licked black and blue than do it, even if—"

"I *would* thrash him black and blue," said Joyce, interrupting; "but what were you going to add?"

"I was going to say, even if Trevor did not interfere to stop it."

This was said with apparent indifference of manner, but inwardly Dalison chuckled over the vexation which he knew it caused his auditor. As he had expected, Joyce instantly broke into an angry expression of his feeling.

"Trevor be hanged, Dalison; I can't think what has come to you that you tolerate his impertinence, as you have done for the last month past. I should no more have thought he would have dared to affront you, as he has been doing, without your resenting it, than that—"

"Than that you yourself would resent the affronts he has been

offering to *you*, eh?" remarked Dalison, coolly, as Joyce paused, uncertain how to finish his sentence.

"You know why *I* don't resent it," returned Joyce, sulkily; "you know Brickbats has threatened to expel me, if I get into any further row."

"Oh, ay; I know all about it," said Dalison, in the same tone as before. "Frank would be sure to complain to Brooksbank if you were to thrash him, wouldn't he? But never mind, here come the letters; we shall have time to read them before the Doctor comes in. Ha!" he muttered, in a lower tone, to himself; "the governor's hand. This is *the* letter, then! Now then, Master Frank, we shall see what you have been about."

The letter, apparently, was not a very long one, and there was time to finish its perusal before Dr. Brooksbank's arrival. Dalison folded it up, and put it into his pocket without a word of comment; but any one who knew him well would have seen at a glance that its contents were extremely unwelcome to him. He went through the lesson, however, without any outward manifestation of his annoyance; and it was not until school had broken up, and he and Joyce had retired to the farthest nook of the playground, that he gave any hint of his altered frame of mind. Then he said, abruptly—

"Joyce, you wish to mortify Trevor, and pay Johnstone out, for getting you into a row, don't you? There, say yes or no, man, if you want me to help you in doing it. No shilly-shallying; I hate all that!"

"Well, yes, I do," replied Joyce, startled into sincerity by Dalison's abruptness.

"Good—well, then, the afternoon is going to be wet, and we shall be kept in-doors. Propose what you suggested about Juggernaut this morning, and I will back you."

Accordingly, when the boys, prevented from pursuing their out-door sports, were lounging idly about the school-room, prepared for any mischief which might be suggested to them, Joyce proposed that they should divert themselves with *tableaux vivants*—using for the purpose the costumes belonging to the theatre, which the boys were always allowed to open during the winter half-year. There was a deep embayed window at the farther end of the school-room, over which hung a curtain, let down and drawn up by a pulley. By closing the shutters of the window, as good a frame for *tableaux vivants* was formed, as could well be imagined. The idea seemed to promise well, and the boys leaped at it, like trouts at a May-fly. A Babel of voices was almost instantly heard suggesting all kinds of subjects and costumes, classical and

mediæval, English and foreign, ancient and modern, possible and impossible, in the most glorious confusion.

"Brutus killing Cæsar," cried one.

"Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo," urged another.

"Robin Hood and Friar Tuck," shouted Billy Waters.

"What do you think of Cromwell cutting off Charles the First's head?" asked Norton, whose ideas of history were somewhat confused.

"I should like Achilles selling Hector's body to Priam," said Trevor, who was of a classical turn of mind.

"The Field of the Cloth of Gold," proposed Rivers.

"The Temple of Juggernaut," suggested Joyce.

"Gently, gently," said Dalison, "don't all speak together. We can have 'Brutus killing Cæsar,' no doubt; but the costumes would be all Roman togas, and that would n't look well. As for 'Wellington and Blucher,' we ought to get up the Field of Waterloo, with a lot of cannons and dead bodies, and horses, and all that."

"Well, if you come to that," said Heath, "how could you manage the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold? There ought to be no end of splendid tents, and that sort of thing."

"Or how," said Brackley, "could you manage the beheading Charles the First? There ought to be a great crowd of people about, and we have n't an axe among the properties, either."

"Well, then," said Dalison, "there is only 'Robin Hood and Friar Tuck,' is there?

"Or the 'Temple of Juggernaut,'" interposed Joyce.

"Oh! ay; the 'Temple of Juggernaut,'" repeated Dalison, "that would look well, I daresay; but how could we manage that?"

"We have a dress in the property-box that is just like the robe in which Juggernaut is represented as wearing in the Indian book," said Joyce.

"Oh! yes," said Billy Waters, "so there is; and the old throne, with a curtain thrown over it, would make a good seat for him."

"And one of the high stools would make a capital altar," said Heath.

"That will do famously," exclaimed several voices.

"Let us see the dress and the book, at all events," suggested Dalison.

The cloak, which was of a bright yellow material, ornamented fantastically with red and black ornaments, being the same in which one of the juvenile performers had last winter enacted the character of a

magician, was brought out and compared with the picture of Juggernaut. It was found to agree very fairly; and a head-dress was also extracted from the stores, which, though not very like that of the real Hindoo idol, was judged to serve the purpose sufficiently well. Roman togas and Turkish turbans, with a few emendations, made what was accounted a very suitable costume for the Brahmin priests; and now it only remained to arrange the stage and apportion the parts.

"Who 'll be manager and scene-shifter?" asked Dalison.

"I, I, I!" exclaimed several of the boys together.

"Very well, Rivers, you shall be stage-manager, and you, Joyce, shall be scene-shifter, and draw up and let down the curtain. Now, who's to be Juggernaut?"

"Billy Waters," shouted a chorus of voices.

Billy gracefully acknowledged the compliment, and, yielding to the general wish, assumed the robes of Juggernaut.

And now who 's to be high priest?" inquired Dalison.

"I," and "I," and "I," "Heath," "Brackley," "Trevor," "you yourself, Dalison," responded a dozen boys at the same moment.

"No, no!" exclaimed a voice, "it ought to be Rajah Sahib; he knows all about it, and can tell us how it ought to be done."

"That is a capital idea," exclaimed Dalison; "where is Sahib? Go and fetch him, some one. He 'll do excellently. It ought to be a little fellow, you see, because of course he ought to be smaller than Juggernaut. Dickinson, Ellis, and Webber shall be priests, and Sahib high-priest. Won't that do?"

A general shout of applause bore witness to the popular approval, and several of the bystanders commenced an immediate search after Arthur.

"I don't think he will do," said Trevor, addressing Dalison and Stapleton, in a low voice, "I advise you to choose some one else."

"Certainly, if you wish it, Frank," said Stapleton, "I do n't mind, I'm sure."

Dalison, however, took it differently.

"Won't do? why not?" he asked, in a tone which all around him could hear.

"I do n't think he would like it," returned Trevor, in a more constrained manner.

"Why should n't he?" asked Dalison, "it will do him no harm, will it?"

"I should think not, indeed," said one of the bystanders.

"If he refuses, it will only be because he 's sulky," remarked another.

"I vote we make him do it, willy-nilly," cried a third. "He is the sulkiest little beast that ever came to Martin's Green."

"Dalison," said Trevor, annoyed at these remarks, "I put it to you as a personal favour not to make Arthur Johnstone do this, if he doesn't like it. I think it is a shame, and I must fairly say so."

This observation was not judicious.

"I don't see what business it is of yours," growled one or two.

"I shall make it my business," retorted Frank, sharply.

"Oh! come," said Joyce, "we can't be dictated to in this way. I, for one, won't stand it, and if Stapleton doesn't choose to act Juggernaut, I will. Oh! here's Sahib at last. Now then, you young beast, do you hear what you are to do? You are to put on that dress which you see there, and that turban, and stand in front of that stool, in the same attitude as the figure in this picture. If you refuse, or make any fuss, you will get as sound a walloping as ever you had in your life. Do you hear what I say?"

The boys in general, and Dalison and Joyce in particular, had been prepared for an outbreak of passion; but they had not anticipated such a transport of fury as this intimation called forth. The boy shook from head to foot as though seized with a violent fit of ague; and his face, instead of growing dark purple, as was usually the case when he was excited by anger, became perfectly livid, as he looked at the preparations for the *tableaux*. His struggles were so violent that two of the biggest boys were unable to hold him; and, escaping from their grasp, he rushed up for the second time to Frank Trevor, and clung with the energy of despair round his knees.

"Come, none of that, youngster," exclaimed Joyce, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise. "Leave go there, or it will be the worse for you. We'll soon see who is master here! And as he spoke he stepped up to Arthur, with the evident intention of tearing him away from Trevor's knees, regardless of the expression of the latter's face, which intimated a strong disposition to resist his interference.

"Joyce," he exclaimed, as he approached, "I advise you to leave Johnstone alone. I don't want to quarrel with you; but I won't suffer this."

"Do you mean you will prevent me from taking him away?"

"Yes," rejoined Trevor, "touch him at your peril. Once and for all I won't see him bullied."

"Bullied, Trevor?" said Dalison, coming forward as Joyce paused for a moment, embarrassed, as it appeared, by Frank's reply. "Do I understand you to call Joyce and me bullies?"

"I have still less wish to quarrel with you than with Joyce," returned Trevor, calmly; "we are old friends, though we have been cool of late, and I don't want to say anything offensive. I only ask you to leave Johnstone alone."

"You have not answered my question," replied Dalison, coldly; "do you retract the word 'bully,' as applied to Joyce and me?"

"No," retorted Trevor, haughtily; "I did not apply the word directly to you; but I think what you want to do to Johnstone *is* bullying, and I shall not retract my opinion."

"Then you will just take the consequences of your impertinence," said Dalison, coolly stripping off his coat, and approaching his adversary as he spoke. "Now, then, do you mean to stand up to me like a man, or am I to thrash you at my leisure?"

Trevor made no reply; but, disengaging himself from Arthur, he too took off his coat, and stepped out to meet his antagonist.

"No, no!" exclaimed Brackley, interposing; "don't you two fellows quarrel—at all events, not to-day; just recollect that Monday is the only whole holiday for the rest of the half, and that we are to go down the river and have a jolly lark; and if you two fellows, the two head boys of the school, fight, Brickbats will be certain to forbid our going. I can't see that there is anything to fight about; but, anyhow, put it off till after Monday."

"Very well," said Dalison, as coolly as before, "we will put it off till Monday. Take away Juggernaut's robes and throne for the present. On Monday evening, in the long room, Trevor, we will settle this. Either you ask my pardon and cease to interfere between Johnstone and us, or you have as good a licking as I ever gave a fellow in my life."

"I have no objection to make," said Trevor, and, taking Arthur by the hand, he left the school-room.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

BY STIRLING COYNE.

IN the olden days of the Earth, when the Gods loved to descend from Olympus and wander amongst the sons of men,—when every fountain boasted its Nymph, and every grove its Dryad,—there were born unto *Time*, by one of the *Hours*, three daughters, fair as the rosy-fingered Aurora, and beautiful as the Paphian goddess. They were named *The Past*, *The Present*, and *The Future*. Their education was intrusted to an old female relative of *Time*, called *Experience*, and but that the natural froward disposition of the young ladies inclined them rather to mock at than benefit by the wise precepts of their venerable instructress, they might have become almost as accomplished and learned as any boarding-school miss of modern days.

One morning—the softest that May ever gave birth to—the sun sparkled with unusual brilliancy—a gentle breeze, laden with perfume from the adjacent meads, murmured through the dark green vine foliage that overhung the dwelling of the sisters, who gazed from their lattice upon the lovely valley, blue mountains, and clear streams that lay extended before them.

"What a delicious day for a ramble amongst those distant groves and meadows!" exclaimed The Future.

"Delightful!" echoed her two sisters.

Experience, who seldom lost sight of her pupils, shook her head and, casting a weather-wise glance upon the unclouded sky, dryly remarked that she had seen mornings of fairer promise closed by a wild and stormy evening. The sisters laughed, for they made it a point to laugh at everything Experience said.

"We had lovely weather yesterday," said The Past, "not a drop of rain fell during the day."

"And I'm certain," added The Future, "this day will prove as fine. Look at that glorious rainbow which spans the valley with its many-tinted arch; Iris never hung out a scarf of brighter promise. Come—come—let us away!"

"And see!" cried The Present, "there is scarcely a breath to shake the snow-blossoms from the citron tree—the wild bee's hum has grown languid with delight. Hasten, dear sisters, hasten! there goes a troop of young fauns, crowned with flowers, dancing to the merry notes of the kithara—let us join them."

"No!" interrupted The Past, "rather let us take a boat and sail up the clear stream of Retrospection; the waters are bright and clear, and on the banks of that sweet river grow flowers of richer hue and perfume than the Elysian fields ever yielded—we will weave them into garlands, and ——"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed The Future, "I hate viewing a place a second time; let us pay a visit to *Happiness*—her temple, you know, lies only a little way on the other side of yonder hill."

"Agreed!" cried The Present, "though I own I would rather hunt for sleeping zephyrs amongst the half-closed leaves of the asphodel on yonder sunny bank."

The Past, perceiving that she could obtain no one to agree with her proposal, was obliged to consent, and away the three maidens were scampering like madcaps, had not Experience recalled them, and insisted, much against their inclination, that they should take three faithful servants to accompany them in their ramble.

The Past was consigned to the care of *Memory*, an ancient, thoughtful sort of fellow, of singularly grotesque appearance, whose head was nearly twisted round, owing to a habit he had of continually looking over his shoulder.

The Present had *Enjoyment* for her conductor, a pleasant and cheerful companion, but, unfortunately, for a steady guide, too much addicted to making libations to Bacchus.

The Future had for her companion *Hope*, a young and inexperienced traveller, but who, from her buoyant spirits and fanciful tales, made the road seem shorter than did either of her fellow-servants.

It was arranged that The Past and Memory should lead the way; but they had hardly commenced their journey, when the old man, recollecting that he had not brought his staff with him, returned to fetch it. Meantime, The Future, impatient of delay, and urged by Hope, set off in high glee, in the anticipation of outstripping the others, and of being first at the temple of Happiness.

The Present, who did not wish to pursue The Future in her flight, nor yet to linger with The Past, sauntered along with Enjoyment, plucking a flower here—capturing a butterfly there; at one moment chatting and laughing with a group of shepherds and shepherdesses, or

mingling in their rustic dances beneath the spreading branches of a sycamore; or again loitering beside some gushing fountain, and regaling herself with the purple clusters that hung in Bacchic profusion above their heads.

At length The Past and her companion set forth to overtake the party who had gone forward. Their pace was firm and equable, and as they proceeded they looked not upon the pleasant scenes before and around them, but with averted eyes gazed through the vista of years into the vale of Time, which they had quitted. Every spot they had passed seemed clad in brightness and verdure—they spoke only of the delights of yesterday—and when Memory sang—(for the old man had a sweetly plaintive voice)—his theme was ever the joys and sorrows of days gone by.

The Future—for it is now time to mark her progress—still continued in her eager course, never dreaming of looking back on the path she had trodden, and unlike The Present, disdaining to give a thought to the blessings which lay scattered in her way. Nature, vainly prodigal of her stores, showered the fairest fruits and flowers around her; Music breathed her most touching melodies; Mirth framed her gayest measure; they were passed unheeded; for Hope, in her ærial robe and floating locks, danced before her, ever pointing to some remote object glittering in the sun's rays—some vine-clad hill or sparkling stream, where they might rest. And thus the ardent girl, lured by her imprudent guide, pressed on to gain each wished-for spot, overlooking in her eager speed the rocks and brambles in her path, which too frequently bruised and lacerated her tender feet.

They had not, however, journeyed far in this manner, until they reached a small olive grove, near the way-side, in which a fane of the purest white marble had been erected:—on its altar burned a clear flame, fed with rich gums and spices by a vast number of doves, whose fluttering pinions fanned the flame they supplied. Sleeping at the altar-foot lay a winged boy, beautiful as Hylas, whose ambrosial locks curled around his soft and roseate cheek. Hope was the first to perceive him.

"It is Love!" cried she, "we shall capture him."

The eyes of The Future sparkled at the thought.

"Ah! what a delightful idea!—I would cherish the sweet child more tenderly than my favourite lamb—he should sleep in my bosom and ——"

"Softly," whispered Hope, "I shall certainly catch him while he sleeps."

But Hope deceived herself. The cunning urchin, who had heard

every word she uttered, suffered her almost to touch his downy pinions, when springing up, he fled laughing and mimicking the two disappointed girls. Neither of the damsels were, however, easily discouraged.

"We shall take him yet!" cried Hope; and off they started in pursuit of the fugitive.

Through brakes and thickets they rushed with heedless speed, bounding across the open glade like rival Atalantas, or threading, like Theseus, a labyrinth of tangled underwood, as they caught transient glimpses of the flying boy. Wearied with their fruitless chase, the giddy girls at length determined to return to their companions; but, alas! they had lost their path, and were unable to find the high road again. Terrified and exhausted, The Future sat down at the foot of an old tree, her mind filled with gloomy apprehensions; while Hope, weeping and dispirited, wandered farther into the recesses of the forest, in the expectation of finding a cave or hollow tree where they might find refuge from the storm which had begun to mutter in the distance.

Meanwhile, Time's second daughter, The Present, encouraged by Enjoyment, continued sporting merrily onwards, seldom indeed troubling herself about The Future, or throwing away a thought upon The Past, both of whom she looked upon as romantic visionaries. At last she reached the grove of Love, where the boy, weary of his chase, was resting beside his altar. The travellers, charmed with his appearance, entered the fane. Enjoyment offered him a fresh honeycomb, while The Present stooped to kiss his glowing lips. The child at first seemed fearful of being approached by the strangers, but gradually becoming bold, he crept into the maiden's arms and nestled his cheek upon her soft bosom. Enjoyment, delighted with the scene, flung showers of rose-leaves over them, and pressed the purple juice from the ripe grape into a roseate shell. Quaffing deeply the maddening draught, the maxims of Experience were forgotten in the delirium of passion; Love crowned The Present with flowery garlands, and for the moment they revelled in unmixed delight. But the most exquisite pleasure soon palls; Enjoyment sank listlessly upon a bank of flowers—the chaplet faded on the brow of The Present, Love's wings had become clogged with honey-drops, and his snowy garments stained with the blood of the vine.

* * * * * * * *

The day closed drearily.—The voice of the fierce wind howled in the deep valley, and the steps of the storm crashed amidst the dark pines upon the lofty mountains. Sadly and with anxious solicitude *Experience* sat upon the threshold of *Time*, watching the return of the

wanderers. At length a figure, bent with toil, approached—it was The Future,—but how changed; her blue eyes no longer looking forward, were bent to earth and suffused with tears, her step had lost its buoyancy, and had become weak and tottering; Hope was no longer her companion,—a woe-worn melancholy being, named *Despair*, had supplied her former guide's place. The repentant girl sank into the arms of her preceptress, she wept long and bitterly, and in those tears was the sorrowful confession that she had spent

> "A weary day of hopes and fears,
> Begun in folly—closed in tears."

Following closely on her sister's steps came The Present; she, like The Future, had drunk the cup of Pleasure; its poison had dimmed the pure lustre of her eye, and paled the rich carnation of her cheek. She, too, had been deserted by her false follower Enjoyment, and was attended by a gaunt, spectral figure, called *Remorse*, who, ever by her side, reminded her unceasingly of her ruined prospects and blighted life.

Last of all, came The Past, supported by her old servant, Memory. Little change was observable in her manner or appearance, save that her brow wore a graver shadow than in the morning, for she had heard of her sisters' disasters. Dropping a tear for the unreal day-dreams of The Future, and the delusive pleasures of The Present, she hinted to Experience that in future *Memory* should be given to check the wishes of The Future,—*Hope* to regulate the actions of The Present,—and *Enjoyment* to sweeten the recollection of The Past.

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE EFFECTS OF COMPASSES.

THE first few weeks of the Sudberrys' residence in their Highland home were of an April cast—alternate sunshine and shower. Sometimes they had a day of beaming light from morning till night; at other times they had a day of unmitigated rain, or, as Mr. Sudberry called it, "a day of cats and dogs;" and occasionally they had a day which embraced within its own circuit both conditions of weather—glorious bursts of sunshine alternating with sudden plumps of rain.

Thus far the weather justified and strengthened the diverse opinions of both husband and wife.

"Did I not tell you, my love, that the climate was charming?" was Mr. Sudberry's triumphant remark when a dazzling blaze of light would roll over flood and fell and chase the clouds away.

"There, didn't I say so?" was the withering rejoinder of Mrs. S., when a black cloud rolled over the sky and darkened the landscape as with a wipe of ink.

Hitherto victory leaned decidedly to neither side, the smile of triumph and the humbled aspect of defeat rested alternate on either countenance, so that both faces taken together formed a sort of contradictory human barometer, which was not a bad one—at all events it was infinitely superior to that instrument of the banjo type which Mr. Sudberry was perpetually tapping in order to ascertain whether or not its tendencies were dropsical.

When father was up at "set fair," mother was certain to be depressed, inclining to much rain; yet, strangely enough, it was on such occasions *very dry!* When mother was "fair" (barometrically speaking, of course), father was naturally down at "changeable!" Yet there was wonderful contradiction in the readings of this barometer; for, when mother's

countenance indicated "much rain," father sometimes went down to "stormy," and the tails of his coat became altogether unmanageable.

But, towards the middle of the holidays, father gained a decided victory. For three weeks together they had not a drop of rain—scarcely a cloud in the sky; and mother, although fairly beaten and obliged to confess that it was indeed splendid weather, met her discomfiture with a good grace, and enjoyed herself extremely—in a quiet way.

During this bright period the Sudberry family, one and all, went a-head, as George said, "at a tremendous pace." The compasses having arrived, Mr. Sudberry no longer laid restrictions on the wandering propensities of his flock; but, having given a compass to each, and taught them all the use of it, sent them abroad upon the unexplored ocean of hills without fear. Even Jacky received a compass, with strict injunctions to take good care of it. Being naturally of an inquiring disposition, he at once took it to pieces, and this so effectually that he succeeded in analysing it into a good many more pieces than its fabricator had ever dreamed of. To put it together again would have taxed the ingenuity of the same fabricator—no wonder that it was beyond the power of Jacky altogether. But this mattered nothing to the "little darling," as he did not understand his father's learned explanation of the uses of the instrument. To do Mr. Sudberry justice, he had not expected that his boy could understand him; but he was aware that if he, Jacky, did not get a compass as well as the rest of them there would be no peace in the White House during *that* season. Moreover, Jacky did not care whether he should get lost or not. In fact, he rather relished it; for he knew that it would create a pleasant excitement for a time in the household, and he entertained the firm belief that McAllister and his men could find any creature on the hills, man or beast, no matter how hopelessly it should be lost.

There being, then, no limit to the wanderings of the Sudberrys, they one and all gave themselves over deliberately to a spirit of riotous rambling. Of course they all, on various occasions, lost themselves, despite the compasses; but, having become experienced mountaineers, they always took good care to find themselves again before sunset. George and Fred candidly declared that they preferred to steer by "dead reckoning," and left their compasses at home. Lucy always carried hers, and frequently consulted it, especially when in her father's presence, for she was afflicted, poor girl, with that unfashionable weakness, an earnest desire to please her father even in trifles. Nevertheless,

she privately confided to Fred one day that she was often extremely puzzled by her compass, and that she had grave doubts as to whether, on a certain occasion, when she had gone for a long ramble with Hector and Flora Macdonald, and been lost, the blame of that disaster was not due to her compass. Fred said he thought it was, and believed that it would be the means of compassing her final disappearance from the face of the earth if she trusted to it so much.

As for Mr. Sudberry himself, his faith in the compass was equal to that of any mariner. The worthy man was, or believed himself to be (which is the same thing, you know !) of profoundly scientific *tendencies*. He was aware, of course, that he had never really *studied* any science whatever; but he had dabbled in a number of them, and he felt that he had immense *capacity* for deep thought and subtle investigation. His mind was powerfully analytical—that's what it was. One consequence of this peculiarity of mind was that he "took his bearings" on short and known distances, as well as on long, venturesome rambles;—he tested himself and his compass, as it were.

One day he had walked out alone in the direction of the village, four miles distant from the White House, whence the family derived their supplies. He had set out with his rod (he never walked near the river without his rod), intending to take a cast in what he styled the "lower pools." By degrees he fished so near to the village that he resolved to push forward and purchase a few books. Depositing rod and basket among the bushes, he walked smartly along the road—having previously, as a matter of course, taken his bearings from the village by compass. A flock of sheep met him, gazed at him in evident surprise, and passed on. At their heels came the collie dog, with its tongue out. It bestowed a mild, intelligent glance on the stranger, and also passed on. Close behind the dog came the shepherd, with plaid bonnet and thick stick.

"A fine day, friend," said Mr. Sudberry.

"Oo, ay, it *is* a fine day."

He also passed on.

Another turn in the road, and Mr. Sudberry met a drove of shaggy cattle, each cow of which looked sturdy and fierce enough for any ordinary bull; while the bull himself was something awful to look upon. There is nothing ladylike or at all feminine in the aspect of a Highland cow !

Mr. Sudberry politely stepped to one side, and made way for them. Many of the animals paused for an instant, and gazed at the Englishman with profound gravity, and then went on their way with an air that

showed they evidently could make nothing of him. The drover thought otherwise, for he stopped.

"Coot-tay to you, sir."

"Good-day, friend, good-day. Splendid weather for the—for the—" Mr. Sudberry did not know exactly for which department of agriculture the weather was most favourable, so he said—"for the cattle."

"Oo, ay, the w'ather's no that ill. Can she tell the time o' day?"

Out came the compass.

"West-nor-west, and by——Oh! I beg your pardon (pulling out his watch and replacing the compass), a quarter-past two."

The drover passed on, and Mr. Sudberry, chuckling at his mistake, took the bearings of a tall pine that grew on a distant knoll.

On gaining the outskirts of the village, Mr. Sudberry felt a sensation of hunger, and instantly resolved to purchase a bun—which article he had now learned to call by its native name of "cookie." At the same instant a bright idea struck him—he would steer for the baker's shop by compass! He knew the position of the shop exactly—the milestone gave him the distance—he would lay his course for it. He would walk conscientiously, with his eyes on the ground, except when it was necessary to refer to the compass, and he would not raise them until he stood within the shop. It would be a triumphant exhibition of the practical purposes, in a small way, to which the instrument might be applied.

Full of this idea he took a careful observation of the compass, the sun, and surrounding nature; laid his course for the baker's shop, which was on the right side of the village, and walked straight into the butcher's, which lay on its left extremity. He was so much put out on lifting his eyes to those of the butcher, that he ordered a leg of mutton and six pounds of beefsteaks on the spot. The moment after he recollected that two legs of mutton and a round of beef had been forwarded to the White House by coach the day before, and that there was a poached brace of moorfowl in the larder at that moment; but, having given the order in a prompt, business tone of voice, he felt that he lacked moral courage to rescind it.

"Ye'll ha'e frien's comin' to veesit ye," observed the butcher, who was gifted with a peculiar and far-sighted faculty of "putting that and that together."

"No; we have no immediate prospect of such a pleasure."

"Ay? Hum! it's wonderfu' what an appeteet the hill air gives to strangers."

"HERE IT CROSSES, BY MEANS OF A RUDE STONE BRIDGE, A DEEP CHASM."

"A tremendous appetite! Good-day, friend."

Mr. Sudberry said this heartily, and went off to the baker's—by dead reckoning—discomfited but chuckling.

The butcher pondered and philosophised over the subject the remainder of the afternoon, with much curiosity but with no success. Had the wisdom of Plato been mingled with his Scotch philosophy, the compound reduced to an essential oil of investigative profundity, and brought to bear on the subject in question, he would have signally failed to discover the reason of the Sudberrys' larder being crammed that week with an unreasonable quantity of butcher-meat.

Yes! during these three weeks of sunshine the Sudberrys made hay of their time as diligently as the McAllisters made hay of their grass, and the compasses played a prominent part in all their doings, and led them into many scrapes. Among other things, they led them to Glen Ogle. More of this in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE TRIP TO GLEN OGLE.

WITHOUT entering into minute comparisons, it may be truly said that Glen Ogle is one of the grandest and wildest of mountain passes in the highlands of Perthshire. Unlike the Trosachs, which Sir Walter Scott has immortalised in his "Lady of the Lake," Glen Ogle is a wild, rugged, rocky pass, almost entirely destitute of trees, except at its lower extremity, and of shrubs, except along the banks of the little burn which meanders like a silver thread down the centre of the glen. High precipitous mountains rise on either hand—those on the left being more rugged and steep than those on the right. The glen is very narrow throughout—a circumstance which adds to its wildness; and which, in gloomy weather, imparts to the spot a truly savage aspect. Masses of débris and fallen rocks line the base of the precipices, or speckle the sides of the mountains in places where the slopes, being less precipitous than elsewhere, have served to check the fallen matter; and the whole surface of the narrow vale is dotted with rocks of various sizes which have bounded from the cliffs and, overleaping every obstacle, have found a final resting-place on a level with the little stream.

The road follows the course of the stream at the foot of the glen; but, as it advances, it ascends the mountains on the right and runs along their sides until the head of the pass is gained. Here it crosses, by means of a rude stone bridge, a deep chasm, at the bottom of which the waters of the burn leap and roar among chaotic rocks—a foretaste of the innumerable rushes, leaps, tumbles, and plunges, which await them

all down the glen. Just beyond this bridge is a small level patch of mingled rocky and mossy ground. It is the summit of the mountain ridge; yet the highest peaks rise above it, and so hem it in that it resembles the arena of a rude amphitheatre. In the centre of this spot lies a clear, still lake, or tarn, not more than a hundred yards in diameter. This is the fountain-head of two streams. From the pools and springs, within a stone's cast of the tarn, arise the infant waters of the burn already mentioned, which, descending Glen Ogle, find their way to the Firth of Tay, through Strath Earn. From the opposite side of the tarn issues another brook, which, leaping down the other side of the mountains, mingles its waters with Loch Tay, and finds its way, by a much more circuitous route, to the same frith. The whole region is desolate and lonely in the extreme, and so wild that a Rocky Mountain hunter, transported thither by fairy power, might find himself quite at home, except in the matter of big-horned goats and grizzly bears. But, for the matter of that, he would find mountain sheep with very respectable horns in their way; and, as to bears, the hill-sides are bare enough to satisfy any hunter of moderate expectations.

Up to this elevated tarn, among the hoary mountain peaks, the Sudberry family struggled one hot, sunny, lovely forenoon. Bent on a long and bold flight, they had travelled by the stage-coach to the foot of the glen, near the head of Loch Earn. Here they were deposited at the door of a picturesque white-washed house, which was styled the Inn, and from this point they toiled up the glen on foot, intoxicating themselves on the way with deep draughts of mingled excitement, fresh air, and romance.

The whole family were out upon this occasion, including Mrs. Brown, Hobbs, and Peter. The delicate Tilly was also there, and to her Master Jacky devoted himself with an assiduity worthy of even a *good* boy. He took occasion several times, however, to tell Peter, in a grave way, that whenever he felt tired he would be glad to carry his basket for him, and himself too, for the matter of that, if he should get quite knocked up. He indemnified himself for these concessions on the side of virtue by inflicting various little torments on the bodies and minds of Mrs. Brown and his mother, such as hiding himself at some distance a-head, and suddenly darting out from behind a rock with a hideous yell; or coming up behind with eyes staring and hair flying, and screaming "mad bull" with all the force of his lungs.

Hector and Flora Macdonald were also of the party. George and Fred were particularly attentive to Flora, and Hector was ditto to Lucy. He carried her botanical box, and gave her a good deal of infor-

mation in regard to plants and wild flowers, in which Lucy professed a deep interest, insomuch that she stopped frequently to gather specimens and listen to Hector's learned observations, until they were more than once left a considerable way behind the rest of the party. Indeed, Lucy's interest in science was so great that she unwittingly pulled two or three extremely rare specimens to pieces while listening to these eloquent discourses, and was only made conscious of her wickedness by a laughing remark from Hector that she "must surely have the bump of destructiveness largely developed."

Arrived at the tarn, each individual deposited his and her basket or bundle on a selected spot of dry ground, and the ladies began to spread out the viands while Mr. Sudberry took the exact bearings of the spot by compass. While thus philosophically engaged, he observed that fish were rising in the tarn.

"Hallo! Hector; why I see fish in the pond."

"True," replied the young man, "plenty of trout; but they are small."

"I'll fish," said Mr. Sudberry.

"So will I," cried George.

And fish they did for half an hour, at the end of which period they were forcibly torn away from the water side and made to sit down and eat sandwiches—having caught between them two dozen of trout, the largest of which was about five inches long.

"Why how did ever the creatures get up into such a lake?" inquired Mr. Sudberry, eyeing the trout in surprise, "they could never jump up all the waterfalls that we have passed to-day."

"I suppose they were born in the lake," suggested Hector, with a smile.

"Born in it?" murmured Mr. Sudberry, pondering the idea, "but the *first* ones could not have been born in it. How did the first ones get there?"

"The same way as what the first fishes came into the sea, of course," said Jacky, looking very pompous.

Unfortunately he unintentionally tried to perform that impossible feat which is called swallowing a crumb down the wrong throat, thereby nearly choking himself, and throwing his mother into a flutter of agitation.

There was something so exhilarating in the atmosphere of that elevated region that none of the party felt inclined to waste much time over luncheon. Mr. Sudberry, in particular, was very restless and migratory. His fishing propensities had been aroused and could not be

quieted. He had, in the course of a quarter of an hour, gobbled what he deemed it his duty to eat and drink, and, during the remainder of the meal, had insisted on helping everybody to everything, moving about as he did so, and thereby causing destruction to various articles of crockery. At last he declared that he was off to fish down the burn, and that the rest of the party would pick him up on their way back to the coach, which was to start from the inn at Loch Earn Head at five in the afternoon.

"Now don't be late," said he; "be at the inn by half-past four precisely."

"Ay, ay; yes, yes;" from everybody, and away he went alone to enjoy his favourite sport.

The rest of the party scattered. Some went to good points for sketching, some to botanize, and others to ascend the highest of the neighbouring peaks. Mrs. Brown and Hobbs were left in charge of the débris of luncheon, to the eating up of which they at once devoted themselves with the utmost avidity as soon as the others were gone.

"Come, this is wot I calls comfortable," said Hobbs. (He spoke huskily, through an immense mouthful of sandwich.) "Aint it, Mrs. Brown?"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Brown.

It is to be remarked that Mrs. Brown was out of temper—not that that was an unusual thing; but she had found the expedition more trying than she had anticipated, and the torments of mind and body to which Jacky had subjected her were of an uncommonly irritating nature.

"Wot," continued Hobbs, attacking a cold tongue, "d'you think of the natives of this 'ere place?"

"Nothink at all," was Mrs. Brown's prompt rejoinder.

Hobbs, who was naturally of a jolly, sociable disposition, felt a little depressed at Mrs. Brown's repellant manner, so he changed his mode of address.

"Try some of this 'ere fowl, Mrs. Brown, it's remarkably tender, it is; just suited to the tender lips of——dear me, Mrs. Brown, how improvin' the mountain hair is to your complexion, if I may wenture to speak of improvin' that w'ich is perfect already."

"Get along, Hobbs!" said Mrs. Brown, affecting to be displeased.

"My dear, I 'm gettin' along like a game chicken, perhaps I might say like Dan, who 's got the most uncommon happetite as I ever did see. He 's a fine fellow, Dan is, aint he, Mrs. Brown?"

"Brute," said Mrs. Brown; "they're all brutes."

"Ah!" said Hobbs, shaking his head, "strong language, Mrs. Brown. But, admitting that (merely for the sake of argument, of course), you cannot deny that they are raither clever brutes."

"I do deny it," retorted Mrs. Brown, taking a savage bite out of the leg of a chicken, as if it represented the whole Celtic race. "Don't they talk the most arrant stuff?—'specially that McAllister, who is for ever speakin' about things that he don't understand, and that nobody else does!"

"Speak for yourself, ma'am," said Hobbs, drawing himself up with as much dignity as was compatible with a sitting posture.

"I *do* speak for myself. Moreover, I speak for *some* whom I might name, and who aint *very* far away."

"If, ma'am, you mean that insinivation to apply——"

"I make no insinivations. Hand me that pot of jam——no, the unopened one."

Hobbs did as he was required with excruciating politeness, and thereafter took refuge in dignified silence; suffering, however, an expression of lofty scorn to rest on his countenance. Mrs. Brown observed this, and her irate spirit was still farther chafed by it. She meditated giving utterance to some withering remarks while, with agitated fingers, she untied the string of the little pot of cranberry-jam. Worthy Mrs. Brown was particularly fond of cranberry-jam. She had put up this pot in her own basket expressly for her own private use. She now opened it with the determination to enjoy it to the full, to smack her lips very much and frequently, and offer none of it to Hobbs. When the cover was removed she gazed into the pot with a look of intense horror, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell back in a dead faint.

This extraordinary result is easily accounted for. Almost every human being has one grand special loathing. There is everywhere some creature which to some individual is an object of dread—a creature to be shrunk from and shuddered at. Mrs. Brown's horror was frogs. Jacky knew this well. He also knew of Mrs. B.'s love for cranberry-jam, and her having put up a special pot. To abstract the pot, replace it by a similar pot with a live frog imprisoned therein, and then retire to chuckle in solitude and devour the jam, was simple and natural. That the imp had done this; that he had watched with delight the deceived woman pant up Glen Ogle with the potted-frog on her arm and perspiration on her brow; that he had asked for a little cranberry-jam on the way, with an expression of countenance that almost betrayed him; and that he had almost shrieked with glee when he observed the

anxiety with which Mrs. Brown—having tripped and fallen—opened her basket, and smiled to observe that the pot was *not* broken; that the imp, we say, had been guilty of all this was known only to himself, but much of it became apparent to the mind of Hobbs when, on Mrs. Brown fainting, he heard a yell of triumph, and, on looking up, beheld Master Jacky far up the heights, clearly defined against the bright sky, and celebrating the success of his plot with a maniacal edition of the Highland fling.

At a quarter-past four all the party assembled at the inn except Mr. Sudberry.

Five arrived—no Mr. Sudberry. The coach could not wait! The gentlemen, in despair, rushed up the bed of the stream, and found him fishing, in a glow of excitement, with his basket and all his pockets full of splendid trout.

The result was that the party had to return home in a large waggon, and it was night when at last they embarked in their boat and rowed down their own lake. It was a profound calm. The air was mild and balmy. There was just enough of light to render the surrounding mountains charmingly mysterious, and the fatigues of the day made the repose of the boat agreeable. Even Mrs. Sudberry enjoyed that romantic night-trip on the water. It was so dark that there was a tendency to keep silence on landing or to speak in low tones; but a little burst of delight broke forth when they surmounted the dark shoulder of the hill and came at last in sight of the windows of the White House, glowing a ruddy welcome home.

(*To be continued.*)

ST. JOHN'S EVE; OR, THE FOUR DESTINIES.

A LEGEND OF PORTUGAL.

Told by FATHER MANUEL, *Monk of the Order of St. Francis, to*

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.—THE ROVERS, AND HOW THEY FARED.

I MUST now skip over a considerable period of time before I resume the thread of my history.

Five years or more had passed away, and nothing had been heard of the young adventurers. In those days regular posts were not as now established all over the world; people did not think of writing letters—indeed, very few could write, which was without doubt the case with Francisco and João. Their friends made inquiries in Oporto respecting them, but of all those who had left home at the same time, and knew them, none had returned. Thus it was impossible to determine whether the young men were dead or alive. Rosa and Maria had now grown into buxom damsels, retaining all their beauty, and all their charms being fully developed. They were the same laughing, merry creatures as before when in public, though when together they occasionally were grave and thoughtful at the prolonged absence of the youths on whom they had bestowed their early affections.

They had, as was to be expected, received many offers, but had pertinaciously refused them all; whether it was for the sake of their former lovers, or because they had determined to marry only some rich fidalgos, the neighbours could not settle.

One fine afternoon they were sitting in their cottage spinning most assiduously, and amusing themselves by singing at the same time, when looking out of the window they perceived two men approaching the door. They both seemed desperately wounded; one had lost a leg and an eye, and the other an arm and an eye, and was lame into the bargain. They carried wallets on their backs, well filled with something or other however, and while one was habited as a seafaring man, the other looked like an old soldier. They knocked at the door, and humbly asked leave to come in and rest themselves, observing that a crust of bread and a glass of wine would be acceptable after their hot march. The maidens

not only gave them leave to enter, but immediately drew a jug of their best wine and brought in a loaf of fresh bread.

As Rosa was offering a cup of wine to the sailor, her hand trembled and she let it fall. "Jesu! Maria!" she exclaimed; "it is Francisco, as I live!"

On these words her sister also jumped up and rushed to the wounded soldier. She scrutinized his features for a moment, and then exclaimed, "João Lobo! you cannot deceive me—I know you; but I did not expect to see you such a figure. Poor fellow! I was afraid it would be so."

"There's no use denying it," answered the sailor, mournfully. "We've brought back what little remains of us, as we promised to do, though rather the poorer than when we went by our shabby clothes instead of good ones, and by the loss, one of an arm and the other of a leg. But, Heaven's will be done. We have both determined not to call upon you to fulfil your compact; it would be too cruel on you."

"What my friend says is true," chimed in João Lobo. "We could not resist coming to see you before we made ourselves known to anybody else. We find you both more lovely and charming than ever, but the gates of paradise are closed to us for ever; so now, with broken hearts, we will again depart and wear out the rest of our weary lives as best we may."

At these words the tears came into the eyes of both the maidens, and simultaneously they went and sat down by the side of their respective lovers.

Rosa took Francisco's remaining hand kindly in her own. "Poor fellow," she said; "when I jokingly promised to marry you, however maimed you might be, I little thought that you really would be reduced to so sad a state."

"Nor I neither, you," said Maria, taking João's hand.

"Now, I am the eldest," said Rosa, "and therefore shall set an example to my sister, which she may follow or not as she thinks fit. Our father is dead, and has left us mistresses of his fortune and of our own actions. I certainly should have liked to have become a fidalga and married a great man, provided he was as good as my Francisco; but *paciencia*, I think after all I would rather marry you, my dear Francisco, with your poverty and your wounds, for my heart tells me you got them only in an honourable cause."

"I say exactly what my sister does," added Maria; "I loved you, João, when you were young and handsome, and I am not ashamed to say I love you still."

"Do our ears deceive us?" exclaimed both the lovers in enraptured

tones, pressing their mistresses' hands with fervour to their lips. "Dear, good girls, there is such a thing as truth and constancy in the world in every rank in life, notwithstanding all our companions have said on the subject."

The two maidens looked almost as happy as their lovers, for they felt that they were doing no discredit to their sex. The young men also seemed to bear their misfortunes lightly, for they joked and talked as if they were as wealthy as lords, their merry laughter ringing through the house. At last they proposed to tell their adventures since they left home, and Francisco was requested to commence with his.

"I am not much given to speak of myself," he observed. "I have been so busy that I have not had time for talking; however, I will try to say what I have got to tell in as few words as possible. I need not tell you that I embarked on board the good ship *Esperanza*, of which Antonio Manez was captain. I found him a brave, good-hearted man, whose memory I shall ever revere. Though I had not been to sea before on a long voyage, I had been so accustomed to boats all my life that I soon found myself perfectly at home, and, for some reason or other, became rather a favourite with our commander. After having sailed along over the ocean for some time without seeing land of any sort, the men began to grumble and to declare it was the captain's fault, and, for all they knew, we might go on in the same way till the provisions failed or our ship went to pieces; but I took the part of the officers, who, I thought, must know more than the ignorant seamen, who did not know the use of a chart when they looked at it. When, therefore, it was proposed to make the officers take them back the way they had come, I declared I would agree to no such thing, and at last by threats and persuasions the crew were induced to return to their duty. We soon after this encountered so terrific a gale of wind that the ship was thrown on her beam-ends, and was in great danger of going down. Many of the crew, particularly the late mutineers, instead of exerting themselves, wrung their hands and threw themselves on their knees, crying on the saints to help them. Now, though there is no man has more respect for the saints than I have, I know that they like to see a man make the best use of his strength, so I seized an axe and cut away the mizenmast, when the ship righted, and the captain and everybody said I had saved their lives. The sight of land a few days afterwards restored the courage of our men, when, while still in a crippled state, we fell in with a Spanish pirate, carrying more guns and men than we did ourselves. We could not have escaped if we had wished it, but we did not; so we prepared for action. The Spaniards attacked us fiercely, and the fight was long and

sanguinary. Justice at last triumphed; the enemy were either driven overboard, killed, or knocked down below, and their ship was ours. We lost, however, a number of officers and men, and I, with some others, was appointed to take charge of the captured ship, which was brought safely into port, and proved a very rich prize."

Rosa, with tears in her eyes and lips apart, had been devouring every word uttered by Francisco. "Did you lose your arm or your eye on this occasion?" she asked, interrupting him.

"No, dearest, that was some time afterwards," he answered, and continued:—"I did not remain a longer time on shore than was required to dispose of the prize before another expedition was fitted out to attack the French pirates who had insulted our flag. We again were completely successful, and returned triumphantly into port. I next made a voyage back to Lisbon, but had not time to come to Oporto before I was compelled to return to America. I there remained some time on shore, assisting to conquer the country, but the pirates having again become troublesome, another expedition was sent out against them, which I joined."

"Who was the commander?" interrupted Rosa. "You have not mentioned the names of the captains you sailed with."

"Oh, he was a very good honest friend of mine, whose best quality was that he generally spoke the truth to me, though the rest of the world lied," answered Francisco, smiling. "But if you ask questions, I shall tire you out before I get to the end of my history. Well, fortune favoured us—we soon fell in with a fleet of pirates, laden with plunder, whom we attacked and conquered. But now having got thus far in my story, where the tide in my affairs began to turn, I must beg João to commence his adventures."

To this Rosa somewhat objected, as she was anxious to hear the remainder of her lover's adventures, how he lost his arm and his eye, and became so poor; but as Maria insisted that it was now her turn to listen to João's story, he without much persuasion began:—

"As I knew nothing about a ship, I cannot say I particularly liked being at sea, but after some time I got accustomed to it. We passed the Cape of Good Hope without seeing the mighty spirit which is said to dwell there, and in course of time reached the shores of India. We first landed at Goa to refresh our men after our long voyage, but we were not doomed to remain long inactive. The troops were soon again embarked to reduce the fortress held by the Mahomedans which refused to submit to the arms of Portugal. It was most obstinately defended by the infidels. For some days our cannon battered the walls, till a

breach was effected, through which it was determined our troops should storm the fort. A small body of volunteers whom I had joined were ordered to lead the way. It was very hot work; most of my companions were killed, but I was unhurt, and succeeded in cutting a passage up to where the governor was sitting smoking his pipe. As he refused to give up his sword, I was compelled to cut off his head and take it, when I next had the pleasure of hauling down the Turkish flag and hoisting that of Portugal, which pieces of work gave considerable satisfaction to our general. Having left a garrison in this fort, we again went on board our ships and sailed on till we came to another fortress, which gave us still more trouble; indeed, our general was almost in despair about taking it. I was one day examining the walls, thinking how very thick they must be to stand so much battering, and how long it would take to knock them down, when it struck me that there was a part which might easily be scaled by ladders if one could get to the foot without being seen. I immediately told my idea to the general, who approved of my plan and allowed me to select a few resolute men to accompany me. I had a number of ladders made of the proper length, and two nights afterwards, it being very dark, with rain and wind, I set out with thirty companions, the rest of the army being ready to follow. We swam the moat, dragged over the ladders, placed them against the walls, and climbed to the top without being discovered. The sentinels were sheltering themselves from the storm and were asleep; so, as they were infidels, we killed them all, as we did the greater part of the garrison; the rest killed each other in the dark, and when the sun arose it shone on the conquering banner of Portugal. To diversify our amusements we next had a sea fight, when we sunk or captured all the enemy's ships, and then we landed, being joined by some more troops, and had a pitched battle on shore. We lost a great number of men, but at last put the foe to the rout, and those who did their duty got promotion."

"Then I am sure you got promotion," interrupted Maria, whose colour had been going and coming at the recital of all these hairbreadth escapes and battles, pressing his hand gently as she spoke.

"Oh, a common soldier was too humble an individual to be thought of," answered João, smiling.

"Then did you lose your leg in that action?" asked Maria.

"No, *minha joia*, I retained at that time the proper complement of limbs," he answered. "Well, after this battle I paid a visit to Ceylon, Malacca, Java, and several other places in the far East, where we had just fighting enough to prevent our swords growing rusty, and I then

returned to the coast of Malabar. It being necessary to reduce another fortress, called Malagrida, where the Turks had established themselves, we set to work with our usual success, the body of troops to which I belonged being left to garrison it."

"And what was the governor's name?" asked Maria.

"He was a brave, honest, good soldier!" exclaimed Francisco, suddenly. "Some call him plain João Lobo, but he was there styled His Excellency the illustrious General João Lobo."

"What!" exclaimed both the girls in a breath, "were you really the governor of a castle?"

"I used to fancy myself so," answered João, smiling. "But ask him why he did not tell you that the name of the commander of the fleet in which he served was Francisco Martello, one of the bravest captains in the service of Portugal?"

"Holy Mary! what miracles are these!" cried the sisters. "But, alas! poor fellow, how were you reduced to your present state?"

"Why, as to that, perhaps after all we are not so very badly off as may appear," cried Francisco, giving way to a merry laugh. "If we have lost all our gold, we possess what we prize far more, your faithful hearts, though we have long given our own in exchange. However, we have not returned without enough to pay for the wedding feast," and stooping down, he and João undid their wallets, from out of which rolled a number of broad gold pieces. At the same moment up sprung the two wounded men; sundry straps were let go; off flew a wooden leg, and down came one of flesh and bone in its stead. Next the black patches from their eyes were removed; out they sprung from their ragged garments, Francisco appeared with two arms, and there they stood, as handsome, richly-habited cavaliers as any maidens could wish to see.

"Miracles will never cease!" cried Rosa and Maria, almost screaming with astonishment, and entirely forgetting to defend themselves from the very affectionate embraces their handsome lovers bestowed on them.

"You sweet, constant girls!" cried Francisco, "your affection richly rewards us for all our toils and dangers. We wished to be assured without a doubt that you would love us for ourselves, and not for our rank and fortune, so when yesterday, by a wonderful and fortunate chance, Lobo and I encountered each other in Oporto, we agreed to test your constancy to the utmost; in truth, it has not been found wanting."

I have little more to say. The young couples were forthwith married—Rosa and Maria, of course, becoming fidalgas; and thus wonderfully were fulfilled the four destinies cast so many years before on St. John's Eve.

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—ACCIDENTS.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE NINTH.—OF ACCIDENTS.

ONE morning, I was walking by the Monument, on Fish Street Hill, when looking up, with my usual quickness, I saw a hair-dresser falling from the top.

"Goodness!" said I, "he will be dashed to pieces." An instinct of humanity led me to his rescue; I marked the spot upon which he would fall, and there stood stedfastly, arms folded, legs apart. He fell head downwards upon me—the shock was tremendous—two policemen fainted away; a blind man's dog went into fits; the Monument porter cried "Crikey!" but I stood firm.

The barber, whose life I had thus saved, slowly picked himself up, and, without waiting for his wife, went home. I followed his example after comforting the partner of his bosom, who, hastening down the steep Monument stairs, to see into how many pieces her husband had been broken, cried with joy at the news of his safety, and told me as well as she could, that it being Whit Monday, they had made holiday, shut up the barber's shop, and ascended the Monument to see all London at one glance; but her husband, noticing that the chimney of their little house in Bethnal Green was on fire, had jumped off his high perch as the quickest way of reaching home—thus my adventure.

The next morning, who should turn up after breakfast but my monumental friend, seemingly headless? A hollow voice from the depths of his chest cried:—

"See what you have done! saved my life; but where—where 's my head?"

A HEAD SHORT.

"I do not know," I answered, "unless you have left it outside."

He answered solemnly—"I have it inside, and you must pull it out again."

Here was a to-do; he had fallen on my head and driven his own in. I said no more, but making at him with my enormous corkscrew—before he could help himself—in went the screw—knees round shoulders—

"POP!"

—and out came his head again.

"Cured in an instant," he cried, and danced round the room. He went home a grateful and an altered man; the corkscrew would not come out; he had to bear with that; but his greatest annoyance was, that of all his large family of five there was not one whose features did not more or less suggest a corkscrew—it is true the baby was only a pocket screw.

CURIOUS FACT.

But if the barber had his head driven in, I had mine driven off; for one day, at the Thames Regatta, my boat capsized—I went into the river, heels over head—with difficulty swam to the shore—saved my life, but caught a shocking bad cold. Shivering fits came on—shivered for nine days and nine nights. On the tenth morning, rising out of bed too hastily, I shivered myself all to pieces: they picked up the scattered remains, and my head being fortunately all in one piece, I shouted to them:—

"Fasten me together with tin tacks and marine glue!" This was done quite successfully by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, who lived next door, and I am glad to find that I am all right now, save and except a slight huskiness in my voice, of which I am afraid I shall never rid myself.

TACKS AND GLUE.

At Sheffield, I dropped into my enormous flatting machine, which I had just built for the purpose of making the *Warrior's* iron plates.

In four minutes I came out in squares as flat as tissue paper—was folded up in quires and sent home on a truck. My galvanic restorer was set to work in connection with Drs. Watkins, Fergusson, and Elliotson—parts gradually united—but it makes me low spirited even now, when I think how flat I must have been; with that exception, and a slight limp, which comes on every year in the month of September, and lasts for three weeks, I may say I am quite restored.

MUNCHAUSEN IN QUIRES.

But my recovery is certainly more complete than I could have expected—more especially when I reflect that—either by carelessness, rashness, or sheer misfortune—I have, I think, suffered more accidents than anyone else.

Just think: I once fell off the withered branch of an oak-tree into a lake, where I was bitten by a crocodile and driven to swim across the water to the opposite shore, but to find myself among a wild herd of

buffaloes who were noisily awaiting me. They tossed me from one to another until they were tired.

It was in vain that I cried—

"Hold hard!" The maddest bull among them, using all the enormous strength that he could spare, tossed me clean over the edge of the world, where I hung suspended by my eyebrows until I thought I could hang no longer. Fortunately, the rising of the spring-tide gently washed me up to the mouth of the Thames, and sighing to myself—

NARROW ESCAPE.

"Saved again!" I floated on to Greenwich, where I arrived just in time to eat whitebait with Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell. This might have been a comfortable wind-up to my chapter of accidents, had it not been for a fish-bone which stuck in my throat while I was trying to mark out the exact part of the world's edge over which I had hung. But the bone would not go down and the bone would not come up—I was choking.

FISH-BONE.

"Send for a doctor!" cries the Earl.

"Send for a ramrod!" shouts the Viscount. At this moment the waiter rushes into the room with a relay of knives and forks.

"Munchausen choked!" he shrieks, and falls over a footstool. He was coming towards me hoping to pull out the bone, but the great carving-knife flies out of his hand as he stumbles, and—off goes my head.

CURE FOR CHOKING.

"What shall we do?" whispers Earl Russell in great terror.

"Just hold up the head, will you?" rejoins Palmerston, sternly. So Russell holds my head tremblingly, while Palmerston with great skill extracts the bone.

"Here, Woolner," cries Pam. to the sculptor who had joined our party, "if you have any plaster of Paris in your coat pocket, for goodness sake stick this head on again before it is too late."

It was not too late, and Woolner the sculptor had some plaster, screwed up in a bit of whitey-brown paper, in his waistcoat pocket, so my head was soon on again, squarely set, and my throat free from fish-bones.

"A glass of claret, to see that there is no leakage," cried Palmerston; and after I had drunk it with great relish—"You are all right now."

But my mishaps were not yet ended, for scarcely had my noble entertainers bidden me adieu, than I—who had stopped behind till the plaster had fairly set, heard a great noise like artillery, and, behold—the floor gave way.

"Where to now?" I cried; and down I went with rafters and

beams, bricks and rubbish, down and down into the back kitchen, where I was caught upon a great hook and hung suspended in mid-air like a joint of meat.

HANGING ON A HOOK.

"Well," said I to myself, coolly, "it says a great deal for the masterly way in which Woolner has applied the plaster, that I don't give way." For the hook had taken me clean under the chin. "I wonder how long it will hold."

But I had not much time for wonder, for, before I could come apart—

PUFF!—

and the gas blew up in the cellars beneath.

"Up again!" I cried, as I found myself lifted by the explosion—and up again. I went up and up, and still might have been going up, I believe, had I not struck my nose against an aerolite that was passing, and then—

"Down again," said I, and down again it was—down and down—down the great chimney of Hampton Court Palace into a large chest which stood open in a disused chamber. Into this I fell—down came the lid. I was a prisoner.

"Well," I whispered, "now at least I cannot fall lower," and felt some pleasure at the chance of a quiet day or two after so much bustle.

PLACE OF REST.

But it seems this chest belonged to the Palace of Holyrood, and, in company with a parcel of old pictures, thither it was bound.

The next morning, while I was quietly resting myself after my fatigue, came four strong porters, who, shouldering the chest without thinking for a moment of examining it, posted off with me to the station.

Up to Waterloo.

From thence per Great Northern to Holyrood.

But at Newcastle—behind time—the train having waited for the chest, we were run into by the afternoon express.

Terrible accident! amongst other casualties the chest split open, and I thrown out—this time with such violence that I never once stopped until I came to the Glasgow Penny Kitchen, where the cook's back being turned, I fell into a great meat pie. The cook, a stout, short-sighted man never sober, after drinking a glass of toddy, covered the meat with the crust, not perceiving poor me, and into the oven we went—that is to say—Munchausen, the pie, and the dish.

ANOTHER BLOW UP.

We were baked.

POWER OF RESISTING HEAT.

Thinks I, as we came out done to a turn—

"This ought to have made an end of me, but it has not." Oh, dear

no! I have a constitution as hardy as that enjoyed by the twenty-four blackbirds, and like them, as soon as the pie was opened I began to sing—also to holloa and shriek, for the carving-fork—enormous fork—had transfixed me as I lay.

"Whatever shall I do!" I roared. Somebody whispered to me, "Kick the cook."

Accordingly I kicked him into the fire, where, being a confirmed and unpledgable drunkard, the whisky with which he was saturated, caught—flamed—and at last set the house on fire. I saw my danger—jumped out of the pie—scraped off the pie-crust—

EFFECTS OF WHISKY.

"Out again!" I cried, but I was in again in a minute, for the house being of wood and plaster, the rafters caught—burnt partly through—broke—and in came the roof upon me.

"Now," said I, "I ought to be smothered." And should have been, I believe, but for the great earthquake, which coming through Glasgow at that minute, turned over the Penny Kitchen, and I was released.

Without further mishap I hastened to London, anxiously wishing to inform the editor of the *Times* of my safe and wonderful escape.

Arrived in London, I hastened to the famous establishment and inquired for my friend; but, passing through the machine-room, where they were but just commencing to print the early edition—what must I do but fall into the Hoe's machine—stupidly and illegally left unguarded—perhaps you will believe me when I tell you that I came out in Printing-house Square with all the news of the coming day legibly printed upon me. I could not stop now to talk with the editor. Why had I come back at all? I ran down Water Lane, chased by an eager mob—who insisted upon reading Reuter's telegrams of the great Confederate victory, off the back of my celebrated coat.

EARLY COPY OF THE *Times*.

"Nothing but water, and plenty of it," I cried, throwing my arms wildly in the air. I felt there was but one mode of ridding myself of the inquisitive crowd, and at the same time, the disagreeable news which I had hanging about me.

I reached Bridge Street, the crowd increasing—made a rush—threw myself off the wooden bridge at Blackfriars, plump into the Thames, and going rapidly down the river with the tide, got back to the edge of the world, where I sat down to rest myself after my manifold trials and sufferings.

LUCKY ESCAPE.

"PUT YOUR PIPE OUT!"

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

WHEN a man ventures to give advice unsolicited, it behoves him to do so modestly, bearing in remembrance that his advice may be refused. Holding this opinion, it is with a feeling of diffidence that I presume to say to my readers (quite in a suggestive and humble way), put your pipe out.

Of course I say it to those of them who smoke. I may also remark that I address myself only to philosophical boys,—to those boys who sometimes reflect with pride that, if they live, they will one day become the managers of their country, the fathers of our families, the leaders of our armies, the directors of our commerce, the defenders of our religious and civil liberties,—in short, the *men* of this kingdom.

To those peculiar boys who imagine that they are men already in everything except size, and who are addicted to saying "pshaw!" and "bosh!" to all advice that does not accord with their own wishes, I have nothing whatever to say, knowing well that it would be easier to make a pig go, of its own accord, in the right direction than to induce such boys to put their pipes out.

To exercise his reasoning powers is one of man's highest privileges. Strange, passing strange it is, that so many men esteem this privilege so lightly, and avail themselves of it so carelessly.

"On what ground, Tom," says John, "do you hold that opinion?"

Tom, if an impatient fellow, says, "Don't bother;" if irascible, he exclaims, "Tut;" if an unreasoning creature—like, for example, an ass—he replies, "Because I choose;" but, in nine cases out of ten, it will be found that Tom has no good ground for his opinion. He got it somehow, he holds it firmly, perhaps he loves it dearly: it may be right or it may be wrong, but, right or wrong, as far as Tom's knowledge goes, it has no foundation whatever. Like Mahomet's coffin, it is supported on nothing, and, in that view of the question, is worth just as much as the ground on which it is supported.

Were I writing for men I would not venture to write so plainly.

Men feel most appropriately that they *ought* to know the ground on which rests every opinion they hold. Feeling this, and knowing their imperfection in this respect, many of them (happily not all) nail their opinions to the mast, shut their eyes tight, and fight like Britons to the death, rather than give in. But I write for boys—for those who know that they are only learning, who admit that they may be wrong at times, and who are willing to acquire new ideas and to renounce old ones on good reason for the change being shown. Hopefully, therefore, I reiterate the advice (modestly, remember, and quite in a suggestive way), put your pipe out.

"Why?" say you.

Ha! that is the question, the right question, to which I will give the best reply in my power; and I beg of those boys who have studied "Whately's Logic" to test the truth of what I say by the rules laid down in the volume of that eminent and much-neglected author.

My first proposition is, that smoking is *unmanly*.

It is wonderful the amount of misery to which boys will sometimes subject themselves for the purpose of appearing manly! The Spartan youth of old, who allowed the fox concealed under his cloak to tear out his bowels rather than confess that he had stolen it, is only a faint type of what boys have endured, and will endure, for the sake of appearing manly. There was a time when I myself was smitten with this mania. It was the fashion in my early days to wear stocks, tight trousers, and straps. My dear mother wisely (unreasonably, as I thought at the time) refused to let me have a stock, so I made a very stiff and unnaturally tall one of paper, and put it inside my necktie. It sawed my miserable jaws, but I cared not for that! In order to prevent my shirt-collar from falling over ("stick-ups" were then in vogue), I held my head always with the nose straight to the front. Of course my neck grew stiff, and I became exceedingly uncomfortable; but what matter? I fancied that I *looked like a man!* So, too, in regard to trousers and straps. No one can imagine the trouble I gave my unfortunate tailor in regard to my unmentionables. His obstinacy puzzled me at the time, but I have since come to understand that I was so miserably thin that it was impossible for him to make them tight enough for me!

And so it was with smoking. Men smoked; I wanted to look like a man, therefore I must smoke! Such was my illogical conclusion. Such is too much the mode of reasoning among boys in all ages; it is from this that I wish to deliver them. Men smoke, it is true, but that does not make the act manly. Men steal, men run away from battle, yet no one deems theft or cowardice manly. Men smoke, so do the

chimneys! If a man were to smoke until, to use a slang expression, he were black in the face, the accumulated volume of his fumigations would not equal one solitary puff of a gas-work chimney. When a man smokes his pipe he looks manly, *not* because he smokes, but, because he *is* a man. When a boy smokes his pipe he looks simply contemptible to every one except himself, and, perhaps, to his fond mother! Many boys are led into this habit from the mere force of example, and without giving much thought to the matter; but I am persuaded that many more become smokers because they think the thing looks manly. I repeat, that this is an egregious mistake.

Manliness is a first-rate quality: it is much to be desired. Many boys possess it. It consists in that truthfulness, decision combined with modesty, energy of purpose, vigour of mind, promptitude in action, and stern perseverance in duty, which is peculiar to perfect manhood. Manliness, in brief, is being "a lamb in the drawing-room, a lion in the field." Apeing the manners of men is very far removed from it; boastfulness is almost incompatible with it, and, assuredly, smoking has nothing to do with it whatever.

Smoking is hurtful to the health, and this on more grounds than one. The substance used is directly prejudicial to the parts of the body with which it comes into contact, and the act of smoking causes an unnatural flow and loss of saliva. The smoking of tobacco by healthy persons, whether in large or small quantities, is evil, and *only* evil; there is no good in it at all. Observe, good reader, what I say. If I wrote for ladies, I would not be so particular in calling attention to phrases and the meaning of words; but I write for our embryo philosophers and statesmen. I do *not* assert that smoking cannot under any circumstances be beneficial. I believe, on the contrary, that it may do good as a medicine in some cases. But to any one *in health*, the act of smoking, no matter how slight, can only produce evil. If a boy takes a few whiffs the evil will be so slight as to be imperceptible, and will leave no bad effects behind worth speaking of; but if he should go beyond this and smoke a cigar out, the results will be sufficiently plain. If you doubt it, reader, try!

This remark brings vividly before me an incident in my own early life. One bright winter morning I went by appointment to the house of a medical student, to accompany him to the ice for a day's skating. I was a little boy at the time; my friend was a man, or nearly so. I whistled along in the bright sunshine, swinging my skates about, striking fire from the pavement with my heels, shouting joyously ever and anon, and making myself outrageously noisy—as boys delight to do, and no blame to them!

Arrived at my friend's house, I found several other young medicos with him—each being *nearly* a man. To me they were more than men —they were heroes! These youths were great smokers. They dealt not in cigars, except on light and trivial occasions, when they dallied with time, or happened to feel rather "seedy."—Cavendish and negro-head suited them best, and all their pipes were black.

They offered me a pipe; I declined in an off-hand way, and said, "I'd prefer a weed." I *felt* uncommonly manly when I said this, what I *looked* is best known to those who saw me. A cigar was produced and I ventured to smoke it out. When the hour arrived for setting out on the skating expedition, to which I had looked forward with inexpressible delight, I begged for a glass of water; then I seized my skates and cried, "Now, then, let's away!" at the same time smiling languidly; then one of the medicos observed that "The little fellow seemed whitish about the gills;" then I suddenly lay flat down on the floor! and then—but why finish the horrible picture? It is sufficient to say that I lay on that floor the whole of that lovely winter day and groaned!

I had taken as much as I dared of a poisonous substance, but youth and health soon restored me. By continuing daily to repeat this dose in smaller quantities I might easily have come to blacken pipes and affect cavendish as bravely as did these medicos; but I am thankful to say I was preserved from this unmanly and insane course.

Besides exhausting the saliva—which is absolutely needful to healthy digestion,—smoking blackens the teeth and taints the breath. Now, consider this. Bad digestion is an evil with which boys are, happily, not much acquainted. As a general rule boys can devour almost any eatable with impunity. Why so? Just because they are sent into the world in a healthy state, and it takes many years to destroy the internal machinery of the human species. But when boys become men they very soon come to know the meaning of the word dyspepsia; and, if they happen to lead sedentary lives, they too often become martyrs to indigestion. Has smoking nothing to do with this? "No," replies the man who is resolved to smoke, "it is the sedentary life I lead that does it—not smoking."

Thus, youthful reader, does full-grown man deceive himself; but you, being as yet unprejudiced, will at once perceive that the removal of that which is necessary to digestion (namely, saliva), must of necessity hurt digestion; or (supposing that you don't spit), the injecting of a poisonous substance into the *healthy* system must needs do it harm. There can be no doubt whatever that smoking is hurtful—slightly so, if taken in moderation; severely so, if indulged to excess. In regard

to the teeth and the breath, I leave inquiring minds to judge for themselves.

We have been created with a certain number of cravings which our Creator meant us to gratify, in order that we might live vigorously, fulfil our duty on earth, and be happy. These cravings—hunger, thirst, &c.—are felt by all; no one needs to *acquire* them. Who ever heard of a man learning to eat or to drink? God has not left these matters in our hands. Our appetites are parts of our being. They return regularly, they demand satisfaction, and they get it—at least they ought to get it. But what shall we say of the craving for tobacco-smoke? It does not come naturally; on the contrary, it is so universally repulsive that there is not a man, living or dead, I venture to say, who liked it when he first began. Nature clearly points out to man what he ought to eat and drink, by giving him a positive relish for what is good for him, and a positive distaste for what is bad. The mere fact that you do not like a thing is a sufficient evidence that you should not use it.

Of course, I assume that I address a really healthy individual. There are those who have so abused their appetites as to have damaged their health and vitiated their tastes. Yonder pallid young lady driving round Hyde Park in her carriage (though she would be much wiser if she were to run round it on her legs), does not deserve to be called healthy, even although she *can* eat a heavy dinner at eight o'clock and dance till four in the morning. I do not say that her liking for the abominable mixtures of the pastry-cook is an evidence that they are good for her, any more than I assert that her dislike to a plain breakfast at a reasonable hour in the morning is indicative of its badness for her.

We are told that man "was made upright," but that he has "found out many inventions." Assuredly, of all the absurd inventions he has discovered, the most outrageous is that of drawing tobacco-smoke into the mouth and puffing it out again! What would Adam and Eve have said if they had been told that the greater part of their posterity would, in future years, light little blast-furnaces in front of their noses, and convert their mouths into chimneys? An acquired taste is an unnatural taste, and, therefore, a wrong one. This applies to our taste for much that we eat and drink as well as to smoke.

If tobacco ended only in smoke it might not be worth while to raise such an outcry against it. But this is not its termination. Its legitimate end is slavery. I know men,—good, sensible, upright men,—who positively cannot get along without their pipes. They are constantly struggling with the tyrant on whom they have set their affections, but they have hugged him so long that they cannot now do without him.

They feel and know that they are getting damaged. They suffer a good deal, and, occasionally, they smash their pipes and "give up smoking." But it never lasts long. Sooner or later they come back to it. They are unable to resist the temptation to take "just a whiff or two," and although they usually speak in a semi-jesting tone of their "weakness," they are as literally enslaved as if they had been born in New Orleans with black skins and thick lips;—with this difference, however, that instead of being born to slavery they have deliberately sold themselves to it; and whereas the American slave-owner is sometimes a kind master, the pipe never is, for the more he is indulged the more does he tyrannise.

Illogical people are always ready to render confusion worse confounded by their irrelevant observations. One of the most manly mental exercises in which boys can engage is the training of their minds to the habit of correct reasoning, so that they may detect at a glance the sophistries of such persons and expose them to deserved ridicule. Among the many stupid objections that will infallibly meet the man who condemns smoking is the following:—

"Was not tobacco given to us? Why was it given to us if we were not intended to use it?" This remark is unworthy of a reply—yet I condescend on one. Was not hemlock given to us? was not deadly nightshade—strychnine—opium? Why should not I smoke all or any of these? Perhaps some of them cannot be smoked—but the last can, yet not one in ten thousand Englishmen would advise me to smoke opium, simply because it has been "given to us."

I will not insult the reader's intelligence by saying more on this point; neither will I weary him with further argument to prove that smoking is essentially a bad and dirty habit. Let me just, in conclusion, recapitulate the objections to the practice:—

1st.—It is unmanly;
2nd.—It is hurtful to the health;
3rd.—It is filthy;
4th.—It is unnatural;
5th.—It is idiotical; and,
6th.—It is enslaving.

Therefore I would once again strongly (though still in a suggestive and extremely humble way) urge and advise boys who smoke to ponder what I have said; and, if they see truth in it, to put their pipes out.

WAS THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS JUSTIFIABLE?

NO better plea for the gross partiality with which historians have treated the character of Mary Queen of Scots can be found, than the words of the poet, "All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth."

Had *la belle Stuart* been a plain-looking woman, there is no doubt that little sympathy would have been wasted on her; but as she has been handed down to us as one of the loveliest women of her day, while her judge, our Queen Elizabeth, who condemned her to death, is generally known as an ugly, affected, jealous creature; and as this last characteristic is often paraded as being one of the causes which induced her to sign Mary's death-warrant, we cannot feel surprised at the unjust sympathy which is bestowed by most people upon the Queen of Scotland.

We purpose, therefore, in the present paper, to endeavour to show that the conduct of Elizabeth towards her cousin, was not so unjustifiable as seems to be usually imagined.

Mary, after passing most of her childhood in France, married, when in her sixteenth year, the eldest son of Henri II. Immediately after his death, which occurred on the 5th December, 1560, the queen returned to Scotland, where, at the solicitation of Elizabeth, she married her cousin, Lord Darnley, on the 29th July, 1565. From this marriage all her troubles sprang.

At that time the nobles of Scotland were crafty, treacherous, and reckless men, whose lives were generally passed in waging war against each other, and endeavouring, often by cowardly assassination, to gratify their passions of hatred against their foes.

Darnley was a weak-minded, dissipated man, eager for all the power and titles he could obtain from his wife and queen. It is easy to imagine that a man like this was sure to be used as a tool in the hands of the plotting Scotch nobles. By these he was soon persuaded that the queen did not confer sufficient honours upon him, and, as he

in consequence treated her with coldness, she determined to be less confiding in her acts and manner. This demeanour so enraged Darnley, that he resolved to wreak his vengeance upon every person whom he deemed the cause of this change in her conduct towards him.

Now it happened that there was at the court a Piedmontese musician, one David Rizzio, who had come to Scotland with an ambassador sent by the duke of Savoy to pay his compliments to Mary. This Rizzio, who was a tolerable musician, was retained by Mary in her service after the departure of his master, and soon after, she (being offended with her secretary for French despatches), promoted Rizzio to that office, which gave him frequent opportunities of approaching her person and insinuating himself in her favour. Although a man of little education, he was shrewd and ambitious, and made such good use of the favour with which the queen regarded him, that he soon became her chief confidant, and was looked upon as her chief minister. In this position, the strolling player was courted by all who wished to obtain favour from the queen, until at last his overbearing demeanour drew down upon him the hatred of the nobility of Scotland.

Under these circumstances Darnley was easily persuaded that Rizzio was the cause of the change, as his relations with the queen, and the favours she showered upon him, were sufficient evidence of the influence which this ugly, ungainly foreigner had obtained over her.

One evening, therefore, when the queen was supping with the Countess of Argyle, and had at table Rizzio and some other servants, her husband, Darnley, followed by the band of conspiring Scotch nobles, rushed into the room, and, dragging Rizzio into an ante-chamber, stabbed him until he died.

This insult to the queen roused in her the strongest feeling of revenge, and although Darnley had not taken any active part in the murder of her favourite, yet it was on him that she determined the great weight of her revenge should fall. To this end, not content with making him disown all connection with the assassins, she behaved towards him with contempt, and gave him everywhere strongest proofs of her displeasure and antipathy.

One of the most prominent actors in the murder of Rizzio was John Hepburn, earl of Bothwell, a man of profligate manners, who had reduced himself almost to beggary by his profuse expenses. This man soon obtained the entire confidence of the heartless Mary, whose conduct now reduced her husband to such a state of desperation, that he even provided a vessel in order to escape secretly to France or Spain. A short time, however, before his intended escape, he left the court and

retired to Glasgow, where he was seized with an illness of an extraordinary nature, which was generally ascribed to a dose of poison, said to have been administered by the queen.

Mary, on hearing the news of his illness, professed the greatest distress, and journeyed to Glasgow in order to let her courtiers note the affection she entertained for her husband. This dissimulation soon overcame any repugnance on the part of the weak-minded prince, who unhesitatingly put himself in her hands, and allowed her to take him to Edinburgh, naturally expecting that he would be allowed to reside in the castle of Holyrood. His consort, however, urging that the concourse of people about the castle would disturb his rest, caused a solitary house, known as the Kirk of Feld, to be fitted up for him. Here they lived in apparent comfort for a short time, until on the 9th of February the queen informed him that she had promised to attend the wedding of one of her servants, and would therefore be compelled to pass the night at Holyrood. About two o'clock the next morning the Kirk of Feld was blown up by gunpowder, and the dead body of the king was found in a neighbouring field.

There was not the slightest doubt that the king had been murdered, nor were there many different opinions with regard to the author of the deed. The names of Bothwell and the queen were bandied about as the assassins, and although the former was tried for the crime, yet the well-known favour with which the queen regarded him obtained him human absolution. Soon after, he waylaid the queen with a body of 800 horse, and carried her to Dunbar, with a determination of forcing her to yield to his purpose. Little force, however, was required, as it was generally understood that the queen's detention was by her own consent. Bothwell therefore obtained a divorce from his wife, and in May, 1567, just three months after her late husband's death, Mary married the very man who had been tried on the charge of murdering him, and who, in addition to this, had taken his queen captive and forcibly detained her at one of his castles. This fact alone seems sufficient to justify us in withdrawing all sympathy from the queen on account of her beauty, when we consider what use she made of this gift, bestowed on her by Heaven. Now began her troubles. The whole kingdom was thrown into confusion by different sets of plotters. Bothwell, hated by all the nobles, was forced to flee into Denmark, whilst Mary was seized, treated with indignity, and confined in Lochleven Castle for eleven months.

It is necessary to state that this course was adopted owing to her having promised to give up Bothwell, and then calling him in a letter,

"Her dear heart, whom she would never forget nor abandon for absence."

A fresh proof of her participation in the murder was found in the shape of letters and sonnets which were discovered in a casket left by Bothwell in the castle of Edinburgh. These, according to Keightley, "proved her guilt beyond contradiction." Mary was therefore dethroned, compelled to sign her abdication and to consent to the coronation of her son, who was crowned at Stirling four days after.

It is interesting to know that the conduct of Elizabeth, at this time, reflects the highest honour on her. Not only did she send a special envoy to Scotland to exert himself in Mary's behalf, but, after proposing to the French government to stop all traffic with the rebels, she gave her cousin an asylum in England, when escaping from Scotland to save her life. Mary, however, regarding herself as an innocent and injured person, demanded aid from the queen in order that she might be restored to her authority. The English council, however, seeing the dangers likely to arise from such a course, and perceiving how much mischief might ensue if she went either to France or Spain, determined to detain her in their own country. Mary now sought an interview with Elizabeth, who very properly informed her that, until her share in the murder of Darnley was explained, she could not admit her into her presence. Mary for a long time was adverse to any inquiry, but at last consented that Elizabeth should send for the noblemen of Scotland, that they might answer before such noblemen of England, as should be chosen by her, why they had deposed their queen.

It may be noticed here, as an additional proof of her duplicity, that Mary, a bigoted catholic, now professed a reverence for the English liturgy, attended protestant worship, chose a protestant clergyman for her chaplain, listened with *pleasure* while he explained the errors of popery, and gave him to understand that she was almost desirous to become a convert.*

The result of this conference was undoubted proof of Mary's participation in the murder; and she, at whose instigation it was summoned, declined to give any answer to the accusations her foes brought against her. Mary was therefore detained in England, in spite of her desire to go to France, where she would probably have been the cause of as much trouble as she now was in this country. Even at the time of the conference some of the English nobles formed a league in favour of the Queen of Scotland, and the Duke of Norfolk, a widower, actually desired to marry

* Keightley.

her, while she, it is said, showed no disinclination to the proposed match, although she had then been married three times. Events now followed one upon the other. Small armies were raised in different parts of the kingdom, and the people incited to revolt, in order to aid the cause of Mary. The only result of these risings was that their instigators were forced either to flee from the country or else lost their heads, whilst Mary was removed to a stronger castle. Elizabeth by the advice of Cecil now offered to send the Queen of Scots back to her own land, but the sudden assassination of the regent Murray, Mary's brother, put an end to her charitable design.

Thus Mary remained in prison undisturbed, except by the execution of Norfolk, whose love for her cost him his life, until the summer of 1586, when a conspiracy was formed by some priests at Rheims, who, actuated by a fanatical hatred of Elizabeth, thought that her assassination would be a meritorious act in the sight of Heaven. One of them, therefore, instigated a man named John Savage, and sent him to England with powerful recommendations to the English catholics. About this time, too, a priest named Ballard arrived in Paris and informed the enemies of Elizabeth that the English catholics were ready to rise in case of an invasion. He was therefore sent back to prepare them for the revolt, and returned in the disguise of a soldier. Soon he disclosed the plan to Anthony Babington, a young man who, having been recommended to Mary by the bishop of Glasgow, had for some time conveyed letters between them. Babington at once agreed to the plan, and opened his views to some catholic gentlemen — five of whom undertook to kill Elizabeth—who readily consented to join in with them. He then renewed his correspondence with Mary, *who expressed her perfect approbation of the plan in all its parts.* This plot, as one can readily imagine, was known to the authorities almost from its commencement, and the letters which Mary received from the conspirators passed through the hands of Walsingham, who communicated their contents to the queen. The result was therefore an entire failure, and Ballard, Babington, and four others were hanged in St. Giles's field. As soon, therefore, as the conspirators were arrested a messenger was sent from the Court to inform Mary of the fact. When he arrived, she was on her horse ready to go hunting, and although she desired at once to return to her chamber her request was refused. Her cabinets were broken open, and her correspondence both in England and on the Continent was discovered and seized. As there was now abundant evidence against her, and as *both Burleigh and Walsingham knew that while she lived she would never cease to plot the ruin of the queen,* it was determined to bring her

to trial on the late act, and a commission of forty noblemen, privy councillors, and judges of both religions, was appointed to examine her. On the 14th of October the trial commenced. It was opened by Serjeant Gaudy, who accused her of participation in Babington's conspiracy. First, she denied all knowledge of him or of Ballard; next, when the former's letters to her were read she defied her judges to prove that she had received them; when, however, parts of Babington's confession were read, in which he stated the substance of the letters he had received from her, she said that, let him have confessed what he might, it was all a lie that she had thus written to him. Finally, one of her letters to Babington, in which she commended and approved of the plot, was produced and read. Driven now to her wits'-end, she declared the letter to be a forgery, and hinted at Walsingham as the forger; he, however, defended himself with dignity, and Mary was forced to apologise. In the afternoon a copy of a letter to her from Charles Paget *concerning an invasion of England* was read; this she did not deny. On the next day her letters to Paget were read, in which she recommended the invasion of England and placing her on the throne. On the 25th, the commissioners met again and pronounced her guilty of all that had been laid to her charge. Elizabeth, however, sent to them, requesting them to consider the matter anew to try if some way might not be found for preserving the Queen of Scots' life, without hazarding her own security. Both houses resolved, however, that there could be found no other sound and assured means, and as soon as the sentence was published, the citizens illuminated their houses, the bells rang out joyful peals, and the same manifestations of the popular feeling were made all over the kingdom. We need dwell no longer on the events of this misguided woman's life, who in her own letters showed that she quite expected to die. After a great deal of useless delay, caused by Elizabeth's unwillingness to sign a warrant so popular in England, Mary Queen of Scots was executed on the 18th February, 1587, at Fotheringay Castle. "Such was the end of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. Her conduct in the closing scene of her life was calm, pious, and dignified, yet, when we reflect on the crimes of which she must have been conscious, we could wish that she had shown more of the penitent and less of the saint and martyr on this occasion."*

A calm perusal of the facts of Mary's life cannot fail to make an impartial reader wonder at the sympathy which has been bestowed upon her. That she was a participator in, if not one of the chief instigators of the death of her husband Darnley, there exists but little doubt. The

* Keightley.

sudden change in her conduct towards him, from contempt and abhorrence to outbursts of love, was too wonderful to be real. It was rather the act of the syren luring her dupe to destruction. The manner, too, in which she not only allowed her subject Bothwell to take her prisoner, but even in public applauded him for the deed, is sufficient in itself to destroy any admiration one may feel for her on account of her beauty. What can we say, however, when we reflect that, after allowing herself to be detained as a prisoner in his castle for more than a week, she actually married the man who had been tried for the murder of her own husband, in less than three months after the perpetration of the deed, and who was compelled to obtain a divorce from his wife in order to consummate the union ? Should we in the present century feel any compassion for a woman who, in order to gratify her lustful love for a man already married, actually murders her husband, and then, although her paramour is tried for the crime, weds him before the murdered man has been in his grave three months ? And when the woman who has done this is a queen, do we not despise her, and consider that for these crimes she has forfeited the respect that should be paid to her beauty and talents, and think that for such acts alone she deserved death ? When we also add that, in return for Elizabeth's kindness in giving her an asylum in this country, Mary encouraged plotters, aided in conspiracies, and brought a duke to the scaffold, surely we may think that Elizabeth, or rather the commission appointed to try the Queen of Scots, was quite justified in depriving her of life.

In order (if it be possible) to strengthen our case, we quote the following authorities on the part that Mary played in the death of Darnley: —

On the 20th of January, 1567, Bothwell and Lethington went to Morton's residence at Whittingham, and Bothwell proposed the murder of the king (Darnley) to him, saying, "it was the queen's mind that he should be taken away."—*Keightley*, vol. ii. p. 176.

From the time of Rizzio's murder up to the present date the queen had shown no affection for her husband, and on the 20th she wrote to her ambassador at Paris, complaining of him and his father. The next day she set out for Glasgow. While there she feigned the utmost fondness for the king, yet her letters at the same time to Bothwell display the most ardent love for that nobleman. Her object was to get her husband into her power ; in this she succeeded.—*Ibid.*

"Voices were, however, heard in the street during the darkness of the night, proclaiming Bothwell and *even Mary herself* to be murderers of the king."—*Hume*, vol. xv. p. 82.

On the 24th February, 1567, Queen Elizabeth wrote to Queen Mary :

"So horrified at the terrible murder of her husband that she has scarcely spirit to write. However much her disposition constrains her to condolence, she must speak plainly; not to seek only to please her ears, but to try and preserve her honour. *People say she will not care to touch the murderers, as if they had committed their deed knowing their safety.*" —*Calendar of State Papers* (Scottish Series), vol. i.

In writing of the murder, Sharon Turner, in vol. xii. page 105, of his History, says:—"The immediate impression at Paris, even among the queen's friends there, who were more likely to have earlier and more intimate knowledge of the subject than the English statesman, was strongly unfavourable to her."

From Oldmixon's History of England during the reign of Elizabeth, 362.

Buchanan writes: "Tho' all other things were wanting what follow'd the Murder plainly declare the Doer, namely, that at the slaughter of her husband she sorrow'd not, but rested quietly as after a gay Enterprise well achieved; she murmur'd not, but in a manner openly joy'd. She could bear not only to look on his dead Body, but also greedily beheld it."

Of this foul murder, the general opinion accused the Earl of Bothwell, and the circumstances above related could not fail to throw suspicion on the queen also as an accessory.—*Rose's Biographical Dictionary*, vol. x.

Ce changement de langage et de conduite était bien extraordinaire de la part de Marie. Avait elle passé d'une manière subite et sincère de l'aversion pour son mari à une tendre sollicitude pour lui, du dégoût au rapprochement? Il est impossible de le croire, lorsqu'on voit que la mort de Darnley, violemment survenue quelques jours après, ne lui causa aucun chagrin, ne lui laissa aucun regret, ne lui inspira aucun sentiment de vengeance, ne lui fit prendre aucune mesure de justice; lorsqu'on sait qu'à l'instant même où elle semblait se reconcilier avec lui, son intimité criminelle continuait avec Bothwell, et qu'elle devint peu de temps après la femme de cet audacieux meurtrier de son mari. Mais alors, comment expliquer cette réconciliation? Faut-il croire qu'aveuglée par la passion, soumise aux volontés féroces et ambitieuses de son amant, Marie Stuart alla surprendre à Glasgou la confiance de Darnley par des marques d'un hypocrite intérêt, afin de le ramener à Edimbourg, et de l'y mettre sous la main de ses ennemis? Une telle perfidie ne semble pas croyable, et *cependant les apparences morales et les témoignages écrits s'élèvent à la fois contre Marie Stuart avec une force accablante.—Histoire de Marie Stuart, par M. Mignet*, vol. i. p. 287.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

BY JOHN RODNEY.

LORD NELSON has always been my greatest hero. It may be merely because, fifty-nine years ago, in his last and my first cruise, I sailed under him; or, what is more probable, it is because nobody ever saw him without revering him, or knew him without loving him. I know that he had faults; but I never think of them, not out of one-sidedness, but because I never saw him commit one. I know nothing of what he was ashore; I only saw him afloat. Landsmen may dissect and pull his character to pieces, but seamen will ever adore his memory, for in all things he proved himself the greatest sailor that ever breathed.

From my earliest childhood I was destined for the navy. My father, a Portsmouth clergyman, and an ardent admirer of the service, resolved to dedicate me, his only son, to it. Fortunately, my own inclination completely coincided with his wishes. My earliest dreams and aspirations were of the sea, and, as was very natural, our great seaman, Lord Nelson, was the constant hero of them; for, almost weekly, news was brought of some action fought and gained by him. Once, in 1798, I remember perfectly (though I was but six years old at the time) the account of the victory of the Nile being announced at Portsmouth. The whole town was illuminated, and the hero's praise was the theme of every tongue. Then my father patted my head, and told me that I should be one day thus honoured. Oh! how I longed, baby as I was, to go to sea at once; but my father had fixed on fifteen as the best age for entering the navy, and I knew that no entreaties of mine could move him to let me go sooner; so I made the best of it that I could, and passed all my leisure hours chatting with the sailors about, or sailing with the fishermen in, their boats.

It was early in September, 1805, that, according to my usual custom, I was sauntering on the sally-port beach, either peering through my spyglass (the pride of my heart) at the splendid fleet, anchored at Spithead, destined to gain the most glorious naval victory recorded in history, or chatting with Ned Collingwood, a midshipman of the flagship, the *Victory*, who was waiting with his boat, when suddenly every

seaman jumped to his feet and took off his hat. I turned round to seek the cause of this demonstration, and I saw a small, spare man, in an Admiral's uniform, approaching with a quick, nervous step. His right sleeve was pinned to his breast, which was completely covered with orders and medals. He looked marvellously young, in my eyes, to be an Admiral, and his whole figure betokened energy rather than strength; but there was something so commanding in his whole aspect as he raised his finger to his hat in return for the salute, that I instinctively uncovered my head as he passed. He remarked this involuntary and uncalled-for mark of respect, and, turning towards me with a quick movement, he looked at me keenly with his piercing eye—for he had but one.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"John Rodney, sir," I replied, sinking my eyes beneath his gaze.

"Ah!" he continued, "a namesake of our greatest sailor." (I have often wondered since how *he* had the face to say that.) "Would you like to go to sea?"

"I am going, sir," I replied, "as soon as I am fifteen."

"But why are you not already afloat?" the Admiral exclaimed impetuously. "You should be, you are big enough, and the war will be over before you make up your mind to leave the shore."

"My father will not let me, sir," I muttered, piteously.

He made an impatient gesture, and taking a note-book from his pocket he wrote a few words in it, tore out the leaf, and gave it to me as he stepped into the boat.

"Give this to your father, youngster," said he. "Shove off, men!" And he quickly left the shore.

I stood bewildered.

"Who is he?" I asked of an old boatman who had seen what had passed.

"Who be *he?*" replied the man, grinning from ear to ear. "Who be *he?* I thought as how all the world knowed *that;* why he be the great Lord Nelson!"

"Lord Nelson," I muttered all the way home—"Lord Nelson, the hero of my boyhood, seen at last, and spoken to by him also!"

I never read the note of which I was the bearer. It was short, I know, and certainly sweet to me; for, as soon as he had read it, my father took me to the naval outfitter, ordered a midshipman's uniform for me, and then informed me that I was to sail with the *Victory* in a day or two. Of course that magical letter was the sole cause of this change in my circumstances.

Two days later, I was sitting at breakfast between my father and mother in the full pride of dirk, cocked-hat, and anchor-buttons.

"Well, Jack," said my father, as soon as we had finished, "what do you say to going on board?"

"The very thing, father!" I replied, jumping up. "I shall see you all again before sailing." And I jammed my hat firmly on my head, and stepped into the street.

I was walking jauntily along High Street, when I saw a naval officer approaching, whom, to my great joy, I soon perceived to be Lord Nelson. I was preparing to make him a dignified naval salute, but he stopped.

"Have you been on board yet, youngster?" he asked; for he recognised me.

"Not yet, my Lord," I replied, bashfully; "but I was just going."

"Then come with me. I'll take you in my barge," continued the great man, turning into a by-way, in order to avoid the crowd which always gathered round him wherever he was recognised.

It seemed so strange to me to have my many day-dreams at last fulfilled. To be a sailor, and a sailor following every sailor's hero!

I remember that my enthusiasm knew no bounds when the people suddenly discovered who he was, notwithstanding his efforts to remain unknown. The news that he was there spread like wild-fire, and men, women, and children thronged round him from all quarters of the town, like vultures round a carcase, cheering him and lauding him, some even falling on their knees and blessing him as he passed. And when I stepped forward to push them aside, to make way for him, he ordered me rather sharply back. I remember feeling then that I could have died for him a thousand deaths.

The fleet sailed early on the following day, the 14th. My life on board the *Victory* was that of any squeaker just torn from his home and knowing no more about the sea than the dirk at his side does. Of course many little events, extraordinary to me, occurred; but as I am not relating my own life, but that of Lord Nelson, I shall pass them over in silence. One or two, however, I cannot help recording, as they show the variety of ways by which the great Admiral endeared himself to those under him.

As is the case with most new-fledged sailors, I was rather frightened at the idea of first going aloft. Lord Nelson observed it (and what did he not observe?).

"What! are you afraid to go aloft?" he said, in a kind voice.

"Rather, my Lord," I replied, touching my hat, and squinting timidly up the mast.

"Well, Mr. Rodney," he continued, laying his hand on my arm, "I am going a race to the mast-head, and beg that I may meet you there!"

What could I do? I could not refuse; so I went to the starboard main-rigging, and scrambled up as best I could, grazing my shins most cruelly against the ratlins.

"Admirably done, youngster!" said Lord Nelson, when I joined him in the top, where he had been waiting nearly five minutes. "How much is any person to be pitied who thinks getting up here either difficult or dangerous—eh, Mr. Rodney?"

Almost the next time I went aloft, it was not under such favourable auspices. I had neglected to obey some order given me by Captain Hardy, and he sent me there as a punishment. Some time after the Admiral came on deck, and, as was his invariable custom, glancing aloft, he saw me perched up there like a spitted lark. He asked the cause, and, hearing that I had been there some hours, he desired that I might be called down. He beckoned to me as soon as I reached the deck.

"There are three things, youngster," he said, with grave severity, as I stepped up and touched my hat to him, a little frightened, rather sulky, and very cold—"there are three things which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form an opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king and country. Thirdly, you must hate every Frenchman as you do the devil."

Space would fail me were I to recount all the ways in which "Nelson the Great," "Nelson the Good," caused himself to be beloved by his crew. The task I have imposed on myself is to speak more immediately of his public life, and, above all, of his death.

We arrived at Cadiz, where the allied fleets of France and Spain had retired, on the 29th, Lord Nelson's forty-seventh birthday. We remained cruising near Cadiz for above a fortnight, hoping that the enemy would come out and give us battle; but Villeneuve, hearing that Lord Nelson commanded us, did not dare to encounter him. Either one or more men were at each mast-head during the whole day, watching for the allied fleet. At last, I remember, we almost gave up all hope, and put down every Frenchman and Spaniard as an arrant coward, because they would not give us the pleasure of giving them a good thrashing. At length, however, on the 19th of October, Ned Collingwood, who was signal-midshipman, reported that the *Mars*, which was the ship nearest

the land, was signalling that the enemy was leaving the port. But it was not our Admiral's intention to fight where we were. He knew perfectly well that the relative position of the combatants decides a battle at sea as much as it does on land; so he ordered the whole fleet to set sail and bear to the south-east. The wind was favourable; and, in excellent order, we threaded the Straits of Gibraltar, and continued to the east till we sighted Cape Trafalgar, and then we lay-to and waited for the enemy. Slowly and stately did they rise from the horizon, like huge snow-white seagulls. The battle could not begin at once, for, the wind being south, we could not bear down on our enemies, any more than they could on us; and we lay lazily rocking from side to side, the huge, unwieldy ships frequently changing places, as though too much excited to remain quiet, while innumerable boats were passing to and fro.

The 21st dawned. I was breakfasting with Lord Nelson; for he seemed to consider me, in some degree, his charge, having been the sole cause of my being then in the navy. Captain Hardy and Mr. Scott, the Admiral's secretary, were also of the party.

"Hardy," said Lord Nelson, after a very long silence, during which all our thoughts were fixed on one engrossing subject—the coming fight. "Hardy, I have always felt that my greatest victory would be gained on the 21st of October. It is an anniversary in my family; for on this day my uncle, Captain Suckling, with whom I first sailed, beat a French squadron of seven sail with his own and two other ships. I pray God that the wind may change, and that my prediction may be fulfilled."

Hardly had he spoken these words before the second lieutenant entered the cabin, and reported that the wind had veered towards the east.

Lord Nelson at once rose from his seat, and retired into the after-cabin, where, as I afterwards heard, he wrote the following prayer, so literally granted:—

"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend.—Amen! amen! amen!"

He immediately afterwards came on deck, and ordered the signal for

Lord Collingwood and all the captains to be run up, with whom he retired to his cabin, there to explain to them the plan of the battle. When most of them had returned to their ships, he gave the order to proceed, having divided his fleet into two lines—he himself, in the *Victory*, leading the weather one, of fourteen sail, while Lord Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee one, of thirteen sail. Villeneuve, the French Admiral, had arranged his ships, thirty-three in number, in a long double column, and waited our approach with stolid silence. In equal silence did we press on, our two long, serpentine lines seeming to be sailing a breathless race.

Lord Nelson wished to lead the attack himself; but he was persuaded by those beneath him not to run the risk of the enemy's opening fire; so he ordered the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire* to pass ahead; but so bent was he on being first that he would not shorten sail—indeed, he set more canvas, so that the two ships, after vainly endeavouring to obey his order, were forced to fall back into their old place.

How interminably long did the seven miles that separated us from the enemy seem to all on board! Some, who had struck many a hard blow ere now, looked ahead with calm indifference; while others who, like myself, had never yet smelt gunpowder, felt a secret trepidation to which they scorned to give utterance. I remember being in despair, doubting all my powers of fortitude and courage, feeling almost afraid, when I was completely reassured and emboldened by that which made every man present ten times as brave as he was before.

I was leaning against the launch, struggling with my rising fears, when I saw Lord Nelson beckon to Collingwood, and give him some order. I remember Ned's look of wonder, almost of awe, as he ran aft to execute it. I remember it all—although one would have thought that what followed would have swept such trifles from one's memory; but it is not so.

In one moment more our Admiral's dying injunction to his men, "England expects every man to do his duty," was telegraphed through the fleet. There was a dead silence for a minute or two after this signal was run up—a silence of wonder and admiration—and then the entire crews of twenty-seven line-of-battle ships burst out simultaneously into a thrilling, thundering cheer. I shall never forget it. As for me, what I felt was beyond cheering—beyond all utterance, because of the reaction it caused me from my former tormenting fears. I swore an inward vow that one man at least (for man I called myself) should do his duty, and all fear vanished in a moment, never to return.

"And," said our hero, "I thank God for this great opportunity of doing *my* duty."

When the last cheer had died away in the far distance, he called to me and told me to stay near him, in order to be at hand to carry his various messages from one part of the ship to another. I rejoiced at this, because I felt that where he was there was honour to be won.

I remember our Captain, and Captain Blackwood, of the *Euryalus*, coming up to him and imploring him to remove his four orders from his coat; for they feared that they would render him such a conspicuous mark for the expert riflemen employed on board the French ships. He appeared more displeased at their request than I ever saw him before.

"No!" he exclaimed, with asperity. "In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die in them."

I remember, at the time, feeling that his dazzling courage would render him more conspicuous than even those brilliant jewels.

It has often seemed astonishing to me how landsmen can describe a naval battle so minutely; for, from the beginning to the end, all the fleet is so enveloped in smoke that it is useless to attempt looking beyond your own ship, or that with which you are engaged. So I shall not attempt to give the movements of the fleet; but shall merely stick to the old *Victory* and the precious freight she bore.

The first shot was fired about ten minutes to twelve. The *Royal Sovereign* (brave Collingwood's ship) began the fight, cutting straight through the enemy's line, discharging her broadsides right and left, and laying alongside of the *Santa Anna*, in the middle of all her friends—the most daring feat recorded in naval history.

The *Victory* was not far behind the *Royal Sovereign*, the first man killed on board being Mr. Scott, the Admiral's secretary. My memory fails me as to which ships we engaged in particular; but I think we must have had a try at almost every one out of the thirty-three. A few we sunk, some we took, and a great many we drove away. It seems incredible to me that the whole time I was on deck was but an hour and a quarter. It appeared to be almost days; for, though I never thought about it, an instinct told me that any moment might be my last.

About one o'clock, while we were grappling the *Redoutable*, just as Lord Nelson was giving me a message, a rifle bullet from the French ship pierced my leg, and I fell down. I felt an arm, gentle as a woman's, raise me—it was the Admiral's. Seeing this, I made a powerful effort, and gained my feet.

"Ah, youngster!" said he, with a bright smile, "that shot was not meant for you."

I knew what he meant. I was standing just between him and the *Redoutable's* maintop, whence the shot came. Oh! how I longed, if I dared, to fall down at his feet and implore him for his own, his country's, for *our* sake, to cover those fatal stars! He looked so great and high just then, that I am sure he knew that in five short minutes his death-wound would be received.

My momentary strength now left me, and I sank down on the blood-stained deck. Lord Nelson signed to one of the men to carry me below.

It was about eight minutes after, while Mr. Beatty, the surgeon, was extracting the bullet from my leg, that I heard a muttering outside—a muttering so earnest and ominous that I heard it far above the battle's din.

"Give way, Bill! Easy, man—port hard—steady—so!" And two seamen entered the cockpit, carrying a body, of which the upper part was covered by a handkerchief, followed by the Captain.

I recognised that slight form at once, and, arresting Mr. Beatty's arm, I said earnestly, though hardly finding words for my agonizing suspicions, "There, sir—there; go and help *him—he* is hurt."

The doctor, surprised at my energy, did as I requested, and, stepping up to the body, he removed the handkerchief, revealing the features of Lord Nelson. I started up in horror at seeing my fears thus verified; but weakness overcame me, and I sank back on my pallet, whence I watched him earnestly. How I longed to know whether he was mortally hurt; but I could not hear, for the Captain and surgeons talked in a low whisper—but, from its very lowness, I felt that all hope was gone.

At last, he motioned Mr. Beatty away, and the latter returned to me.

"Is he mortally wounded, sir?" I asked, imploringly. "I'll not say a word of it to anybody. Will he die?"

The surgeon nodded his head mournfully. Then he *was* going to be torn from us; we were all to be desolate orphans—fatherless children! How could the navy exist without the master-spirit which had formed it, and made it what it was? I shall never forget the effect that his appearance created in the crowded cockpit. All feared to disturb him, though none knew he was dying—the wounded stifled their groans, and the dying tried to die noiselessly.

Even then, with his backbone half severed, Lord Nelson did not forget the battle, and he requested the Captain to go and have the tiller-ropes repaired, which he alone out of the sorrowing group that

bore him below had perceived to be shot away. He knew that nothing could be done for him, so he begged to be turned over on his right side, thus to remain till he died. The chaplain was constantly with him.

"Scott," said he to him, "I have not been a great sinner?"

"No, no; never!" burst from the lips of a wounded seaman, a short way off.

A gleam of pride shone on the face of our dying Admiral, as he heard these words.

Captain Hardy soon after returned.

"How goes the fight?" said Lord Nelson, as though that were the only thing of which he thought. "None of our ships have struck, I hope?"

"No fear of *that*," replied the Captain, with a sailor's pride. "Five ships are now bearing down on us; but I have signalled to two or three of ours, and we'll beat them."

"I wish now," replied our chief, "that I had never left the deck; I should then have seen the end of it, and it is the same whether I die here or there."

"I hope, my Lord," replied Hardy, controlling his feelings, "that Beatty will be able to cure you."

"No, no; I am a dead man. I know it; and I am in such pain that I would I *were* dead. But, still," he added, "one would like to live a little longer *now!*"

Oh! what honours would have awaited him in England! How adored would have been the hero of such a victory! To think that, while such a triumphant reception was being prepared for him, he was dying in the midst of that victory! Soon nothing was to remain of that great man but his body and his immortal fame!

With a heart nigh bursting, and totally unable to smother his emotion, Captain Hardy hurried on deck. Soon after, Ned Collingwood came below, with a gash in his arm, whistling merrily. He did not know that the Admiral was there. I shall never forget the look of deep sorrow and awe that passed over his gay, boyish face, as his eyes fell on him.

"I say, Rodney," he said, in a low, hushed-up whisper, as he crouched near my pallet, "is it all up with him?"

"Yes," said I, shortly; for I could not bear to dwell on the subject.

"Oh! Jack," he almost sobbed out, "what *shall* we do without him? All our naval glory will die with him!"

I nodded a sad assent.

"Rodney," he exclaimed, with a gleam of honest pride, "I've done to-day what I would have spent a whole life of misery to have done—I've avenged his death! I shot the man that shot him."

"Collingwood," said I "you are the happiest fellow alive."

"That's just what I think," he replied, leaving the cockpit to look for the doctor elsewhere.

I hardly like to dwell on the last moments of our chief. I fear to take away from them the grand sublimity in which they were wrapped. He did not speak at all. He lay with his hands clasped, as though in prayer, and each time the crew hurrahed, when an enemy struck to them, a gleam of joy brightened his whole face till he looked no longer man.

In about an hour Captain Hardy returned, and informed him that fifteen of the enemy had surrendered.

"That's well," he replied, "but I bargained for twenty."

Before he died, twenty were taken, some were sunk, and but two escaped to tell the story.

"Don't throw me overboard," he went on; "lay me by my parents. Kiss me, Hardy."

The Captain knelt down and kissed his forehead.

"Now I am satisfied," the Admiral muttered. "Goodbye, Hardy; God bless you!"

Hardy wrung his hand and left him. He never saw him again.

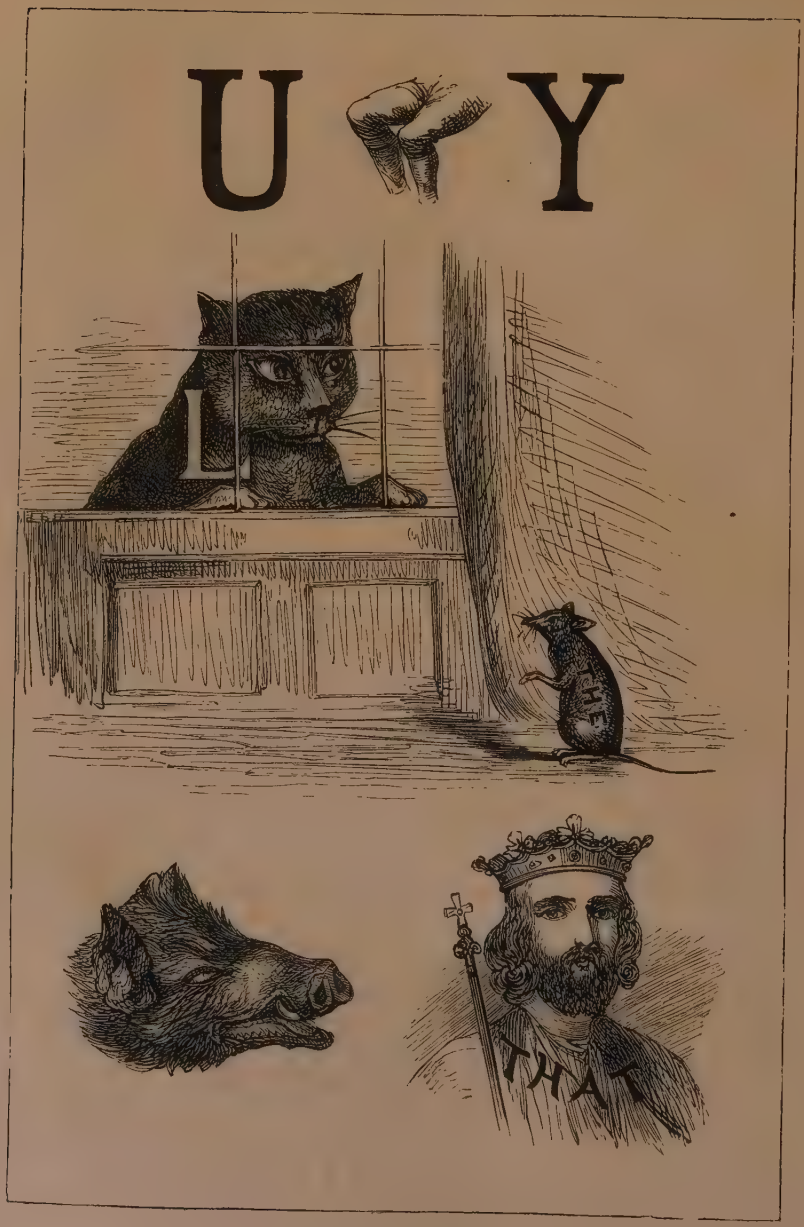
He hardly spoke any more; but he murmured every now and then, "Thank God, I have done my duty!—Thank God, I have done my duty!"

A few hours before, he thanked God for the great opportunity granted him for doing that duty—and, now, that he had done it. It was a great duty, nobly done! He died soon after, so quietly that it was only by a suppressed groan from Dr. Scott, the chaplain, that I knew that his brave spirit had taken its flight. He died in the midst of his glory. It seemed hard that he should have been torn from us in the very height of it. But it was better. Had he lived and failed, his former triumphs might have been forgotten; while, as it is, no one can detract from his fame; and the names of Nelson and Trafalgar will be handed down together to posterity, wrapped in cloudless splendour. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral; his coffin being lowered to the grave by some seamen out of his own ship. Seized by a common impulse, they drew from it the union-jack, and, tearing it into pieces, they put the bits into their shirts as a remembrance of him. The same had been done

by the leaden coffin in which his body was brought to England. It was chopped up into the smallest bits possible, and distributed through the fleet by the *Victory's* crew, under the name of relics of Saint Nelson!

A few months ago I went down to Portsmouth on purpose to go over the *Victory*, now flag-ship there. I went straight to the cockpit, and, having procured the key from the first lieutenant, I went in. How long I remained there I do not know. I sat down in the corner where, fifty-seven years ago, I lay wounded on a pallet, and the whole scene flooded through my brain with fearful vividness. The dying hours of our brave Admiral—of him, every sailor's greatest hero—now so long in heaven! And then I thought how strange it was that with him died our naval glory for the time—Trafalgar being our last victory during that war. Then the solemn feeling came upon me that in a few short years I should meet him again. Meet him, the hero of my whole life—the beacon of my perilous course! Many events of far more recent date had vanished from my memory; but that short month and a half with him was indelibly engraved on it. Our great chief's death shone out, bright as the polar star on a cloudy night—so brightly did it shine that I knew I must be very near to it. I remained on board for many hours, going over and over the dear old decks till I got into a happy whirl of boyish recollections. I took a parting look at the very spot where HE fell; and full of gentle thoughts I stepped down the accommodation ladder, repeating instinctively the lines written on him by a poet of his own day:—

> Yet, yet awhile the natural tear may flow,
> Nor cold reflection chide the chastening woe;
> Awhile, unchecked, the tide of sorrow swell:—
> Thou bravest, gentlest spirit—fare thee well!



Answer to No. IX

"That last infirmity of noble mind."

Milton.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

THE study of language is at the same time one of the most instructive and one of the most interesting occupations with which we can employ ourselves. And in the present age of advanced education it is absolutely necessary for everybody to obtain a knowledge of his own language, and to read, speak, and write it in accordance with the known rules on the subject. However well taught a man may be in other branches of study, yet unless he can speak correctly, he will never make his way in the world, since correct speaking is, as it were, the outward attribute of the gentleman, and the one by which his other qualifications are judged.

It is therefore evident that every youth should pay great attention to this branch of education at school. A sensible boy, as his knowledge of his own language increases, is sure to take pleasure in the study of it, and will read with interest the many books that have been written upon this most delightful subject.

The latest contribution to that library which has made the names of Latham, Richardson, Trench, and others famous, comes to ask our suffrages in the form of a compact little volume of 256 pages, written by Dr. Alford, the popular Dean of Canterbury.* Although the book is written in a desultory, unconnected manner, yet some of the stray notes it contains are full of valuable information, and may reasonably be looked upon as authorities on many a keenly-debated point. The book may therefore be considered as worthy the same place in the schoolroom which that of Dean Trench holds in the study. No person

* "The Queen's English; Stray Notes on Speaking and Spelling." By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Strahan.

for an instant would hesitate to place the latter upon a much higher pinnacle of fame than the former, although, at the same time, all will admit that Dean Alford's labours in the good cause ought to be, and probably have been, crowned with success.

But although, on the whole, we praise this specimen of the Queen's English, we cannot pass over the careless manner in which the book is written. The Dean is evidently not a graceful writer of English, as he is sure to have put forth all his strength in the composition of a book on language. This strength, however, seems to consist in devising the most unnatural manner of writing good English, and in violating some of Lord Kames's most important rules with regard to words expressing things connected in thought being placed as near together as possible.

"The Queen's English," we must state, professes to be a reprint from a widely circulated periodical entitled "Good Words," presented to the public in a considerably altered form.

This is strictly true, for, having compared the reprint with the original articles, we are able to compliment the Dean on the many judicious alterations he has made; thanks, perhaps, to the suggestions given by a gentleman styled in a country paper as "a knight, bearing on his shield the emblem of the lunar orb," and other lovers of pure English who have considered that the reverend grammarian has in some way defiled the pure well of English.

Sitting down with the book and the volume of "Good Words" for 1863 before us, we note no great difference until we come to the following expression: "The Queen is of course no more the proprietor of the English language *than you or I*"—(see "Good Words"), but in the volume we have "*than any of us.*" Why this change? On page 140 of the book we read: "What are we to think of the question, whether 'than' does or does not govern an accusative case? 'than I:' 'than me:' which is right? My readers will probably answer without hesitation, the former. But is the latter so certainly wrong? *We are accustomed to hear it stigmatized as being so; but I think, erroneously.* Milton writes, 'Paradise Lost,' ii. 299,—

> 'Which when Beelzebub perceived, *than whom*,
> Satan except, none higher sat.'

And thus every one of us would speak: 'than who,' would be intolerable. *And this seems to settle the question.*"

So the Dean thinks. We, however, do not. Poetry is not often considered a high authority on matters of grammatical construction, although the Dean seems to think it should be, since this is the only

instance of "than" governing the accusative that he deigns to cite: besides, it is evident that in many cases, the employment of the accusative instead of the nominative, gives to the sentence another meaning, thus:

1 He likes you better than me.

2 He likes you better than I.

Surely it is manifest to everybody that the first form means that he likes you better than he (likes me), and that the latter means, he likes you better than I (like you); and yet our Dean in an authoritative manner says, that you may say either "*than I*," or "*than me*," but that the former should be used only when solemnity is required, as "My Father is greater than I."

Is solemnity required when mention is made of the Queen in regard to her proprietorship of the English language? We trow not. Why, then, does our Dean lay down a rule, and break it on the first page of his Essays? This reflection seems to have occurred to the mind of the author, who probably in his reprint weighed with care every expression he made use of. This at any rate seems the only reason why he should alter "*than I*" to "any one of us," and thus screen himself under an expression which fits either rule.

Let us pause for a short time and note what some authorities write about this conjunction. Lowth is of opinion that such forms as "thou art wiser than me" are bad grammar. Mr. E. F. Graham, in his excellent book on English Style, quotes the objective case after "than" as a downright grammatical error, whilst our old friend Lindley Murray devotes a page and a half to the discussion of this question, and, after citing the lines of Milton just quoted, concludes his notice by saying, "The phrase *than whom*, is, however, avoided by the best modern writers." The crowning point of all, however, is the very author whom Dean Alford quotes in support of his theory.

In the 1st book of "Paradise Lost" we read—

> "What matter where, if I be still the same,
> And what I should be, all but less *than he?*"

It seems very probable that "than whom" was originally written in error, and that the employment of the accusative case after "than" arises, in many instances, from the fact that in the pronoun *you* both it and the nominative case are the same.

Near the end of a paragraph in the first Essay occurs the following sentence, which is omitted in the book:—"And I really don't wish to be dull; so please, dear reader, to try *and* not think me so."

It was wise, indeed, on the Dean's part, to omit this sentence in his

book, for probably it contains the worst mistake he has made. Try *and* think, indeed! Try *to* think, we can understand. Fancy saying "the dear reader *tries and thinks* me so;" for, mind, a conjunction is only used to connect words, and can govern no case at all. However, as the Dean has not allowed this to appear in his book, we refrain from alluding farther to it.

As the Dean admits that his notes are for the most part insulated and unconnected, we presume that we need make no apology if our critical remarks happen to partake of the same character, as the reader will easily understand that criticism on unconnected topics must itself be unconnected also.

We have been taught to understand that the adjective "universal" is an absolute term meaning, "comprehending all without exception," and certainly not admitting of a comparative. This view evidently does not coincide with that of the Dean, for he writes, "The first remark that *I have* to make *shall be* on the trick now *so* universal across the Atlantic." Now a very excellent writer, Mr. Henry Breen, whose work on Modern English Literature was noticed in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, tell us that there are certain adjectives which do not admit of degrees of comparison, such as *universal*, &c., and quotes a passage from Gibbon, in which that author writes "the most universal excitement," as an instance of this inaccuracy.

In a book treating of the English language, we have a right to expect the greatest care in the use of expressions; therefore we ask why the Dean, in speaking of the confusion of two words, uses the expression, *an absurd thing*. The term *thing* (according to Richardson) is used as contradistinguished from person, though sometimes applied emphatically to persons; and in Blackstone's Commentaries we read, "*Things real* are such as are permanent, as lands and tenements; *things personal* are goods, money, and all other movables." Now, as confusion is a feeling of the mind, a perplexity, or even a disorder, we cannot admit that it can correctly be employed as synonymous with the word "thing."

On page 27, the author, after telling us that the term is not mentioned in any work on English grammar, says he would say two *calf's-heads*, instead of two *calves'-heads*. Here we also disagree with him. Suppose the Dean—in his kitchen—were to see these two heads lying side by side before they were cooked, would he then call them two *calf's-heads* or two *calves'-heads?* Cooked or uncooked, they would always be the heads of two calves, and entitled to their proper designation.

"It is true that, in this particular case, *on* no plan is the account to be given quite satisfactory" (page 31).

Tom—a bad boy—does not know his lesson. His master summons him to the desk, and in a voice of thunder shouts, "Tom, can you give a satisfactory account *on* yourself?" The delinquent, although a very ignorant boy, titters at this specimen of bad grammar.

Who does not recollect with pleasure those dear old ladies, Sairah Gamp and Betsey Prig? "*Which*, altering the name to Sairah Gamp, I drink," said Mrs. Prig.

"As I write these lines, *which* I do while waiting in a refreshment room at Reading between a Great Western and a South Eastern train," says the Dean. The time when and the place where great men have written their books is always interesting information, and we thank Dean Alford for telling us where he wrote this elegant sentence; but fancy, what a very small refreshment room there must be at Reading, if it stands between two trains. May we venture to suggest that the sentence would have been improved if "which I do," and the words from "between" to "train," had been omitted altogether. "Which you are right, my dear," says Mrs. Harris.

"We still sometimes, even in good society, hear 'ospital,' 'erb,' and 'umble'" (page 39).

We grant with pleasure that "umble" sounds better with the *h* aspirated, thanks to Uriah Heep being the umblest person going, but we certainly prefer "hospital" and "herb" with a silent *h*. As this also happens to be the opinion of Walker, Sheridan, Perry, Knowles, Smart, Wright, Craig, Surenne, against Webster, Jameson, and Alford, we do not intend to change our opinion on this subject.

With regard to the demonstrative pronouns, "*this* refers to the nearest person or thing, and *that* to the most distant," says Murray. This, however, is not Dean Alford's view of the matter.

After mentioning the name Sophœnetus (and no other), he writes, "Every clergyman is, or ought to be, familiar with his Greek Testament; two minutes' reference to *that* will show him how every one of *these* names ought to be pronounced."

Who is right here—Lindley Murray or the Dean of Canterbury? Stop! stop! Not so fast. In theory, the Dean agrees with our grammarian; for, eleven pages further on, he says "that" refers to things not present, nor under immediate consideration; or of either of these, one degree further removed than the others of which are used "*this*" and "*these*." He then mentions a Scottish friend, who always designates the book which he has in hand as "*that book*." Surely this Scotchman and the Dean belong to one family.

On page 62 the Dean comes to that which he says must form *a prin-*

cipal part of his little work. The principal part means, we believe, more than half of anything, but as in the present work there are evidently two principal parts (at least), it appears that the volume contains more than the two halves. Perhaps the Dean was waiting between two trains in Ireland when he penned this sentence.

We ourselves have lately had a great deal to do with compositors, and certainly do not feel inclined to endorse the Dean's dictum, that notes of admiration are scattered up and down the page *by the compositors without mercy.* In our case the compositors have usually been gentle and merciful, and have done nothing to justify the title of "compositors without mercy." Perhaps this is not exactly what the Dean intends, although the arrangement of his sentence points to this as the most natural meaning. He may mean that these notes of admiration are scattered up and down the page *without mercy by the compositors.* At least, we hope so; for he surely would not be so unjust as to libel a class of men to whom he, at least, should be grateful.

On page 105 the Dean quietly tells us that we have not yet formed the words *aggress* or *regress.* Here we quite disagree with him. Webster gives both these words as verbs; and Richardson, after stating that we get the first verb through the French *aggresser*, quotes the following lines from Prior's Ode to Queen Anne:—

> "The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
> With mingled anger and collected might,
> To turn the war, and tell *aggressing* France
> How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight."

With regard to *regress*, its use as a verb is commoner still; for in the Vulgar Errors of that writer of classic English, Sir Thomas Browne, we read, "All being forced unto fluent consistencies naturally *regresse* into their former solidities."

The Dean states, in a note, that one of his censors has found these words in "Bailey's Universal Dictionary," published in 1755. This, however, he considers no authority, as there may be found thousands of words in the Dictionary which are simply Latin, made English in form, *without any authority for their use.* The same objection, at any rate, cannot be made to our quotations.

And now we come to the gravest charge we have to prefer against the Dean—a charge which we believe has been reiterated by almost every critic who has noticed the book. It is a want of courtesy, or rather, a manifestation of rudeness towards a gentleman who has criticised the Queen's English at great length and with much vigour. That his criticism is, on the whole, sound, is evident from the many laudatory

notices he has received in the different newspapers, some of which state that he knows far more about the Queen's English than the Dean himself. In "Good Words" the latter author wrote the following sentence :—"Sometimes the editors of our papers fall, from their ignorance, into absurd mistakes." Mr. Moon suggested that it was not a happy arrangement of words in which to remark upon the "absurd mistakes" of other people. He then adds that the words "from their ignorance" should be placed before "fall," so that the sentence might be read, "Sometimes the editors of our papers, from (or, in consequence of) their ignorance, fall into absurd mistakes." This criticism, however, appears to have been gall and wormwood to the Dean. After making a very lame excuse for his sentence, the Dean blurts out :—

"Really, we do not write for idiots ; and it must require—to speak in the genteel language which some of my correspondents uphold—*a most abnormal elongation of the auricular appendages* for a reader to have suggested to his mind a fall from the sublime height of ignorance down into the depth of a mistake."

Or, in other words, Mr. Moon, to whose mind this idea was suggested, is simply *an idiot or an ass.* Now, we ask our readers, is this language the proper style in which a controversy about the Queen's English should be conducted by a dignitary of the Church ? Would Dean Trench or Dean Hoare, or any *well-known* writer on philology, have called an opponent *an ass and an idiot ?* We hope not. Besides, it is evident to most people that Mr. Moon's criticism, in the main, was just; and that it was the Dean himself who was wrong. If, then, a man is an ass for holding correct views on a certain point, what ought we to style him whose views on this subject are incorrect ?

We are glad to see, however, that in one instance the Dean acknowledges the justice of the remarks of his critic. In "Good Words" the Dean wrote, "A man does not lose his mother now in the papers."

Mr. Moon suggested that he had heard of lawyers being lost in their papers, and students being buried in their books; but that he never heard of a man losing his mother in the papers. We are glad, therefore, to see that, in his reprinted work, Dean Alford has altered the sentence to "In the papers, a man does not now lose his mother."

We shall shortly review Mr. Moon's criticism on the Queen's English, entitled, "The Dean's English," and we shall then make further allusion to this part of the controversy, which certainly reflects little credit upon the chief person concerned in it.

Dean Alford tells us, on page 134, that while engaged on his edition of the Greek Testament he has been in controversy with several people about the expression which he always uses, "*the three first Gospels.*"

We presume that all our readers will admit that the late Archbishop Whately ranks higher as a philologist than Dean Alford. We therefore content ourselves with quoting a sentence written by the former on page 497 of the volume of "Good Words" for 1862:—

"We often hear of such a one's "two eldest" children, instead of his *eldest two;* or singing the "*four first*" verses of such or such a Psalm. *I never could find but one first verse to a Psalm.*"

While speaking about points on which the late Archbishop and Dean Alford disagree, we must refer to the expression *one* mentioned on page 209. The Dean objects to "one" followed by "his" or "himself," thus:—

> "In such a scene *one* might forget his cares,
> And dream *himself*, in poet's mood, away."

This does not seem to him to be right. What says the Archbishop?—

"There is an anomalous use of the plural for the singular, which is more common among women than among men. 'If any one thinks so-and-so, they are very much mistaken.' A man will generally say, 'he is mistaken.'"

In alluding to the discourtesy with which the Dean has treated his principal censor, we cannot pass unnoticed the sneering manner in which he writes on page 142. The sentence is as follows:—

"All my adverbs were (what I should call) misplaced, that I might not offend him."

This suggests naturally that, in order to suit the intellectual requirements of Mr. Moon, the Dean misplaces all his adverbs; or, in other words, that Mr. Moon knows little or nothing about English grammar.

As we shall have to make some remarks about the expression *it is me*, and as our space is somewhat limited, we intend to place them in our notice of Mr. Moon's volume.

It is not often in books that we see an author plainly contradict himself within the space of sixteen lines.

On page 166, we read, "I should speak correctly if I said, 'Dr. Johnson *flew* upon me;' incorrectly, if I said, 'he *fell* upon me.'"

On the next page we read—

"And as to my correspondent's last dictum, that 'he fell upon me,' would be incorrect; let him look at 1 Kings ii., 25, 34, 46, in which places it is said of Adonijah, Joab, and Shimei, respectively, that Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, 'fell *upon him* that he died.'"

Now in all these actions we have instances of men falling upon others. How happens it that what is right in one case is wrong in the other?"

The Dean says, on page 216, that he is supposed to have written incorrectly, "When the band of the French Guides *were* in this country." We certainly think that *was* is the better term. The bandsmen, it must be recollected, are all intent on the same action, playing in harmony *as one man*, and should therefore be spoken of collectively as one body. People certainly say, "Is the band ready?" not "Are the band ready?"

We now come with much pleasure to the last fault which we have to find with Dr. Alford's book. We have purposely deferred any mention of this particular subject until now, on the same principle as the school boy who always kept the best till the last.

On page 254 we read the following excellent remarks :—

"Avoid, likewise, all *slang* words. There is no greater nuisance in society than a talker of slang. It is only fit (when innocent, which it seldom is) for raw schoolboys and one-term freshmen, to astonish their sisters with."

Of course, after expressing himself so strongly on this point, it is not to be expected that, in a work on the Queen's English, Dean Alford will make use of slang terms. Let us see. On page 2, he tells us, "He bowls along it with ease in a vehicle, which a few centuries ago would have been broken to pieces in a deep rut, or (would have) *come to grief* in a bottomless swamp."

In the original notes the words *would have* were omitted. One of his censors then suggested that the sentence was, "or would have been come to grief." On page 123 of his book, the Dean defends his elliptical mode of spelling; but, on page 2, by altering it, he tacitly admits that he is wrong. On page 38 he tells us about some people who had been detained by a *tipple*.

On page 163 we are told that the Dean and his family took a *trap* from the inn.

And, on page 142, he writes to Mr. Moon, "If you see an old *party* in a shovel, that will be me." Whereas, on page 226, in sneering at our journals, he says, a man (in them) is a *party*. Now we are persuaded that no newspaper writes of a man in such vulgar language. This style seems to have been left to a Dean, when writing on controversial subjects.

Although we have passed some severe strictures on the Dean, yet it must not be understood that we do not think the book deserving of praise. The rules and reasons given for some expressions are in many respects admirable. We regret that the length which this article has

reached prevents us quoting more than one specimen of the Dean's powerful and logical manner of argument:—

"Let me further illustrate this tendency of nations by another usage, not so nearly become idiomatical, and certainly not to be recommended, but still almost inevitable, and sometimes found in the talk of us all. I mean the expression '*these*' or '*those kind of things.*' Of course we all see that this is incorrect and indefensible. We ought to say '*this kind of things*,' '*that kind of things.*' Now, seeing that we all know this, and yet are all sometimes betrayed into the inaccuracy, it becomes an interesting inquiry, as it was in the other case, why this should be so. And here again my readers must excuse me if I go to a dead language for my illustration—not for my *reason:* the *reason* will be found in the laws of thought: but it will be best illustrated by citing the usage of that language in which, more than in any other, the laws of thought have found their expression.

"In the Greek language, there is an idiomatic usage called *attraction.* It may be thus described. If an important noun in a sentence is in a certain case, say the genitive or dative, a relative pronoun referring to it is put in the same case, though by the construction of the sentence it ought to be in another. Thus, if I wanted to put into Greek the sentence, '*I gave it to the man whom I saw*,' the relative pronoun '*whom*' would not be in the accusative case, as it ought to be, governed by the verb '*saw*,' but in the same case as '*man*,' viz., dative, and the sentence would be roughly represented, as far as the mere form of it is concerned, by the English '*I gave it to the man to whom I saw.*'

"Now in the inaccurate way of speaking of which I treat, it is evident that this same tendency, to draw the less important word into similarity to the more important one, is suffered to prevail over grammatical exactness. We are speaking of '*things*' in the plural. Our pronoun '*this*' really has reference to '*kind*,' not to '*things*;' but the fact of '*things*' being plural, gives a plural complexion to the whole, and we are tempted to put '*this*' into the plural. That this is the account to be given of the inaccuracy, appears still more plainly from the fact that not unfrequently we find a rival attraction prevails, and the clause takes a *singular* complexion from the other substantive, '*kind.*' We often hear people say, '*this kind of thing*,' '*that sort of thing.*' It must be confessed that the phrases, '*this kind of things*,' '*that sort of things*,' have a very awkward sound; and this may be one of those cases where ultimately the inaccuracy will be adopted into the language."

We heartily recommend the book, shorn of its errors, to the attention of all schoolmasters and those interested in the education of youth.

THE INDIAN BOY.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER IV.

I SUPPOSE I need hardly say that there was plenty of talk among the Brunswickers about the fight which was to come off between Dalison and Trevor. I don't believe that anything else was talked of for ten minutes together, during the whole of Friday and Saturday—notwithstanding that the programme of Monday's proceedings had been made known, by authority, to the boys on the evening of the former day. None of them had any doubt but that Frank would lose the day, and probably be severely punished by his antagonist besides.

"He hasn't a chance with Dalison," said Brackley, who was discussing the affair with Charlie Rivers and Stapleton on the Saturday afternoon in a corner of the playground. "He hasn't the ghost of a chance, I tell you. Why! look at that fight with Bullface. He was three inches taller than Frank, and I'll be bound three inches wider across the shoulders; he was twice as strong as Trevor, and a plucky fellow into the bargain. And yet you saw what a milling he got from Dalison. It is nonsense, in my opinion, for Frank to try to stand up to him. He had better give in at once, that is my opinion, and that is what I should advise him to do."

"He won't do that," said Rivers; "I have no more doubt than you have, that he will be tremendously thrashed; but he'll go on as long as he can stand. He is a gentleman born and bred, and Bullface was only a snob, though I agree with you, he was a plucky one. I prophesy Trevor won't walk off the ground as he did."

"More's the pity," said Stapleton; "Frank's as good a fellow as ever came to Martin's Green, in my judgment; and if he did want to prevent that poor miserable little Sahib from being bullied, it was nothing but kindness. I think it a great shame of Dalison to take it up as he has done. I heard Trevor tell Dalison that he did not wish to offend him in any way."

"It is all that Joyce's doing," said Rivers. "He put Dalison up to it, I know. If the fight were to be between Frank and Joyce, I shouldn't so much care."

"No," said Brackley, "nor if it were between Dalison and Joyce; I shouldn't for my part object to see that."

"I should think not," observed Stapleton, "but we may wait a long time before we shall see that, I expect. But seriously, don't you think something might be done to prevent the fight from coming off? I don't mean by advising Frank to knock under. I agree with Charlie that nothing would induce him to do that. But something else might be thought of."

"Would you suggest to Dalison, that *he* should give up his intention of obliging Sahib to take his part in the *tableau?*" asked Brackley, with a slight sarcasm in his tone.

"That is nonsense," said Rivers. "Everybody knows that he wouldn't do that, unless it happened to suit his own purpose—no, not to please his own father! And it is plain, for some reason or other, that he has some spite against Frank, which he wishes to gratify. But I agree with Billy, that we might try to do something. Do you think that, for instance, we could keep this young chap Sahib out of the way? If he wasn't there on Monday evening, Dalison could not of course compel him to dress up and all that; and then there would be no pretext for interfering with Frank.

"That is not a bad idea," said Brackley, "and I confess it had not occurred to me. Yes, if he would ask leave to go to bed immediately after the boys returned from the water, Dalison could not get hold of him, until the next day at all events."

"The next day would not signify," said Stapleton. "The long room is open only on Monday evenings; and on the Monday after next they will begin to get it ready for the examinations. So if Sahib could be kept out of the way for that one evening, the whole thing might blow over."

"Well, perhaps it might," said Brackley, "at all events it is worth trying. Just go and fetch young Johnstone here, Rivers, there's a good fellow; we'll try what we can do with him."

Charlie complied, and after a quarter of an hour's search, found the boy in question in a corner of the school-room, sheltered as much as possible from general observation behind one of the desks. He made no demur to accompany Rivers, who, next to Trevor, was the boy who treated him with the most kindness.

"Well, Rajah," began Brackley, as soon as he saw him, "So you know, I suppose, that Trevor and Dalison are going to fight on your account?"

Arthur put on his sullen face, as soon as he heard the word "Rajah;"

and Rivers, who saw that Brackley had made a mistake in so addressing him, hastened to interpose.

"Trevor has been kind to you, has he not, Arthur?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the boy, his face clearing again, "he has been very kind to me always."

"And you would be sorry to see him severely hurt?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you would try to prevent it, if you could?"

"I don't know what you mean," replied Johnstone.

"Well, what we mean is this," said Brackley: "Dalison intends to make you put on a particular dress, on Monday evening, and act the part of a Hindoo Priest in the *tableau;* and Trevor has declared that he will interfere to prevent it. Now, if they do fight, Trevor is sure to get much the worst of it, and will probably be very much hurt. We want to prevent them from fighting, and believe, that if you keep out of the way, there will be no row."

"If Dalison attempts it, he will get the worst of it," interposed Johnstone.

"The worst of it?" returned Brackley; "that is nonsense. He is far more than a match for Trevor."

"He will get much the worst of it," repeated Arthur, with flashing eyes.

"Why, what do you mean, Sahib?"

"Never mind what I mean," returned the other, doggedly; "I tell you Dalison and Joyce will get the worst of it, if they attempt it."

"Well, but, Arthur," said Rivers, "would it not be better to avoid the chance of a row altogether? If you will merely ask Mrs. Brooksbank leave to go to bed as soon as we come home from the party on Monday, there will be no fuss at all. You can say you are tired, or something of the kind, and she will be sure to let you. That is all we want you to do."

"You surely won't refuse to do that," urged Stapleton, noticing that the boy made no reply.

"Yes, I do," returned Arthur in the same tone of dogged obstinacy he had used before, "I do refuse. I tell you Dalison and Joyce will repent it if they persist in bullying me, or hurting Trevor. I won't shirk out of their way, or ask Mrs. Brooksbank leave to go to bed. Let them do what they like, and take the consequences. I don't care."

"There, take yourself off, you young wretch," exclaimed Brackley, much disgusted. "It was a great mistake to have anything to do with a young Hottentot like that; we must give the thing up. If Trevor

chooses to set Dalison at defiance, and Dalison is determined to thrash Trevor, we can't help it."

"Well, I don't quite agree with you there," said Stapleton. "I shall make another attempt, though altogether of a different character. I shan't meddle with Sahib again, I promise you. By the by, I wonder what he could have meant by saying that Dalison would get the worst of it."

"He meant nothing, I expect," said Brackley, "except that he was in a great rage with Dalison, and wanted to pay him out if he could. But what do you mean to try, Billy, yourself?"

"Well," said Stapleton, "I shall try to get Hiems to ask Frank to tea that evening. I think I could manage that. And it will not much signify, you know, whether Dalison and Joyce persist in making young Johnstone do what they want, so long as Frank isn't there to interfere. I must confess I shouldn't be over sorry, after what we have heard, if that young savage did get a good licking, so long as Frank didn't suffer by it."

"Nor I," said Brackley, and Rivers likewise subscribing to the same sentiment, Billy proceeded with his usual astuteness to put his scheme in operation. He first waited awhile to see whether Johnstone's nerves would not be shaken by the preparations which were being made for the ceremony of Monday evening; which showed that Dalison was determined to persist in the programme he had laid down. In accordance with this he had ordered the "long room" to be prepared for Juggernaut's sacrifice, and had removed thither the throne, the altar, and the various robes and other properties necessary for its due representation. This long chamber, by the by, was a low attic running the whole way over the school-room. It had once been used as a dormitory; but Dr. Brooksbank had found it so difficult of management, that he had, early in his occupation of the premises, built an additional wing to his house, and removed thither the beds. The room was now used by the boys for various purposes. On the occasion of the public examination, as has already been intimated, it was employed as a convenient place, where the various candidates could be placed sufficiently widely apart from each other to preclude all possibility of copying from one another. During the winter months it was converted to the purposes of a theatre; and on Monday evenings during the summer season, the boys were allowed to assemble there for any legitimate purpose which might happen to occur to them. Hither it was that Dalison had caused the various theatrical properties to be conveyed, which would be employed in the *tableau*, the performance of which he and Joyce had fully

resolved to insist upon. Well, Stapleton waited awhile to see how Johnstone would take the preparations made by Dalison's order, for the accomplishment of the purpose which he had declared he meant most certainly to carry out on the Monday evening, after the business of the day was over. But the sight of the preparations produced apparently no kind of effect on their intended victim; unless indeed a more determined fit of obstinacy could be regarded as such: and Billy Waters was obliged to fall back on the scheme which he had already propounded to Brackley and Rivers. This he accomplished, as he flattered himself, with some cleverness. He went to Mr. Winter on the Monday morning, and asked whether he would allow him to examine again a book of prints, which he had seen on the occasion of one of his visits to that gentleman's study. Receiving a ready assent from the good-natured usher, he inquired further whether Trevor might be allowed to come and see it also. Mr. Winter presuming that Stapleton had preferred this request, in consequence of Trevor's wish to that effect, gave without hesitation the required permission; and finding that the evening of the same day was the time which would suit them best, invited them to come at that time. Billy forthwith informed Frank thereof, representing it as a regular invitation to tea. Trevor was somewhat annoyed, but having no suspicion of the trick which had been practised, and no reason at hand for refusing, was obliged to reply in the affirmative; and it was agreed that he and Stapleton should go to Mr. Winter's room as soon as they returned from their expedition that evening. Billy obtained a good deal of credit with Brackley and Rivers for his ingenuity, as the three boys met together in the hall of Brunswick House, prepared to set out on their party of pleasure. Perhaps the reader may think that the credit was not very well deserved, seeing that it was obtained by means which were anything but honest. But the result did not by any means accord with Billy's expectation; as indeed is generally the case with people who prefer a cunning mode of doing things, to honest straightforward dealing.

Boys, however, are seldom inclined to be very rigid critics on such subjects, and they are still less likely to be so on such occasions as the present. It was a bright, glorious summer day, the very day for such a party as theirs. They were to go down the river in a large row barge, specially hired for the occasion, to a gentleman's park a few miles distant, who had allowed Dr. Brooksbank the use of his grounds for the occasion. There they were to have dinner on the bank, and after that to run wild in the woods, picking flowers, and hunting for eggs, or

amusing themselves with games the whole afternoon. How should boys under such circumstances remember anything but the delights of the passing hour? It was not until they had all returned, sated with pleasure, though still untired (for whatever does tire boys?), and had talked over the various incidents of the day, that the recollection of Sahib and his unconsummated sacrifice occurred to any one. But after an hour had been devoted to the discussion of a variety of interesting topics—how Rawdon had nearly tumbled into the river, as he was trying to hand Miss Brooksbank out of the barge, and what a game it would have been if he had; and how Philips and Dunbar had found a rabbit dead in a trap—at least they said it was dead—and had got leave to bring it home and have it for supper; and how a lot of fellows while playing at hide and seek had come upon a nest of adders, and had nearly been bitten, only they ran off, and told the other fellows; and how Heath and Gore and Robinson had fallen in with a gang of gipsies, and had their fortunes told, and had been presented with a live hedgehog, which they meant to keep (unlucky beast!) in a box in the upper room —after an hour had been passed in talking over these and the like matters, Stapleton and Rivers were summoned by one of the boys to Mr. Winter's room; and not long afterwards Dalison and Joyce entered the playground in scarch of Arthur Johnstone, who, it seemed, was nowhere to be found. Brackley at first imagined that Sahib had, after all, taken his advice, and was keeping judiciously out of the way; but this soon proved to be a mistake, for, on entering the long room to complete the necessary preparations, they discovered the boy seated quietly on a box, looking his very darkest and sullenest, but not evincing the least symptom of fear or hesitation. He had found his match, however, as regarded obstinacy of purpose in Dalison.

"Oh, you are here, are you?" he exclaimed, as his eye fell upon Arthur. "Where is Trevor, I wonder?"

"He is taking tea with Hiems," said one of the boys. "I saw him going with Billy Waters into his room about half an hour ago."

"Oh," said Dalison, with a sneer. "Well, that is lucky for him perhaps; but it does not signify to me. Well, we must lose no time in settling this matter. It is later, I see, than I had thought. Put on Juggernaut's robes, Joyce, and we will manage the rest in two minutes."

Joyce complied in silence, and was on the point of ascending his shrine when he was stopped by Dalison.

"No," he said; "wait a moment; let Johnstone put on his dress and take his place first. Now, you young whelp, you understand what

you are to do, and you had better set about doing it without more bother. Do you see that dress there? Put it on at once."

"I won't," said Arthur, doggedly.

"Won't you? we'll see all about that. Here, you fellows, take off his trousers and shoes while I hold him, and then put the others on him."

Johnstone resisted with all his might, but it was vain for him to struggle against Dalison's grasp. The change of costume was soon effected by himself and Heath, and they were proceeding to drag the exhausted boy up to the altar, when Trevor suddenly entered. Billy's scheme had broken down unexpectedly. Mr. Winter had been engaged to take tea with Dr. and Mrs. Brooksbank, and had only sent for the boys to look through the portfolio of prints, which Stapleton had asked to see. This did not occupy above half an hour, and as soon as they had been all examined Mr. Winter had dismissed his guests.

Frank entered at an unfortunate moment. Dalison and Heath were dragging Arthur across the room, and Joyce was on the point of mounting to his eminence. His arrival was altogether unexpected, and Heath, startled by it, let go his hold on Johnstone, who broke loose from Dalison and took refuge, not this time with Trevor, but in a corner of the room behind some boards, whence it would be very difficult to dislodge him. The boys, baffled for the moment, turned their attention to Trevor.

"Here comes the champion," exclaimed Joyce, with a mocking laugh. "Now, Dalison, look out for yourself, or you will be chawed up before you know where you are."

"No, no," said Brackley: "don't let us have any quarrelling. Frank, it is nothing but a bit of fun. I don't believe Sahib himself would care a bit about it, if he was only asked instead of driven to do it. Here, Arthur, come out, there is a good fellow, and don't get Trevor thrashed," he added in a lower tone, which the boy addressed alone could hear. "No one will hurt you, and it is nothing but nonsense."

To the surprise of everybody, Arthur at once complied with their request, and came out from his retreat, with a scowl upon his face, it is true, but without any attempt at resistance. He was walking quietly up to the altar, when Joyce, who was disappointed as well as astonished at this bloodless issue to the fray, again interposed.

"Well, come, that is a good one too! So, Trevor, you have advised meek and patient submission to your pet, have you? Very prettily behaved indeed, and very wise into the bargain."

"Rather different from what he said last Thursday, I must say," observed Heath, "hey, Dalison?"

"Rather," said Dalison; "but people think better of it sometimes. Would you like to come a little nearer, Trevor, and then you will see that he does it correctly?"

"You need not be insolent, Dalison," exclaimed Trevor, his face growing crimson as he heard these taunts. "I was sent for by one of the masters, or I should have been here to prevent what you have already done to Johnstone; and now I warn you to bully him no more."

"You mean to fight me, then?" inquired Dalison.

"I mean to prevent you from bullying Johnstone, if I can."

"That comes to the same thing. Well, if you like to have a good thrashing first, and see Johnstone offer sacrifice afterwards, instead of seeing him do it at once, I'm sure I have not the least objection."

Brackley and Stapleton again attempted to interfere, but without producing any impression on either party. The combatants stripped off their jackets, and a ring was formed. As every one had foreseen, Trevor proved no match for his stronger and more skilful antagonist. But his pluck and resolution protracted the fight longer than any one could have expected; and when he was at last obliged to succumb by a heavy blow on the head, Dalison's face exhibited some very evident symptoms that his victory had not been gained without severe punishment. The boys looked on almost in silence, and without any of the eager interest which they usually showed in such encounters; and at its conclusion Brackley made another attempt to induce Dalison to push the thing no further.

"There, Dalison," he said, "you have gained the day. Frank can't resist you any longer. Won't that be enough, without making the poor little beggar do it?"

A slight applause followed this speech, which had the effect of provoking still further Dalison's irritation. His was not one of those tempers that are satisfied with success; and the pain of the blows and the obstinate resistance with which he had been met only roused him to greater anger.

"No," he exclaimed, savagely, "it won't do, Brackley, and that is all about it. Don't you interfere;" and again stepping up to Arthur, he seized him by the collar, and began, with Heath's help, once more to drag him towards the altar.

Arthur had stood by during the fight, with the same expression of face which he had worn from the moment when they had discovered him in the room,—an expression so peculiar that, if the attention of the boys had not been drawn off to other matters of interest, it could not have failed to engross it. It was not fear, and it scarcely seemed to be anger;

but rather dogged and resolute expectation of some unforeseen and disastrous result. He made no resistance, but walked quietly by Dalison's side to the required spot, and the next minute Joyce would have assumed his seat, if a strange and unexpected incident had not intervened.

Trevor was still leaning against the shoulder of Billy Waters, who had been his second in the battle. He had scarcely recovered his consciousness, and was too weak to interfere further in Arthur's defence. Joyce, as he passed him, could not forbear a taunt, which was scarcely heard by the boy himself, but roused the indignation of the bystanders.

"Shame! shame!" was the general cry, and a rush was made, which obliged him to step hurriedly on one side, or he would have been thrown down by his assailants. In doing so he came sharply into collision with the chair, which, covered with shawls and cushions, stood ready for Juggernaut's reception; and it was overturned on the floor. A cry of horror and amazement broke from the boys. The uppermost shawl had been dislodged by the fall, and from its folds a live adder of the largest size had disengaged itself, which, as though sensible of the presence of enemies, was now writhing and hissing on the floor. The boys stared for a few moments at this strange and alarming spectacle. Then a general rush to the door followed; and in two minutes the snake, the Indian boy, and Frank Trevor, who was still too much exhausted to be sensible of what was passing, remained the only occupants of the apartment.

(To be continued.)

THE DROWNING AND THE DROWNED.

BY J. E. AYLMER.

ALTHOUGH we all know that "accidents will happen in the best regulated families," my own experience convinces me that many so-called accidents are neither more nor less than the natural results of ignorance, often, I fear, too, wilful ignorance. One of the commonest of these falsely designated accidents is *drowning*. Boys may or may not be able to swim; it often seems to matter little at the hour of danger—as, for want of a simple acquaintance with a few easy rules, the best swimmers are often helpless, or are placed in even greater danger than those they literally risk their own lives to succour. Among the readers of "Every Boy's Magazine," must be many who have practical knowledge of the truth of this, and to whom the following plain and easily remembered rules, intended for the guidance of those who, being able to swim, go in aid of their drowning fellow-creatures, will, I trust, be acceptable and useful. The author of them, Mr. Joseph H. Hodgson, of Sunderland, better known in the neighbourhood by the name of the "Stormy Petrel," is perhaps more competent (says the "Life Boat Journal") to pronounce a practical opinion on the subject than any other person in the United Kingdom, having made the science his study from boyhood, and thereby been, under Providence, the happy means of saving more persons from a watery grave, by his own skill and coolness, than any other person in these islands; and I would beg every boy who reads these rules to treasure them in his memory, as none of us know how soon, or unexpectedly, we may be called upon to give evidence of our ability, and the use we have made of the reason and talents entrusted to us by the Father of all good.

Instructions for Saving Drowning Persons by Swimming to their Relief.

1. When you approach a person drowning in the water, assure him, with a loud, firm voice, that he is safe.

2. Before swimming in to save him, divest yourself as far and as quickly as possible of all clothes; tear them off if necessary; *but if there is no time*, loose, at all events, the string at the foot of your drawers

(supposing them to be tied), as otherwise they will fill with water and drag you. Kick off your shoes or boots; you can always do that, even in the most urgent case, and you cannot swim well with either on, independently of the tendency they have to produce cramp.

3. On swimming to a person in the sea, if he be struggling, do not seize him then, but keep off for a few seconds, till he gets quiet; for it is sheer madness to take hold of a man when he is struggling in the water; if you do, you run a great risk.

4. Then get close to him, and take fast hold of the hair of his head; turn him as quickly as possible on to his back, give him a sudden pull, and this will cause him to float; *then throw yourself upon your back also, and swim for the shore;* both hands having hold of his hair, you on your back, he also on his, and of course resting on you, his back to your stomach. In this way you will get sooner and safer ashore than by any other means, and you can easily thus swim with *two or three persons.** The writer has often, by way of experiment, done it with four, and gone with them forty or fifty yards in the sea. One great advantage of this method is, that it enables you to keep your head up, and also to hold the person's head up you are trying to save. (*N.B.—It is of primary importance that you take fast hold of the hair, and throw both the drowning man and yourself on your backs.*) After many experiments, I find this vastly preferable to all other methods. You can in this manner float nearly as long as you please, or until a boat or other help is obtained.

5. I believe there is no such thing as a death grasp; at least it must be unusual, for I have seen many persons drowned and have never witnessed it. As soon as a drowning man begins to get feeble and to lose his recollection, he gradually slackens his hold until he quits it altogether; *no apprehension* need be, therefore, felt on that head when attempting to rescue a drowning person.

6. After a person has sunk to the bottom, if the water be smooth, the exact position where the body lies may be known by the air bubbles, which will occasionally rise to the surface, allowance being of course made for the motion of the water, if in a tideway or stream, which will have carried the bubbles out of a perpendicular course in rising to the surface. A body may often be regained from the bottom, before too late for recovery, by diving for it in the direction indicated by the bubbles.

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* The author of course means a full-grown man. A boy can do the same in due proportion to his strength.

7. On rescuing a person by diving to the bottom, the hair of the head should be seized by one hand only, and the other used in conjunction with the feet in raising yourself and the drowning person to the surface.

8. If in the sea, it is sometimes a great error to try to get to land. If there is a strong "outsetting" tide, and you are swimming either by yourself or having hold of a person who cannot swim, then get on to your back and float till help comes. Many a man exhausts himself by stemming the billows for the shore on a back-going tide, and sinks in the effort; when, if he had floated, a boat, or other aid, might have been obtained.

Such are the instructions given by Mr. Hodgson, who assures us that they hold good either in a calm or stormy sea. Presence of mind and nerve, more than even physical strength, are necessary, and I have heard of an instance where a brave little fellow, only thirteen years of age, actually saved his father, who had taken a fit, by his coolness and presence of mind, keeping the body floating until help came.

When an apparently drowned body is got to shore, the first thing, of course, is to send for a medical man, blankets, and dry clothing; but *there must be no waiting* for these necessaries. Every second is of vital importance; therefore the patient must be treated instantly, and on the spot, in the open air, whether afloat or ashore. The great points to be met are, *first* and *immediately*, the *restoration of breathing*, and the *prevention* of any further *diminution* of the *warmth of the body;* and secondly, after breathing is restored, the promotion of warmth and circulation.

The efforts to restore breathing, and to prevent any further diminution of the warmth of the body, must be commenced immediately and energetically; any one with common sense, and aware of the simple means by which his fellow-being's life may be saved, can make these efforts, which must be continued for SEVERAL HOURS, or, until a medical man has pronounced life extinct. The first thing being to restore natural breathing, all endeavours to promote warmth and circulation must be deferred until the first object has been attained. The following directions, by Dr. Hall, are simple, and, as far as human power can teach, irresistible.

Directions for Restoring the apparently Drowned.

1. Place the patient *face downwards, with one of the arms under the forehead;* in which position all fluids will escape by the mouth, and the

tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the windpipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

2. If satisfactory breathing commences, adopt the treatment subjoined to promote warmth and circulation. If there be only slight breathing, or no breathing at all, then turn the patient well and instantly on the side, and excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, smelling-salts; or the throat with a feather, or any good substitute at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water on it. If there be no success, lose no more time, but—

Imitate breathing.

1. Replace the patient on his face—raising and supporting the chest well, on a folded coat or any other dry article of dress.

2. Turn the body very gently on the side, and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again—repeating these measures deliberately, perseveringly, *and hopefully*, about fifteen times in the minute—occasionally varying the side.

3. On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform but efficient pressure, with brisk movement, on the back, between and below the shoulder-blades on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side.

As soon as breath has been restored, you must—

1. Commence rubbing the limbs *upwards*, with a firm, grasping pressure and energy, using anything that can be obtained on the spot.

2. Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles and bladders of hot water, heated bricks, &c., to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, between the thighs, and the soles of the feet.

3. If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely round the room.

4. On restoration of life, a tea-spoonful of warm water should be given; and then, if the power of swallowing have returned, *small* quantities of wine, warm brandy-and-water, or coffee, should be given, while the patient is kept in bed and encouraged to take *natural* sleep.

The above treatment must, as I said before, be persevered in for several hours, with energy and unflagging hope, as it is an erroneous opinion that persons are always irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance—cases having been successfully treated after persevering for many hours.

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE FAMILY GO TO CHURCH UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

IT would seem to be a well understood and undeniable fact that woman invariably gains the victory over man in the long run; and even when she does not prove to be the winner, she is certain to come off the conqueror. It is well that it should be so. The reins of the world could not be in better hands!

But, strangely enough, woman triumphs, not only in matters over which she and man have, more or less, united control, but even in matters with which the human race cannot interfere. For instance, in regard to weather—despite the three weeks of unfailing sunshine, Mrs. Sudberry maintained her original opinion that, notwithstanding appearances being against her, the weather in the Highlands of Scotland was, as a rule, execrable. As if to justify this opinion, the weather suddenly changed, and the three weeks of sunshine were followed by *six* weeks of rain.

Whether there was something unusual in the season or not we cannot positively say, but certain it is that for the period we have named it rained incessantly, with the exception of four days. During a great part of the time it rained from morning till night. Sometimes it was intermittent, and came down in devastating floods. At other times it came in the form of Scotch mist, which is simply small rain, so plentiful that it usually obliterates the whole landscape, and so penetrating that it percolates through everything except waterproof. It was a question which was the more wetting species of rain—the thorough-down pour or the heavy mist. But whether it poured or permeated, there was never any change in the leaden sky during these six weeks, and the mountains were never clearly seen except during the four accidental days already referred to.

At first Mrs. Sudberry triumphed; but long before that season was

over she had reached such a condition of humility that she would have actually rejoiced in a fine day.

As for the rest of the family, they bore up against it bravely for a time. On the first day of this wet season they were rather pleased than otherwise to be obliged to stay in the house. Jacky, in particular, was delighted, as it afforded him a glorious opportunity of doing mischief, and making himself so disagreeable that all, except his mother, felt as if they hated him. On the second day, indoor games of various kinds were proposed and entered into with much spirit. On the third day the games were tried again, with less spirit. On the fourth day they were played without any spirit at all, and on the fifth they were given up in disgust. The sixth day was devoted to reading and sulking, and thus they ended that week.

The seventh day, which chanced to be Sunday, was one of the four fine days before mentioned. The sky was blue, the sun intensely bright, and the inundated earth was steaming. The elastic spirits of the family recovered.

"Come, we'll walk to church!" cried Mr. Sudberry, as they rose from breakfast.

"What, my dear " exclaimed his wife, "and the roads knee-deep in mud and water!"

"I care not, if they were waist-deep!" cried the reckless man; "I've been glued to my seat for a week, so I'll walk to church, if I should have to swim for it."

"So will I! So will I!" from George and Fred; "So will we all!" from Lucy; "And me, too!" timidly, from Tilly; with "Hurrah!" furiously from the imp,—this decided the business.

"Very well!" said the resigned mother of the flock; "then I will go too!"

So away they went to church, through mud and mire and water, with the nine collie dogs at their heels, and Mr. McAllister bearing them company.

Fred and McAllister walked together in rear of the rest, conversing earnestly, for the latter was learned in theology, and the former dearly loved a philosophical discussion. Mr. Sudberry and Lucy walked in advance. As he approached the well-known bush, the force of habit induced him almost unconsciously to pick up a stone and walk on tip-toe. Lucy, who did not know the cause of this strange action, looked at her father in surprise.

Whirr! went a black-cock; bang! went the stone, and a yell instantly followed, accompanied by a hat—it was his best beaver!

"Why, dear papa, it is Sunday!"

"Dear me, so it is!" The good man was evidently much discomfited. "Ah! Lucy dear, that shows the effect and force of bad habit; that is to say, of habit (for the simple act cannot be called bad) on the wrong day."

"You cannot call throwing your best hat in the mud a good habit on *any* day," said Mrs. Sudberry, with the air of a woman who regarded her husband's chance of mending as being quite hopeless.

"It was only forgetfulness, my dear!" said the worthy man, putting his hat quite meekly on the back of his head, and pushing forward in order to avoid further remarks. Coming to a hollow of the road, they found that it was submerged a foot deep by the river, which had been swollen into a small lake at that spot. There was much trouble here. McAllister, with native gallantry, offered to carry the ladies over in his arms, but the ladies would not listen to the proposal, with the exception of Tilly, who at once accepted it gladly. The rest succeeded in scrambling along by the projecting stones at the base of the wall that ran alongside of the road, and gained the other side, after many slips, much alarm, and sundry screams.

"Oh, you *darling!*" cried Tilly, suddenly. She pointed to a hole in the wall, out of which peeped the most wide-awake weasel that ever lived. Its brown little head and sharp nose moved quickly about with little jerks, and its round lustrous black eyes seemed positively to glitter with surprise (perhaps it was delight) at the Sudberry family. Of course Jacky rushed at it with a yell—there was a good deal of the terrier in Jacky—and of course the weasel turned tail and vanished like a flash of light.

When they came to the narrowest part of the pass which opened out of their own particular valley—Rasselas Vale, as Lucy had named it—Tilly was fortunate enough to set eyes on another "darling," which, in the shape of a roe deer, stood, startled and trembling, in the centre of the pass. They came on it so suddenly that it seemed to have been paralysed for a moment. A shout from the imp, however, quickly dissolved the spell; with one graceful bound it cleared the wall, and was far away among the brackens on the mountain side before the party had recovered from their delight and surprise at having met a real live wild deer, face to face, and not twenty yards distant, in this unexpected manner.

Nothing further occurred to arrest their progress to church, which was upwards of four miles from their home among the hills.

The sermon that day was peculiar. The minister of the parish was a

young man ; one of those quiet, modest, humble young men who are, as their friends think, born to be neglected in this world. He was a shrewd, sensible young fellow, however, who, if put to it, could have astonished his "friends" not a little. He was brimful of "Scotch" theology ; but, strange to say, he refrained from bringing that fact prominently before his flock, insomuch that some of the wiser among them held the opinion that, although he was an excellent, worthy young man, he was, if anything, a little commonplace—in fact, "he never seemed to have ony diffeeculties in his discoorses, an' if he *had*, he aye got ower them by sayin' plump oot that they were mysteries he did na' pretend to unravel !"

Any one with half an eye might have seen that the young clergyman was immeasurably above his flock intellectually. A few of them, among whom was our friend McAllister, perceived this, and appreciated their minister. The most of them, good souls, thought him worthy, but *weak !*

Feeling that he had been appointed to *preach the Gospel*, this youth resolved to "make himself all things to all men, in order that he might gain some." He therefore aimed at preaching Christ crucified, and kept much of his own light in the background, bringing it out only in occasional flashes, which were calculated to illuminate, but not dazzle, the minds of his people. He remembered the remark of that old woman who, when asked what she thought of a new minister, said, "Hoot ! I think naethin' o' him av a' ; *I understand every word he says*," and he resolved rather to be thought nothing of at all than pander to the contemptible craving of those who fancy that they are drinking deep draughts of wisdom when they read or hear words that are incomprehensible, but which *sound* profoundly philosophical.

But we might have spared our readers all this, for the young minister did not preach that day. He was unwell, and a friend had agreed to preach for him. The friend was an old man, with bent form and silvery hair, who, having spent a long life in preaching the Gospel, had been compelled, by increasing age, to retire from active service. Yet, like a true warrior, he could, when occasion required, buckle on his Christian armour and fight stoutly, as of old, for his beloved Master and for the salvation of human souls.

His eye was dim and his voice was weak, and it brought tears to the eyes of the sympathetic among the people to see the old man lose his place and unconsciously repeat his sentences. But not a shadow of disrespect mingled with their feelings. There was no mistaking the glow of love and the kindly fire which flushed the pale face when salva-

tion was the theme. When he mentioned the name of Jesus, and urged sinners to flee from the wrath to come, the people *felt* the truth of that word, "God's strength is perfected in man's weakness."

The Sudberrys felt very happy that day on returning home. They overtook old Moggy, stumping along through mud and water, with tears bedewing her cheeks.

"Why, Moggy, you are all wet!" said Fred, hastening towards her.

"Ay, I fell into a dub as I cam out o' the kirk. But, ech! sirs, I've heard blessed words this day."

The Sudberrys spent that evening in their usual way. They went to a particular spot, which Lucy had named the Sunny Knoll, and there learned hymns off by heart, which were repeated at night and commented on by Mr. Sudberry. After supper they all got into what is called "a talk." It were presumptuous to attempt to explain what that means. Everyone knows what it is. Many people know, also, that "a talk" can be got up, when people are in the right spirit, on any subject, and that the subject of all others most difficult to get up this "talk" upon, is religion. Mr. Sudberry knew this; he felt much inclined at one time that night to talk about fishing, but he laid strong constraint on himself, and gave the conversation a turn in the right direction. The result was "a talk"—a hearty, free, enthusiastic, communing—on the Saviour, the soul, and eternal things, which kept them up late and sent them happy to bed—happier than they had yet been all that season.

CHAPTER XIX.—A STRANGE HOME-COMING.

Master Jacky made two discoveries next day, both of which he announced with staring eyes and in breathless haste, having previously dashed into the parlour like a miniature thunderbolt.

The first was that the bathing-pool was clean swept away by the floods, not a vestige of it being left. The whole family rushed out to see with their own eyes. They saw and were convinced. Not a trace of it remained. Even the banks of the little stream had been so torn and altered by gushing water and tumbling rocks that it was almost impossible to say where that celebrated pool had been. The rains having commenced again on Monday (just as if Sunday had been allowed to clear up in order to let people get to church), the family returned to the house, some to read and sketch, Mr. Sudberry and George to prepare for a fishing excursion, despite the rain.

The second discovery was more startling in its nature. Jacky announced it, with round eyes and a blazing face, thus—"Oh! ma, old Moggy's d——dyin'!"

The attractive power of "sweeties" and a certain fondness for the old woman in the boy's heart had induced Jacky to visit the hut so frequently that it at last came to be understood that, when the imp was utterly lost, he was sure to be at old Moggy's! He had sauntered down, indifferent to rain, to call on his friend just after discovering the destruction of the bathing-pool, and found her lying on the bundle of rags which constituted her bed. She was groaning woefully. Jacky went forward with much anxiety. The old woman was too ill to raise herself, but she had sufficient strength to grasp the child's hand, and, drawing him towards her, to stroke his head.

"Hallo! Moggy, you're ill!"

A groan and a gasp was the reply, and the poor creature made such wry faces, and looked altogether so cadaverous, that Jacky was quite alarmed. He suggested a drink of water, and brought her one. Then as the old woman poured out a copious stream of Gaelic with much emphasis, he felt that the presence of some more able and intelligent nurse was necessary, so, like a sensible boy, he ran home and delivered his report, as has already been described.

Lucy and Fred hastened at once to the hut of the old woman, and found her in truth in a high fever, the result, no doubt, of the severe wetting of the day before, and having slept in damp clothes. Her mind was wandering a little when Lucy knelt at her side and took her hand, but she retained sufficient self-control to look up and exclaim earnestly, "I can say'd noo—I can say'd noo! I can say *Thy will be done!*"

She became aware, as she said so, that the visitor at her side was not the one she had expected.

"Eh! ye're no' Miss Flora."

"No, dear granny, but I am quite as anxious to help you, and Flora will come very soon. We have only just heard of your illness, and have sent a message to Flora. Come, tell me what is the matter; let me put your poor head right."

Old Moggy submitted with a groan, and Lucy, assisted by Fred, endeavoured to make her bed a little more comfortable, while the anxious and staring Jacky was sent back to the house for some tea and a dry flannel gown. Before his return, however, Flora Macdonald, who chanced to be in the neighbourhood, came in to see Moggy, and immediately took the case in hand, in a way that greatly relieved Fred and

Lucy, because they felt that she was accustomed to such incidents, and thoroughly understood what to do.

Hobbs, who came in a few minutes later with the Sudberry medicine chest, was instantly despatched by Flora for the doctor, and George, who entered a few minutes after that, was sent about his business, as were also a number of gossips, whose presence would ere long have rendered the small hut unbearably warm but for Flora's decision.

Meanwhile all this unusual bustle had the effect of diverting the mind of the patient, who ceased to groan, and took to wondering instead.

Leaving them all thus engaged, we must beg the reader to accompany us to a very different scene.

It is a dense thicket within the entrance of the pass, to which reference has been made more than once. Here a band of wandering beggars or gipsies had pitched their camp on a spot which commanded an extensive view of the high road, yet was itself concealed from view by the dwarf trees which in that place covered the rugged hill-side.

There was a rude hut constructed of boughs and ferns, underneath which several dark-skinned and sturdy children were at play. A dissipated looking young woman sat beside them. In front of this hut a small fire was kindled, and over it, from a tripod, hung an iron pot, the contents of which were watched with much interest and stirred from time to time by a middle-aged woman of forbidding aspect. Beside her stood our amiable friend with the squint and the broken nose, who has already been mentioned as having received a merited thrashing from Mr. Sudberry.

"Yes, the little brute has come back," said the gipsy, grinding his teeth in a way that might have led one to suppose he would have been glad to have had the "little brute" between them.

"Serves ye right for stealin' him away!" said the woman.

"Serves me right!" echoed the man, bitterly. "Did I not vow that I would have my revenge on that old witch? Did she not stand up in court and witness again' me, so that I got two year for a job that many a fellow gits off with six months for?"

"Well, you know you deserved it!" was the woman's comforting rejoinder. "You committed the robbery."

"So I did; but if that she-wolf had not made it out so bad, I'd have got off with six months. Ha! but I knew how to touch her up. I knew her weakness. I swore, afore I left the dock, that I'd steal away the little cub she was so fond of—and *I did it.*"

There was a gleam of triumph in the gipsy's face as he said this, but it was quickly followed by a scowl when the woman said,—

"Well, and much you have made of it. Here has the brat come back at the end o' five years, to spoil our harvest!"

"How could I know he'd do that? I paid the captain a goodish lump o' tin to take him on a long voyage, and I thought he was so young that he'd forget the old place."

"How d'ye know that he hasn't forgot it?" inquired the woman.

"'Cause I seed him not twenty miles from this, and heerd him say he'd stop at the Blue Boar all night, and come on here in the morning —that's to-morrow—so I come straight out to ask you wot I'm to do."

"Ha! that's like you. Too chicken-hearted to do anything till I set you on, an' mean enough to saddle it on *me* when ye'r nabbed."

"Come, that's an old story!" growled the man. "You know wot *I* am, and I knows wot *you* are. But if somethin's not done, we'll have to cut this here part o' the country in the very thick o' the season, when these southern sightseers are ranging about the hills."

"That's true!" rejoined the woman, seriously. "Many a penny the bairns get from them, an' there's no part so good as this. Ye couldn't *put him out o' the way*, could ye?"

"No," said the man, doggedly.

The woman had accompanied her question with a sidelong glance of fiendish meaning, but her eyes at once dropped, and she evinced no anger at the sharp decision of her companion's reply.

"Mother!" cried the young woman, issuing from the hut at that moment, "don't you dare to go an' tempt him again like that. Our hands are black enough already; don't you try to make them *red*, else I'll blab!"

The elder woman assumed an injured look as she said, "Who spoke of makin' them red? Evil dreaders are evil doers. Is there no way o' puttin' a chick out o' the way besides murderin' him?"

"Hush!" exclaimed the man, starting and glancing round with a guilty look, as if he fancied the bare mention of the word "murder" would bring the strong arm of the law down on his head.

"I won't hush!" cried the woman. "You're cowards, both of you. Are there no corries in the hills to hide him in—no ropes to tie him with—that you should find it so difficult to keep a brat quiet for a week or two?"

A gleam of intelligence shot across the ill-favoured face of the gipsy.

"Ha! you're a wise woman. Come, out with your plan, and see if I'm not game to do it."

"There's no plan worth speakin' of," rejoined the woman, somewhat mollified by her companion's complimentary remarks. "All you've to

do is to go down the road to-morrow, catch him, and bring him to me. I'll see to it that he don't make his voice heard until we've done with this part of the country. Then we can slip the knot and let the brat go free."

"I'll do it!" said the man, sitting down on a stone and beginning to fill his pipe.

"I thought he was dead!" said the woman.

"So did I; but he's not dead yet, an' don't look as if he'd die soon."

"May be," said the woman, "he won't remember ye. It's full five year now, sin' he was took away."

"Won't he?" retorted the man, with an angry look, which did not tend to improve his disagreeable visage. "Hah! I heerd him say he'd know me if he saw me in a crowd o' ten thousand. I would ha' throttled the cub then and there, but the place was too public."

A short silence ensued, during which the gipsies ate their food with the zest of half-starved wolves.

"You'd better go down and see old Moggy," suggested the woman, when the man had finished his repast and resumed his pipe. "If the brat escapes you to-morrow, it may be as well to let the old jade know that you'll murder both him and her if he dares to blab."

The man shook his head. "No use!" said he. But the woman repeated her advice in a tone that was equivalent to a command, so the man rose up sulkily and went.

He was not a little surprised, on drawing near to the hut, to find it in a state of bustle, and apparently in possession of the Sudberrys. Not daring to show himself, he slunk back to his encampment, and informed his female companion of what he had seen.

"All the more reason to make sure work of him on the road to-morrow!" said she, with a dark frown.

"So I mean to!" replied the man, doggedly.

With these amiable sentiments and intentions animating their breasts, this pair crept into their booth and went to rest in the bosom of their family.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—DUELS.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE TENTH—OF DUELS.

"I SAY, Munchausen," said the Duke of Cambridge to me, at Wimbledon, "they tell me you are a duellist?"

"They may tell you what they please, your Grace," was my reply, "I am not."

"I hear," continued Cambridge, obstinately, "you have fought six hundred duels?"

DISLIKE OF DUELLING.

"Your Grace," I answered, "I have fought one thousand six hundred."

"And not a duellist?" cried George, sternly.

It was time to explain.

"Your Grace," said I, "I hate duelling, and mean to put it down. I have already killed six thousand three hundred and thirty-nine professors of the pistol. One yet lives. Yesterday he started by the mail steamer to Melbourne, hoping to escape me—we shall see."

Cambridge was satisfied. How else? For years have I devoted myself to the extermination of bullies, cowards, dragoons, fencing masters, and other fire-eaters, with some success, as I have already informed you.

One afternoon in May I was passing along Parliament Street, when, just by the Admiralty, I was run against by a commodore, who cries out, in a gruff voice—

"Shiver my timbers, you shall pay for that!"

Not wishing for a disturbance, I walked on till I reached the Horse Guards, where a colonel of the "Blues," making haste to get to the Opera, stumbled against me, nearly knocking me down, and adding insult to injury by crying out—

FOUR CORNERS.

"How dare you, sir? I demand satisfaction."

On this I turned back, followed both by the colonel and the commodore. Crossing over to get away from them down Scotland Yard, up against me bumps the newly-made superintendent of the helmeted police.

"Now then," he roared, "assaulting the police! Move on;" and collared me.

"Gentlemen," I cried, after knocking down the policeman, "you want to fight?"

"Yes," they shrieked.

"Well," cried I, "not having time to fight you one after the other, I must tackle you all at once; or, with four brace of pistols, we may fight four-cornered, and make an end of it."

"Agreed."

With four brace of pistols we stood at the four corners of Leicester Square—time, four o'clock in the afternoon—and blazed away. The policeman and the commodore shot the colonel, the colonel shot the commodore and the policeman, while I aimed so steadily that my bullets met the P.'s and the C.'s midway, and stopped them.

There was some talk about this affair at the time, but it blew over.

Indeed, it would have been forgotten sooner, but for my boot-maker.

"My boots are too tight," said I, one morning, to him, when returning a new pair to be stretched.

"Not a bit," he returned.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"Oh! you want to fight, do you?" says he, and out he whips a pair of pistols. "I'm ready."

BOOTJACK DUEL.

"Stop," said I, "I only fight a man with fitting weapons, and I'll fight you with bootjacks—what do you say?"

It startled him for a moment, you may suppose; but, being very cross about the tight boots, he came at me with a bootjack. I snatched up another. To it we went. He got one over the eyes—I felt one on my head. His "clicker" came to his assistance, with bootjack number three.

"Now," said I, "I must make an effort—it is two to one."

So, throwing the bootjack at them, I up with my tight boots, gave my opponents one apiece with the heels, and sent them flying out of the shop, over the road, into the undertaker's opposite, and into two coffins then just being finished, which fitted them to an inch, and in which they were buried the Sunday after.

POISON DUEL.

But I suppose the most appropriate weapon ever used was in my duel with the druggist. I had said that he tried to poison me with his drugs. He had replied that I wished to insult him with my remarks.

"Fight!" he cried.

"Very well," said I.

"Pistols?" he demanded.

"Poison," said I.

And that I stuck to. For a druggist—drugs. We each took a cup of cold poison, and sat, with the frightened assistant looking on. Both master and man, poor souls! were returned Mormons, rejected of Salt Lake, slowly dying of a chronic despair, yet the master afraid of six ounces of strychnine, and the assistant of being found accessory before the fact. I drank my little dose down at once, feeling that Munchausen was not born to be poisoned. The dreadful extract, instead of curling me up backwards, like a horse-shoe, sent me into a gentle and delicious slumber, which lasted for six days and five nights, while the dishonest chemist and his assistant, used to the knavery of the Mormons, stole off on tiptoe, without so much as tasting the poison; but think of their fate. The chemist, himself, fell down dead as a door nail, after drinking a strong decoction of Horniman's pure tea, and the assistant found strychnine enough in a pot of pale ale to settle him.

SCISSORS DUEL.

Poor fellow—he did not want much settling—not more, by the way, than did the two tailors who madly challenged me to fight with huge scissors, he who cut off the first nose to be the victor; but as I have no nose to speak of, and they had very, very long ones, the result was paradoxical in the extreme. They cut noses off, but then they cut off their own—they could not snip off my nose, because they could not find it; and as for their probosces, they saved me the trouble by accidentally and incautiously doing it for themselves.

This sort of conclusion, let me tell you, has happened to me more than once. On one occasion a fencing master challenged me—we first tried rapiers, and then sabres. He was almost as good a swordsman as myself, but I, being so round and plump, as to offer him no points whatever, his sword glanced off me wherever he struck, while he was so crookedly built,

DISLEGGING.

that on changing weapons he at once struck off both his legs, injured his left arm, and now with difficulty drags himself about the streets of London in a go-cart, selling nutmeg-graters.

Nutmeg-graters, ah! A man with whom I once fought was so tall that he could not stoop low enough to damage anything but my hat,

whilst I, finding it utterly impossible to reach higher than his knees, got out of temper, and flung my sword up at him with all my might and main; it took his head clean off, and this bringing him down some eighteen inches nearer to the standard of humanity, made a useful member of society of him at once—the more so as his head was never of any use to him, and he was really glad to get rid of it.

A HEAD SHORTER.

It seems curious, perhaps, that any one should be glad to get rid of a head, but I happen to remember a more curious case still. I once fought (with carbines) a City merchant of such bad, but at the same time so many good qualities, that when I had blown him to bits, I was able to sort the pieces, and throwing on one side the vicious portions to patch him up with the good ones—so successfully indeed that, as I hear, he is nominated for the next Lord Mayorship.

ALL TO PIECES.

I don't mean to say this was not a success, but he was not the first man I had blown to bits, nor the last that I mean to put together again. Why, when young Lord Aberdeen challenged me to fight with Armstrong's eight-hundred pounders, the pieces into which I blew him were so small that we could not find them all, even with the aid of the oxy-hydrogen microscope—the right lobe of his heart is still imperfect, and his organs of time and tune are altogether wanting. Of course he was glad to accept himself, even on those terms; but he will never fight me again, I believe.

WANT OF HEART.

I don't blame him—it is no joke to get me for an antagonist. A party of Irishmen challenged me to a duel with cudgels; as usual, I engaged the whole lot (six hundred and fifty-two) at once, and dealt them such vigorous and constant blows that the striking together of the dry shillelahs caused them to catch fire, and explode the whisky kegs that their wielders carried on their backs. These poor Paddies were all blown to America, where, sad to say, the Federals kidnapped them, all wounded and faint as they fell, and, forming them into a new regiment, called THE BURNT IRISH, sent them off to Grant at once.

THE SHILLELAH FIRE.

Of course it may be said that I was hardly to be held accountable for the blowing up of these Tipperary lads, but the fact is, that I was put upon my trial for it, and only escaped by challenging judge, jury, counsel, and prosecutors. It may be taken as a proof of the hardness of my head and impenetrability of my skin, that of all the bullets fired, only one stopped with me, and that was fired by the judge into my waistcoat pocket, where it stayed, not being able to get out again; as for the

others, they rebounded in so true a line as to return to their senders, and with fatal effect, I can assure you. I did not fire, nor did I intend, until seeing the judge make off (I had his ball in my pocket, you see), I sent a shot after him to help him on his way. An unfortunate one for him though, for since that moment he has been unable to sit on the judicial bench.

SHOTS RETURNED.

He has had to resign.

This was a lesson for them, you may be sure—for them and for all Ireland; so the next person who challenged me was an Icelander, a very different sort of person, I can tell you.

Said I, "Njal Asbjornson, my fire is so tremendous no man can stand it; let us fight with water."

"Agreed!" replied Njal, a man of few words.

We travelled with large buckets on our shoulders to the coldest part of Iceland, the other side of Hekla, and there, breaking holes in a frozen stream, threw cold water on each other—it congealed on Asbjornson as fast as I threw it, but on me it nearly boiled, so great is the natural heat of my body.

COLD COMFORT.

In half an hour Njal Asbjornson was a solid rock of ice. I could see through his cold covering that he was wishing to make a gesture of submission. I lowered my bucket for the last time—I even fancied that he was trying to articulate the word

"GATTI!"

So, feeling how hard it would be to leave him there, all alone and frozen up, I took him on my shoulder, brought him to London in a steamer, and sold the ice upon him to Gatti, the penny ice inventor, for four hundred pounds.

This was in 1859.

The purchaser informs me it will take till the fifth of November, 1866, to free him from his frosty burden. One thing, however, comforts me: I feel certain that when he is disencumbered he will be none the worse for his cool imprisonment. I am the more impressed with this notion from remembering that when I was last at the North Pole, although I heard the growl of a bear, I could see nothing but a square block of ice. Wishing to see whether ice could growl, I chopped away at it with my axe, until out of it sprang upon me an enormous Polar bear; it jumped at me with open mouth; down his throat I went; my head came out at t'other end. This was fortunate enough, as for several months after I wore this bear for a great coat—a more comfortable, warm, or close-fitting one I never had, I assure you.

BEAR-SKIN COAT.

I do not, however, relate this as a duel with a bear—I once had one

with a brown bear, in the forests of Dalmatia. He had tried to catch me—I had had a great many shots at him—we were tired of our play, so agreed to fight it out.

I to shoot at him twice.

He to hug me once.

I fired twice, but he dodged round the trees, so that I could not hit him. "Very well!" I cried; so when he came to hug me, I slipped over me an old tar barrel, out of which I had knocked the bottom. He hugged the tough old staves till they creaked again, while I was laughing to myself inside: but lo! when Bruin, tired of his embrace, tried to release himself from me, he left his beautiful brown skin sticking to the barrel. I have it now at home, and he, poor fellow, wanders about the Dalmatian forests a naked and a melancholy spectacle.

A BEAR SKIN.

Mind, I do not consider myself to blame in this matter—had he not dodged me I should not have skinned him. I always give as good as I take. There was Admiral Dahlgrens, of the Federal Navy, when he invented his celebrated rifled cannon (three-mile range), he offered to fight me with that "arm." I accepted. Of course we had "telescope attachment;" but even then, though posted on the opposite peaks of two high mountains, could hardly see each other. He fired first, and missed me by forty yards. I then fired and struck the piece of rock on which he had been standing, little thinking he would shift his position so soon as he saw the ball coming. He fired a second time, and missed me by twenty yards only; but, before I fired again, I simply broke my shot into four pieces, so that when fired it might spread a little. The result was, that one fragment struck the ground where the Admiral ought to have been, another smashed the cannon, a third blew up the ammunition, and the fourth came tripping after Dahlgrens, as he was running down the peak of the mountain, and finished him in no time.

CHEATS NEVER THRIVE.

Not that I like these long ranges; they are very trying to the eyesight, and not to be depended on. Now, locked in a room, with nothing but a good mahogany table between you and your antagonist, you may blaze away merrily. I tried it once, in New York, with Horace Greely.

The table was six feet across.

We exchanged five-and-twenty shots. At the conclusion, Greely was quietly carried out and buried by the staff of the *Tribune*, whilst I, having caught the quarter of a hundred bullets between my teeth, suffered from no worse inconvenience

MOUTHFUL OF LEAD.

than a mouthful of lead. It is true that one slipped down my throat; but as it still remains in my stomach, and assists digestion, I do not care for that.

Talking of digestion, the other day the Prince of Wales came to me, complaining that his stomach was out of order, yet he could not take pills—never could.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

I soon settled it for him. He stood at one hundred yards, with his mouth wide open. I loaded my twelve-shot revolver with a box of Cockle's pills, and fired straight down his throat. He has been well ever since.

I do not mean to say that this mode of administering medicine is a very safe one.

DARBY GRIFFITH'S HEAD.

I remember one day trying it on Mr. Darby Griffith, M.P., when, as he shifted his position, one pill went up his nose, and made him sneeze his head off. I don't think it made much difference to him.

But to make an end of duels. For I am not proud of them, although I have tried all sorts.

ANOTHER MODEST LIST.

In Paris, a suffocation contest, with charcoal fumes.

In Mexico, on horseback, fighting as we rode.

In Russia, a duel in bed, by way of a change.

I fought a jumping duel with the chief-elder of the "Jumpers." We jumped three times, and then shot. I managed to jump over all the bullets but one, and what became of that I do not know, excepting that, when I fought my hopping duel with the Kentish hoppers, I heard it rattle.

In America, a running duel, with a general of the Federal army.

My cracker duel, with Mortram, or "Old Fireworks," as he is called.

My drinking duel, with George Cruikshank.

My starvation duel, with the crossing-sweepers.

My pickaxe duel, with the navvies.

My cleaver duel, with the Whitechapel butchers.

My barrel-of-powder duel, with Sir William Armstrong.

My boiling-water duel, with the engine-drivers of the London, Chatham, and Doverrated Railway.

My single-stick duel, in Zomerzetshire.

My bowie-knife——

But there! I think you have heard quite enough of them.

THE "SAN FIORENZO" AND HER CAPTAIN.

Narrated by ADMIRAL M—— *to*

W. H. G. KINGSTON.

THERE was not a happier ship in the service, when I joined her towards the end of the year 1794, than the gallant *San Fiorenzo*, Captain Sir Harry Burrard Neale, and those were not days when ships were reckoned little paradises afloat, even by enthusiastic misses or sanguine young midshipmen. They were generally quite the other thing.

The crews of many ships found it that other thing, and the officers of course found it so likewise. If the men are not contented, the officers must be uncomfortable; and, at the same time, I will say, from my experience, that when a ship gained the title of a hell-afloat, it was always in consequence of the officers not knowing their duty, or not doing it. Pride, arrogance, and an utter disregard for the feelings of those beneath them in rank, was too prevalent among the officers of the service, and was the secret of the calamitous events which occasionally happened about that time.

My noble commander was not such an one as those of whom I have spoken. There were some like him, but not many his equals. I may truly say of him "that he belonged to the race of Admirals of which the navy of Old England has a right to be proud; that he was a perfect seaman, and a perfect gentleman." "He was one of the most humane, brave, and zealous commanders that ever trod a deck, to whom every man under him looked up as a father." I was with him for many, very many years—from my boyish days to manhood—and I may safely say that I never saw him in a passion, or even out of temper, though I have seen him indignant; and never more so than when merit—the merit of the junior officers of the service—has been overlooked or disregarded. I never heard him utter an oath, and I believe firmly that he never allowed one to escape his lips. I will say of him what I dare say of few men, that, in the whole course of his life, he was never guilty of an act unworthy of the character of a Christian and a gentleman. I was with him when his career was run—

when, living in private on his own estate, the brave old sailor, who had ever kept himself unspotted from the world, spent his days in "visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction"—walking from cottage to cottage, with his basket of provisions or medicines, or books, where the first were not required.

Genuine were the tears shed on his grave, and hearty was the response as the following band gave forth the air of "The Fine Old English Gentleman, all of the Olden Time!"

And now, on the borders of his estate, visible afar on the Solent Sea,* there stands a monument, raised by his sovereign and by those who knew and loved him well, all eager to add their testimony to his worth. But yet he lives in the heart of many a seaman, and will live while one remains who served under his command. But, avast! whither am I driving? My feelings have carried me away.

After what I have said, it is not surprising that the *San Fiorenzo* should have been a happy ship. Her Captain made her so. From the highest to the lowest, all trusted him; all knew that he had their interest at heart—all loved him. The *San Fiorenzo* might have been a happy ship under an inferior commander—that is possible; but I doubt very much whether her crew would have done what they did do under any officer not possessed of those high qualities for which Sir Harry was so eminently distinguished. The *San Fiorenzo* was highly honoured, for she was the favourite ship, or rather, Sir Harry was the favourite captain of His Majesty George the Third, who, let people say what they will of him, was truly the sailors' friend, and wished to be his subjects' friend, as far as he had the power. Sir Harry was a favourite, not because he was a flatterer, but because the King knew him to be an honest man.

George the Third, as is well known, was very fond of spending the summer months at Weymouth, whence he could easily put to sea in his yacht, or on board a man-of-war, placed at his disposal. He seemed never to tire of sailing, especially with Sir Harry.

Whist was the constant game in the royal cabins. Sir Harry, who did everything as well as he could, though far from a good player, often beat the King, who was an indifferent one. Lord A——, a practised courtier, was, on the contrary, a remarkably good one, and generally beat Sir Harry. When, however, Lord A—— played with the King, His Majesty always came off victorious. The King used to pretend to be exceedingly puzzled.

* The "Solent Sea" is the name of the channel between the Isle of Wight and the mainland.

"It's very odd—very odd. I beat Lord A——, Lord A—— beats Sir Harry, and Sir Harry beats me. How can it be—how can it be?"

The King was always anxious to stand out to sea, so as to lose sight of land. This, however, was too dangerous an amusement to allow him. Sir Harry's plan was to put the ship's head off shore, and to make all sail. This satisfied the King, who was then easily persuaded to go below to luncheon, dinner, or tea, or to indulge in his favourite game. Sail was soon again quietly shortened, and the ship headed in for the shore. Sometimes the King seemed rather surprised that we should have made the land again so soon; but whether or not he suspected a trick, I cannot say. His only remark was, "All right, Sir Harry; you are always right."

It was impossible for a monarch to be more condescending and affable than was the good old King to all on board. He used to go among the men, and talk to them in the most familiar way, inquiring about their adventures and family histories, and evidently showing a sympathy with their feelings and ideas. Did they love the old King? Ay, there was not a man of them who would not gladly have died for him. It was the same with the midshipmen and officers. He used to delight in calling up us youngsters, and would chat with us as familiarly as would any private gentleman. He showed his real disposition, when able thus to cast aside the cares of State, and to give way to the kindly feelings of his heart. I say again, in that respect, the King and his captain were worthy of each other. The following anecdote will prove it:—

We had gone to Portsmouth, leaving the King at Weymouth, and were returning through the Needles, when, as we got off Poole harbour, a small boat, with three people in her, was seen a little on the starboard bow. One man was rowing, the other two persons were beckoning, evidently towards the ship. As we drew near, we saw, through our glasses, that the two people were an old man and woman, and, as we appeared to be passing them, their gestures became more and more vehement. Many captains would have laughed, or taken no notice of the old people. Not so Sir Harry—he had a feeling for everyone. Ordering the ship to be hove to, he allowed the boat to come alongside.

"Oh! captain, is our ain bairn Jammy on board?" shouted the old people, in chorus.

Sir Harry, with the benignant smile his countenance so often wore, directed that they might be assisted up the side.

"Who is it you want, good people?" he asked, as soon as their feet were safely planted on the deck, where they stood, gazing round with astonished countenances.

"Our ain son, Jammy—Jammy Donaldson, sir," was again the reply.

"Is there any man of that name on board?" inquired Sir Harry. "Let him be called aft."

A stout lad soon made his appearance, and was immediately pressed in the old people's arms. This son was a truant, long absent from his home. At length, grown weary at delay, quitting their abode near Edinburgh, they had travelled south, inquiring at every port for their lost son, and only that morning had they arrived by waggon at Poole, believing that it was a port where men-of-war were to be found. A boatman, for the sake of a freight, had persuaded them to come off with him, pointing out the ship which was then coming out through the Needles.

Sir Harry was so pleased with the perseverance and affection which the old couple had exhibited, that he took them on to Weymouth, when the story was told to the King. His Majesty had them presented to him, and he and Queen Charlotte paid them all sorts of attention, and at length, after they had spent some weeks with their son, dismissed them, highly gratified, to their home in the North.

Queen Charlotte was as good a woman as ever lived, and, in her way, was as kind and affable as was the King. She had a quaint humour about her, too, which frequently exhibited itself, in spite of the somewhat painful formality of the usual court circle. As an example—Sir Harry had had a present of bottled green peas made to him the previous year, and, looking on them as a great rarity, he had kept them to be placed on the table before his royal guests. As he knew more about ploughing the ocean than ploughing the land, and affairs nautical than horticultural, it did not occur to him that fresh green peas were to be obtained on shore. The bottled green peas were therefore proudly produced on the first opportunity.

"Your Majesty," said Sir Harry, as the Queen was served, "those green peas have been kept a whole year."

The Queen made no reply till she had eaten a few, and sent several flying off from the prongs of her fork. Then, nodding with a smile, she quietly said, "So I did tink."

To the end of his days, Sir Harry used to laugh over the story—adding, "Sure enough, they were very green; but as hard as swan-shot."

But I undertook to narrate a circumstance which exhibited Sir Harry Burrard Neale's character in its true colours. I need not enter into an account of that painful event, the Mutiny of the British Fleet. It broke out first at Spithead, on the 15th April, 1797, on board Lord Bridport's flag-ship, the *Royal George;* the crews of the other ships of the fleet following the example thus set them. The men, there can be no doubt, had very considerable grievances of which to complain; nor can it be well explained how, in those days, they could by legal means have had them redressed. One thing only is certain, mutiny was not the proper way of proceeding. We were at Spithead, and not an officer in the fleet knew what was about to occur, when, on the 14th, two of our men desired to speak with the captain, and then gave him the astounding intelligence that the ships' companies of the whole fleet had bound themselves to make certain important demands, and which, if not granted, they would refuse to put to sea. The two men—they were quarter-masters—moreover stated that they had themselves been chosen delegates to represent the ship's company of the *San Fiorenzo*, by the rest of the fleet, but that they could assure him that all the men would prove true and loyal, and would obey their officers as far as was consistent with prudence.

Sir Harry thanked them, assuring them, in return, that he would trust them thoroughly. He, however, scarcely believed at that time the extent to which the mischief had gone. The next day evidence was given of the wide spread of the disaffection. Affairs, day after day, grew worse and worse; and, although some of the superior officers acted with great judgment and moderation, others very nearly drove matters to the greatest extremity.

Meantime, the delegates of the *San Fiorenzo* attended the meetings of the mutineers, and, though at the imminent risk of their lives, regularly brought Sir Harry information of all that occurred. He transmitted it to the Admiralty, and it was chiefly through his representations and advice that conciliatory measures were adopted by the Government. Nearly all the just demands of the seamen having been granted, they returned to their duty, and it was supposed that the mutiny was at an end. Just before this, the Princess Royal had married the Duke of Wirtemberg, and the *San Fiorenzo* had been appointed to carry Her Royal Highness over to Cuxhaven. We could not, however, move without permission from the delegates. This was granted. Our upper-deck guns were stowed below, and the larger portion of the upper deck fitted with cabins. In this condition, when arriving at Sheerness, we found to our surprise that the red flag was still flying on board the

guard-ship, the *Sandwich*. Supposing that her crew had not been informed of what had taken place at Spithead, Sir Harry sent our delegates on board her, that they might explain the real state of affairs. The disgust of our men was very great when they were informed that fresh demands had been made by the crews of the North-sea fleet, of so frivolous a nature that it was not probable they would be granted. Our men, in spite of the character of delegates, which had been forced on them, could not help showing their indignation, and expressing themselves in no very courteous terms. This showed the mutineers that they were not over-zealous in their cause, and our people were warned that, should they prove treacherous, they and their ship would be sent to the bottom.

On returning on board, they informed Sir Harry of all that had occurred. Our delegates, at his suggestion, immediately communicated with those of the *Clyde*, an old fellow-cruiser, commanded by Captain Cunningham. That officer, on account of his justice, humanity, and bravery, enjoyed, as did Sir Harry, the confidence of his ship's company. An arrangement was therefore made between the captains and their crews that, should the mutineers persevere in their misconduct, they would take the ships out from amidst the fleet, fighting our way, if necessary, and run for protection under cover of the forts at Sheerness. Every preparation was made. We waited till the last moment. The mutineers showed no disposition to return to their duty. The *Clyde* was the inshore ship; she was therefore to move first.* We watched her with intense interest, while we remained still as death. Not one of our officers appeared on deck, and but few of the men, though numerous eager eyes were gazing through the ports. The *Clyde* had springs on her cables, we knew, but as yet not a movement was perceptible. Suddenly her seamen swarmed on the yards, the top-sails were let fall and sheeted home. She canted the right way. Hurrah! all sail was made. Away she went; and, before one of the mutinous fleet could go in chase, she was under the protection of the guns on shore. It was now our turn; but we had not a moment to lose, as the tide was on the turn to ebb, when we should have had it against us. What was our vexation, therefore, when the order was given to get under weigh, to find that the pilot, either from fear, incompetency, or treachery, had declared that he could not take charge of the ship! Sir Harry would have taken her

* The plan was proposed and executed by the late Mr. W. Bardo, Pilot, then a mate in the navy. He returned to the *San Fiorenzo*, and piloted her as he had the *Clyde*, when her own pilot refused to take charge.

out himself; but the delay was fatal to his purpose, and, before we could have moved, boats from the other ships were seen approaching the *San Fiorenzo*. They contained the delegates from the fleet, who, as they came up the side, began, with furious looks, to abuse our men for not having fired into the *Clyde*, and prevented her escaping. High words ensued, and so enraged did our men become at being abused because they did not fire on friends and countrymen, that one of the quarter-masters, John Aynsley by name, came aft to the first-lieutenant, and entreated that they might be allowed "to heave the blackguards over-board."

A nod from him would have sealed the fate of the delegates. I thought then (and I am not certain that I was wrong) that we might at that moment have seized the whole of the scoundrels, and carried them off prisoners to Sheerness. It would have been too great a risk to have run them up to the yard-arm, or hove them overboard, as our men wished, lest their followers might have retaliated on the officers in their power.

No man was more careful of human life than Sir Harry, and it was a plan to which he would never have consented. The delegates, therefore, carried things with a high hand, and, convinced that our crew were loyal to their king and country, they ordered us to take up a berth between the *Inflexible* and *Director*, to unbend our sails, and to send our powder on board the *Sandwich*, at the mast-head of which ship the flag of the so-called Admiral Parker was then flying. That man, Richard Parker, had been shipmate with a considerable number of the crew of the *San Fiorenzo*, as acting-lieutenant, but had been dismissed his ship for drunkenness, and, having lost all hope of promotion, had entered before the mast.

Our people had, therefore, a great contempt for him, and said that he was no sailor, and that his conduct had ever been unlike that of an officer and a gentleman. Such a man, knowing that he acted with a rope round his neck, was of course the advocate of the most desperate measures. Everything that took place was communicated immediately to Sir Harry, who advised the men to pretend compliance, and, much to our relief, the other delegates took their departure. As soon as they were gone, Sir Harry told the ship's company that, provided they would agree to stand by him, he would take the ship into Sheerness, as before intended. The men expressed their readiness to incur every possible risk to effect that purpose. The almost unarmed condition of the ship at the time must be remembered. The men set zealously to work to prepare for the enterprise. Springs were got on our cables. All was

ready. The flood had made. The object was to cast inshore. The men were at their stations. We were heaving on the spring—it broke at the most critical moment, and we cast outward. There was no help for it. Nothing could prevent us from running right in among the two ships of the mutinous fleet which I have mentioned, and which lay with their guns double shotted, and the men at quarters, with the lanyards in their hands, ready to fire at us. Our destruction seemed certain; but not for a moment did our captain lose his presence of mind. Calm as ever, he ordered the quarter-master Aynsley to appear on deck as if in command, while the officers concealed themselves in different parts of the ship, he standing where he could issue his orders and watch what was taking place. All was sheeted home in a moment, and we stood in between the two line-of-battle ships, the *Director* and *Inflexible*. The ship, by this time, had got good way on her. It appeared that we were about to take up the berth into which we had been ordered, when Sir Harry directed that all the sheets should suddenly be let fly. This took the mutineers so completely by surprise, that not a gun was then fired at us. Sir Harry next ordered the helm to be put "hard a-port," which caused the ship to shoot a-head of the *Inflexible*—we were once more outside our enemies. Springing immediately on deck, he took the command, crying out, in his encouraging tone, "Well done, my lads—well done!"

A loud murmur of applause and satisfaction was heard fore and aft; but we had no time for a cheer.

"Now clear away the bulk-heads, and mount the guns," he added.

Every man flew with a hearty will to obey his orders. And need there was; for scarcely were the words out of his mouth than the whole fleet of thirty-two sail opened their fire on us. The shot flew like hail around us, and, thick as hail, ploughing up the water as they leaped along it, chasing each other across the surface on every side of the ship. We could have expected nothing else than to be sunk instantly, had we had time for consideration; but, as it was, wonderfully few struck our hull, while not a shroud was cut away, nor was a man hurt. The huge *Director*, close to us, might have sent us to the bottom with a broadside, but not a shot from her, that we could see, came aboard us.

"They have not the heart to fire at us, the blackguards!" observed one of the men near me.

"It may be that, Bill; but, to my mind, they're struck all of a heap at seeing the brave way our captain did that," answered another. "If we'd had the guns mounted he'd have fired smack into them. We send our powder aboard that pirate Parker's ship—we unbend our sails to please such a sneaking scoundrel as he!"

"It's just this, that the misguided chaps are slaves against their will, and they haven't become bad enough yet to fire on their countrymen, and maybe old friends and shipmates," said a third.

Such were the opinions generally expressed on board. It was reported afterwards that the *Director* fired blank cartridges, and this may have been the case, but I think more probably that her people were first struck with astonishment at our manœuvre, and then, with admiration at the bravery displayed, purposely fired wide of us. As, however, we were frequently struck, some shots by traitorous hands must have been aimed at us from her, or from some of the other ships. In little more than two hours the bulk-heads were cleared away from the cabin door, to the break of the quarter-deck (the whole space having, as I before said, been fitted up with cabins for the suite of Her Royal Highness). The guns on both sides were got up from the hold and mounted, and we were ready for action. As soon as the task was accomplished, the men came aft in a body, and entreated, should any ships be sent after us by the mutineers, that they might be allowed to fight to the last, and go down with our colours flying, rather than yield, and return to the fleet at the Nore.

Sir Harry readily promised not to disappoint their wishes.

We stood on, but as yet no sign was perceptible of chase being made after us. It was possible, we thought, that no ship's company could be induced to weigh in pursuit. They well knew that we should prove a tough bargain, had any single ship come up with us. Should we prove victorious, every man might have been hung as a pirate. As to Parker, he dared not leave his fleet, as he ventured to call it.

Our master, although a good navigator, did not feel himself justified in taking charge of the ship, within the boundaries of a Branch pilot, and we were therefore on the look-out for a pilot vessel, when a lugger was discovered on the lee-bow, and we were on the point of bearing down to her, when we made out first a ship or two, then several sails, and lastly, a whole fleet, which we guessed must be the North Sea Fleet standing for the Nore. We were steering for them, to give the Admiral notice of what had occurred, when the red flag was discovered flying on board them also. They had, as it appeared, left their station in a state of mutiny, having placed the Admiral and all the officers under arrest. To avoid them altogether was impossible, and before long a frigate bore down to us. Should our real character be discovered, we must be captured by an overwhelming force. Still Sir Harry remained calm and self-possessed as ever. As the frigate approached, he ordered all the officers below, and giving the speaking-trumpet to Stanley, the

quarter-master, told him to reply as he might direct. The frigate hailed and inquired what we were about. "Looking out to stop ships with provisions, that we may supply the fleet," was the answer. The people of the frigate, satisfied with this reply, proceeded to rejoin the fleet, while we, glad to escape further questioning, made sail in chase of the lugger. She was a fast craft, and led us a chase of four hours before we captured her. She proved to be the *Castor and Pollux* privateer of sixteen guns. Having taken out the prisoners, and put a prize crew on board, we were proceeding to Portsmouth, when the lugger, being to windward, spoke a brig, which had left that place the day before, and from her gained the information that the mutiny had again broken out at Spithead. Under these circumstances, Sir Harry thought it prudent to anchor under Dungeness until he could communicate with the Admiralty.

This we did; but it was a time of great anxiety, for the mutineers might consider it important to capture us, to hold Sir Harry and his officers as hostages, and to wreak their vengeance on our men. We got springs on the cable and the ship ready for action. During the middle watch a ship was made out bearing down towards us; she was high out of the water, and was pronounced by many to be a line-of-battle ship. Sir Harry was on deck in an instant—the private signal was made—would it be answered? Yes; but there was no security in this, as, should the ship's company have mutinied, they would naturally have possessed themselves of it. The drum beat to quarters, the fighting lanterns were up, their light streaming through our ports. Our men earnestly repeated their request to be allowed to sink rather than surrender to the mutineers. No sight of the sort could be finer, as the brave fellows stood stripped to the waist, dauntless and resolute, not about to fight with a common foe, but one that would prove cruel and revengeful in the extreme. The wind was extremely light, and the stranger closed very slowly. The suspense was awful. In a short time, we might be engaged in a deadly struggle with a vastly superior foe, and deadly all determined that it should be. Nearer and nearer the stranger drew; at length our captain hailed. The answer came: "The *Huzzar!* Lord Garlais! from the West Indies." She anchored close to us, and we exchanged visits. Her people, ignorant of the mutiny, could not understand the necessity of the precaution we had taken. They were so struck, when made acquainted with what had occurred, at the bravery and determination of our ship's company, that they immediately swore they would stick by us, and that, should any ship be sent to take us back to the Nore, they would share our fate, whatever that might be. I am sure that they

would have proved as good as their word, but daylight came, and no enemy appeared. We lay here for some time, that Sir Harry might ascertain what was occurring on shore. He found that most active and energetic measures were being taken to repress the mutiny, and in a few days we heard that the ship's company of the *Sandwich* had taken her into Sheerness, and allowed their late leader, Parker, to be arrested by a guard of soldiers, sent on board for that purpose by Admiral Buckner. We sailed for Plymouth, and another ship was appointed to have the honour of taking over the Princess Royal.

I must say a word or two about that mutiny. I am convinced that the proportion of disaffected men was comparatively small. The seamen had grievances, but those would have been redressed without their proceeding to the extremities into which they plunged, led by a few disappointed and desperate men like Parker. Had greater energy been shown from the first, during some of the opportunities which occurred, the whole affair might have been concluded in a more dignified manner, at a much earlier date. I will instance one occasion. Having one day got leave from the delegates of our ship, while we lay off Sheerness, to go on shore, I landed at the dockyard. I found, as I passed through it, that I was followed by the whole body of delegates, walking two-and-two in procession, Parker and Davis leading, arm-in-arm. Just as we got outside the gates, the Lancashire Fencibles appeared, coming to strengthen the garrison. As soon as the seamen got near the soldiers, they began to abuse them in so scurrilous a manner, that the officer in command halted his men, and seeing the Admiral and superintendent, close to whom I at the time was standing opposite the gates, he came, and, complaining of the insults offered to himself and men, asked permission to surround and capture them. So eager did I feel, that I involuntarily exclaimed, "Yes! yes! now's the time!" The Admiral, on hearing me, turned sharply round, and demanded how I dared to speak in that way? "Because there they all are, sir, and we may have them in a bunch!" I replied, pointing to Parker, Davis, and the rest. The Admiral told me that I did not know what I was saying; but I did, and I have no cause to suppose that I was wrong.

When the truly loyal and heroic conduct of our ship's company became known, it was intended to raise a sum in every seaport town in England to present to them. From some reason, however, the Government put a stop to it, and the only subscription received was from Ludlow, in Shropshire, from whence the authorities sent £500 to Sir Harry Neale, which he distributed to the ship's company on the quarter-deck.

THE ANTHROPOGLOSSOS.

A FEW days since, when passing along Piccadilly, our eyes caught the strange word "Anthropoglossos" upon a poster, at the door of St. James's Hall. Naturally anxious to know what in these days of strange advertisements this compound Greek word was supposed to represent, we paid a shilling and entered the small hall, where we had formerly heard the amusing performance of that band of vocalists, known as "The Christy Minstrels."

On making our way into the exhibition-room, we found about sixty people staring at a large wax head, made up like those heads we see in hairdressers' shops. This head, however, was about twice the size of the human *caput*, and besides being adorned with flowing locks of a raven hue, was also blessed with a large beard and moustache; while in the orifice representing its mouth was placed a short trumpet. This head, we may add, was suspended by two pieces of chain to a board, fastened to the ceiling; while underneath it was some machinery, consisting of a bellows, and apparently the paraphernalia of a musical box, the whole of this being covered by a red cloth, fastened tightly round the neck of the figure. The programme of the songs contained the following classical airs:—

1. Polly Perkins.
2. The Dark Girl dressed in Blue.
3. Annie Lisle.
4. God bless the Prince of Wales.
5. God save the Queen.

The prefatory remarks were couched in the following bombastic style:—

"Never, it is believed, since the very first sound of the human voice emanated from the earliest created of mankind, causing the oral mystery of sounded syllables to float upon the balmy airs of Paradise, until now, has aught been perfected which could approximate in any real degree to the divinely-bestowed 'music of speech.' Many and varied have been the efforts made, from time to time, to accomplish this apparently impossible purpose, but all have proved alike worse than futile. It has been reserved for Mr. Giacopo Saguish, of Constantinople, to become the wonderful and fortunate inventor of an automaton head, which (miracu-

lous to relate) he has so contrived, by means of the nicest and most exquisitely-constructed mechanism, that it can rival Nature herself in its vocal and elocutionary powers. To say that this astonishing phenomenon is unique is to express the very least of the wonders which it exhibits, and to the witnessing of which the generous, talent-appreciating public of Great Britain is now most respectfully invited. While so doing, it is humbly, yet confidently hoped, however high the expectations respecting this real prodigy may be raised, that in no single instance shall any person with whose patronage the exhibitor may be favoured meet a disappointment, but rather that each and all shall be compelled to acknowledge the 'half has not been told them.'"

Now, in connecting the programme with the introduction, the first idea that struck us was that it seemed rather strange that a Turk should have modelled his machinery for English songs, and not for ditties in his own language. We were also surprised that this selection consisted chiefly of modern songs, with all of which most of the Drury-lane costermongers are intimate.

At the time of our entrance the figure was singing "Annie Lisle," in a thick, vulgar voice, as easily and naturally, and as much out of tune, as a Cockney devoid of musical education could render it. As soon as the song was over, the usual piano which accompanies these exhibitions struck up a tune, and the apparent proprietor wound up the musical-box machinery, which at the first movement of the key gave a low sound —probably the only one produced in the exhibition by mechanical means. As soon as this operation was completed, the piano was signalled to stop, and the figure commenced chanting "God bless the Prince of Wales," which it gave with all the vulgar turns and ridiculous shakes consistent with the usual style of Cockney vocalisation.

While it was singing, the musical-box machinery quietly unwound itself with a *clicking* motion. There seemed, however, a slight want of harmony between the voice and the apparent cause of it, for towards the end of this ditty or anthem, although the machinery came to a standstill, yet the voice went on singing, as if it had no connection with the bellows, and could get on just as well without it. After another rest, during which the proprietor again wound up the musical-box, which uttered its one note, and the pianiste played an accompaniment, the figure started off with "The National Anthem." Of the style we need say nothing; we only know that the greatest evil we wish our worst enemy is to be forced to listen for a couple of hours to the singing of this Anthropoglossos.

Shakes and turns hurried one after the other. The crowning point

of all, however, the blunder which convinced us that the voice of the singing figure belonged to a human form, occurred in the lines—

> "Happy and glorious,
> Long to reign over us,"

which this mechanical figure—this automaton head, contrived by means of the nicest and most exquisitely constructed machinery, actually rendered—

> "'*Appy* and glorious,
> Long to reign *hover* us."

The National Anthem concluded the exhibition, and then (as we expected) the proprietor or inventor began to talk. He was an Armenian, not an American, oh no!—he had been fifteen years making this machine; he was a good man; ah, yes! he never broke the Sabbath, oh no! On Sunday he did fast, and never lighted a fire to cook him meat by; oh no! but on the last Saturday, the first day that he had exhibited his wonderful figure, some gentleman did shake it, and break so much of the exquisitely-contrived mechanism, that in order to be able to open his exhibition on Monday, he was forced to work all the Sabbath. He did not eat, however, and he cried all the time. Ah! it was sad; but his task was not over yet. There remained in the figure fifteen hours' more work yet, and he must sit up all night and work at it, which was very sad."

"Yes, sir," said the attendant who handed round the programmes, "you see, some gentleman give it such a shake on Saturday, that we had to put these barriers up, to keep the people off!"

Barriers indeed! First there was a thick balustrade or railing, which reached as high as the figure's mouth, and then, beyond that, was a row of seats, to prevent us approaching nearer than a yard to the figure.

After listening to the inventor's speech, we certainly thought that he must have had—before this occasion—very little temptation to break the Sabbath, if he did not mind working during that sacred day, in order that his exhibition might be opened on the Monday morning.

"I tell you what, sir," said a red-faced gentleman next to us, "It's all gammon, about a man smashing his figure. He only says that as an excuse to keep us off the figure. It's a regular do, sir, that's what it is, and I shall write to the *Times* about it." So saying, he strode indignantly out of the Hall, and we soon followed his example.

Let us now see if we cannot explain (according to our idea) the manner in which this singing voice is arranged.

Automaton figures, as well as *androides*, or human figures, which, by certain springs or other movements, are capable of performing some of

the natural movements of a living man, are very ancient indeed. It is supposed that the old Egyptian priests constantly imposed upon the credulity of the people, by causing statues to speak, through the means of a tube placed in the figure's body, and communicating with another apartment. Of course as the statues stood against a wall the deception could not be discovered.

In the year 1738, a Frenchman, Jacques Vaucanson, invented an automaton brazen duck, which performed all the motions of a living duck, and actually swallowed and passed food in a regular manner. He also made a Provençal piper, and a flute-player, which played different pieces of music on the German flute. Even as far back as the commencement of the 16th century, an automaton flute-player is mentioned. There is surely nothing new under the sun. Most of us have heard of M. de Kempelen's automaton chess-player, which was exhibited in this country in 1783, and which created so great a sensation that several pamphlets and books were written upon it. It was at length explained that the supposed automaton was worked by a human being, concealed in the table.

Within our own time an automaton figure, constructed (we believe) on the same principle as the Anthropoglossos, was exhibited under the title of *The Invisible Girl;* we shall therefore content ourselves with enunciating our theory about this singing figure.

We have already said that in front of the head is a thick balustrade, one of its pillars is hollow, and through this passes a speaking trumpet into an adjoining room.

The head, which is unusually large, contains, we imagine, a hollow ball. Where the neck of the figure would be is a trumpet, one end of which opens into the ball, whilst at the other, the sound of the voice is received from the speaking-tube. Thus the sound enters the ball under the neck, and travels out at the orifice formed by the mouth. The sound of the voice is thus reflected through the trumpet, and comes out almost as clearly as in the room where the singer really is. Such at least is our conviction, based upon the exposures of former similar exhibitions. If, however, Mr. Giacopo Saguish, of Constantinople, can prove that our theory is incorrect, we shall be glad to confess our error. But if he is unable to do so, we must rank him and his employers as impostors, who degrade the noble name of science to palm off their mountebank juggleries upon a generous, talent-appreciating, and unsuspecting public.

August 12th, 1864.

BEES.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A. F.L.S.

IN the article upon Poultry, which has already appeared in the "Every Boy's Magazine," I began by warning my readers, that if they kept poultry, they could only look upon their feathered pets as pets, and not as means towards obtaining profit. In the present article, on Bees and Bee-keeping, I hope to show that both profit and pleasure may be the result of a little care and forethought in the management of the hive.

Bees may be procured in the spring or in the autumn, either plan being equally good, and each being adopted by experienced apiarians. If the former, a new swarm should be purchased, and it will be better if the buyer sees the swarm himself, so that he can judge of its strength. Should he not be able to see it, he should weigh it, and unless it weighs five pounds, or at least four, it is too weak to be of much use. A weak swarm never works well. It eats an abundance of food, but seems to be disheartened, and the only method of getting it to do its duty is to join it to another swarm.

A good swarm will cost about ten shillings, exclusive of the hive, and is well worth the money.

If the bees are purchased in the autumn, twice the sum must be given for them; but then, they have made plenty of comb, and filled the cells with honey for winter consumption, so that the bees and their comb ought to weigh nearly thirty pounds. Of course the reader will understand that the bees are weighed together with the hive, and that the weight of the latter is subtracted.

Moving the hive is not a very easy operation.

The best plan is to purchase the hive and footboard together with the bees, and to sling it on a pole borne by two men, as brewers carry their beer-casks, the only precaution needed being to fasten up the entrance of the hive so as to prevent the inmates from escaping and stinging the bearers. If that cannot be done, the next best plan is to furnish the bee-keeper with a hive, and let him put the swarm into it.

This brings us to the grand question of hives, a subject on which there is still much controversy,—Is the hive to be made of straw or wood, and of what shape? Either substance can be made to answer very well, inasmuch as the shape is of far more importance than the material. If the hive is to be of straw, let it not be the common "skep" which is ordinarily sold in the shops, and which is as rude, and wasteful, and barbarous a contrivance as can well be imagined, useful only to those who adhere to old customs, and can only obtain their honey by "burning" their bees.

SIMPLE HIVE FOR CAPS.

A little ingenuity will, however, serve to convert a common skep into a serviceable hive.

Take off the top of the skep, and sew the straw tightly together with string and a packing-needle, to prevent it from becoming unravelled. Cut a circular piece of inch-board so as to fit the top of the lower portion of the hive, and bore a large hole in the middle. Fix it tightly in its place, as seen in the illustration, and the hive is complete.

When the bees are first placed in this hive, lay a piece of matting over the hole in the board, and when they have filled the hive with honey, remove the mat carefully, and invert a common bell-glass over the hole. Finding their space so much increased, the bees immediately take advantage of it, and begin to put their new combs into the glass.

Now, it is a curious fact that they seldom put any but pure honey into the glass. Under the old system, the young bees, the grubs, the bee-head, and the honey are so mixed together, that to procure really pure honey is almost impossible, and even to eat a piece of comb requires some circumspection. But, attracted probably by the coolness of the glass, which is well adapted for the preservation of the combs, and is not at all adapted for the hatching of eggs or the development of the young; the bees reserve the glass for honey, and fill it with wonderful rapidity.

If the hive should be too small, it is easily enlarged by "eking" it. An "eke" is a cylinder of straw, made like the hive, and looking as if several inches had been cut from an ordinary skep. When the hive appears too contracted for its inhabitants, it is raised from the foot-board, the eke set in its place, and the hive placed upon the eke, thus raising it some three inches.

Perhaps the reader may remark that in that case the hive will have two entrances—one in the eke, and the other in the skep. Nothing of

the kind. The hive never ought to have an entrance, but to fit square on the foot-board. The entrance should be made in the foot-board itself, a sort of shallow trench being cut in the wood, and the edge of the hive placed upon it. Some persons cut a hole like a mortice, completely through the edge of the foot-board, and sloping upwards until it comes within the circumference of the hive.

The accompanying illustration shows both these plans, fig. 1 showing the mortice-hole cut through the board, and fig. 2 the trench sunk in it. This trench is cut sloping at the bottom, so that, after passing into the entrance, the bees walk up an inclined plane into their hive. The dotted circle shows the position of the hive.

For my own part, I have no great liking for straw hives, and, when I again begin to keep bees, I shall have nothing but wooden hives in the apiary. Any carpenter can make half-a-dozen hives for a very small sum, and anyone who can use edged tools can make them for himself.

FIG. 1. FOOTBOARDS FOR HIVES. FIG. 2.

A square box of stout wood without a bottom is all that is wanted for ordinary bee-keepers. Not wishing my young readers to run into expenses in bee-keeping, I shall say nothing about the elaborate and expensive hives which are so frequently advertised, but restrict myself to those hives which are within the reach of every boy.

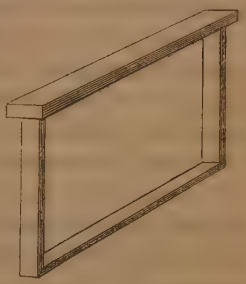
Simple square boxes, with a hole at the top of each, and with smaller boxes to act as caps to the bell-glasses, are all that are really needed.

There is, however, a plan which has lately become very general, and which may be mentioned here, because it is not only ingenious, but is of very little additional cost. The top of the box is not made of a solid piece of wood, with a hole in the middle, but is made of bars, every alternate bar being movable. It is evident that if the bees can only be induced to build their combs on the loose bars, any comb can be removed at pleasure, without disturbing the remainder, or worrying the bees.

But as they might, and very probably would, prefer to build on the fixed bars, the bee-keeper would often find his precautions useless, and the combs as much beyond his reach as before. Bees, however, are manageable insects, and can be induced to build wherever their owner chooses, by means of guide-combs; that is, pieces of new comb, which are fixed to the object on which the bees are desired to build. The insects will always add to a comb rather than begin a new one.

There is a little art in attaching the guide-combs to the bars; for if they are not placed as the bees would have placed them, they are useless for the purpose, and if they are not fixed very firmly, they will give way with the weight of the honey and brood. The method of fixing them is as follows:—Take a piece of new or virgin comb, and cut it so that the thin edge may be downwards when it is fixed. Cutting the comb is easily done by running a sharp knife very quickly along it, and then bending it, when it will snap off in the line which the knife-blade has taken. Now warm the bar, and then take a hot iron and run it along the cut edge of the comb. While the wax is still hot, press it against the warmed bar, and hold it for a minute or two until cool. The beginner is nearly sure to crush the combs in handling them; but a little practice will enable him to manage them without the least danger.

There is, however, a still further improvement on the simple bars. The bees will sometimes carry their combs to the sides of the hive, and fasten them there, so that when the apiarian raises the bars he finds the comb attached so firmly to the hive that it cannot be severed without much trouble. Instead, therefore, of mere bars, narrow *frames* of wood are added to the bars, so that the whole of the comb may be attached to them, and the comb lifted out in the frame.



BAR AND FRAME.

The great use of this system is, that the apiarian can assist his bees greatly by watching for the very old combs and removing them. Each young bee spins a silken lining to the cell in which it is hatched; and, when there has been a succession of grubs, the cells become quite choked by these discarded shrouds, and the wax around them is black and useless. The bees are only too glad to be rid of this incumbrance, and in a very short time a clean new comb will take the place of the old and dirty one.

The position of the hive is peculiarly important. If the hives be exposed to the noontide sun they never come to any good, for the heat melts the wax, and the combs cannot be made rightly. Moreover, the occasional warm sunbeams of very early spring are apt to delude the bees into the idea that they ought to be abroad, and so they go to work and are chilled with cold before they can return. Although bees must have a certain amount of warmth, they cannot endure heat, and are obliged to use every endeavour to cool the hive by fanning. At the same time, the hives should not be exposed to storms; for bees hate wind exceedingly, and get blown about cruelly while endeavouring to

enter the hives. A north-west aspect is generally a good one, and is always safe.

In every case, however, the hives should be protected by a roof of some kind. If they can be placed in a shed, so much the better; and in that case they should be set on shelves, and holes cut through the walls to allow the bees access into their hives, but not into the shed. Short tubes, leading from the hive to the wall, make admirable passages for the bees. At all events, however, there should be a wide footboard outside the shed, on which the bees can settle before creeping into their hives; and this board should be sheltered with a roof above, to keep off the rain, and a rather wide board at each end, to defend the bees from the wind.

Water is an absolute necessity, and if the hives are placed in an arid situation, the bee-master should be very careful to supply his thirsty insects with liquid. The ground on which my house is built is on a lofty elevation, and the soil is gravel, so that there are no streams or ponds, and even the puddles run dry in a few minutes after the rain has ceased. The season, too, has been one of unwonted drought, so that many hives in the neighbourhood have failed altogether in producing either honey or swarms.

Yet, some bees belonging to a lady have been peculiarly successful, having thrown off many swarms and given plenty of honey. The explanation of her success is very simple, and consists chiefly in the fact that she supplied her bees plentifully with water. It was most curious to see them clustering round the pans, and on the edge of the largest pan were at least five hundred bees, eagerly drinking, while others were continually flying up to take their turns.

She does not trouble herself much about the manner in which the water is supplied, but sets a variety of pans and saucers about the hives, and allows the bees to help themselves. The best plan, however, is to have large flat pans, and to lay on the water some thin pieces of board, pierced full of holes; the bees can then drink in great numbers, lapping up the water as it rises through the holes. She also pours water over the hives, using a common watering-pot for the purpose. This custom is doubly grateful to the bees, who not only settle on the hives and lap the trickling drops, but find that the hives are cooled by the evaporation.

The history of her hives is rather curious.

Seven years ago she had one stock of bees, the queen of which was damaged, one of her wings having been torn off by some mischance. In consequence, she could not leave the hive in order to lead a swarm,

which is the custom of the old queens, and, although she made two attempts, was forced to remain at home.

Then follows a remarkable point in bee history. Bees are generally supposed to be short-lived insects; yet this queen lived for seven years, having been seen repeatedly throughout this period. During these years not a single swarm was thrown off, though honey was given in plenty. This year there has been a swarm for the first time, so that, in all probability, the one-winged queen is dead, and the abnormal condition of the hive ended.

At the beginning of July, 1863, another stock of bees was purchased, and at the end of the month a secondary swarm, or "cast," issued from the hive, so that there were then three hives. As if to contradict the old aphorism—

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is *not* worth a fly"—

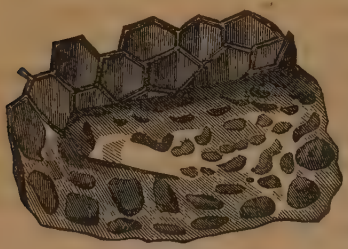
the July swarm has thriven well, and this year it has produced a swarm and honey.

During the present season, the three hives have sent out six swarms, and from one hive alone fourteen pounds of honey have been taken. Caps are used on the three hives, and are filling fast; each glass or cap containing eleven pounds of honey when full. One cap was placed too soon, and the bees put some brood comb into it. When this was discovered the cap was replaced, and, after that brood had been hatched, the bees cleaned out the cells very neatly and filled them with honey, five pounds of which were stored at an early part of the season.

Removing the caps is easy enough; but sometimes the bees do not like to leave their stores. The mode of procedure is simple enough. Draw a piece of string between the cap and the hive, and so sever the connection. Push a flat piece of zinc under the cap, and then lift it off, replacing it immediately by a new cap. Take the full cap to some distance from the hives, put a piece of stick under one edge so as to tilt it up, and let it alone. In a very short time the bees will dislike their isolation, and will rejoin their comrades. Always carry the cap to leeward of the hives, because, if it were taken in the other direction, the wind would carry the scent of the honey to the hives, and the bees would come in multitudes and put all the honey into their combs.

To return to the swarming.

I have already mentioned that it is the old queen that leads the swarm. This needs a little explanation. Several queen bees are hatched in succession, and, as far as is known, are simply nothing but worker bees allowed to develop themselves fully and fed upon richer food than the commonalty. The hexagonal shape of the ordinary cell is too well known to need description; but the cell in which the queen is bred differs entirely in shape and size. It is very large, equalling five or six ordinary cells, and is very irregular outside, though rounded in the interior. Sometimes, however, the cells are rounded like acorn cups, and, in this case, are almost invariably found near the edge of the comb; whereas the elongated cells are often seen in the middle.



ROYAL CELL.

As the bees are hatched, their number increases so fast that the once roomy hive is too small for them, and then they become very uneasy. About this time a young queen is hatched, and the allegiance of the bees is divided, some adhering to the old queen and others to the new. At last, however, the old queen, as if determined to preserve her royalty, takes her subjects with her, and goes off to found an independent monarchy.

This mass of bees, which is technically called a "swarm," is often so large as to fill a peck measure when all the bees are clustered round their sovereign. As soon as the swarm has settled, take a new hive, hold it under the bees, and sweep the entire swarm into it. There is not the least danger in this proceeding, for bees appear to lose their spirit as long as they are without a home. Then carry the hive to the shed, place it on its footboard, and lay some food near it, say half a pound or so of honey, and repeat the feeding for a day or two. There will be no loss in this proceeding, for the abundant food will cause the bees to secrete wax so fast that the combs will be completed in a much shorter time than would be the case if the insects were obliged to go a-field and find food for themselves.

Should the young bee-keeper find that one of his hives is very weakly, he cannot do better than join two of the weakest stocks together, so as to make one strong hive. This is accomplished by turning up one of the hives, and giving it a tap or two. The queen is seen to emerge from her subjects, and may then be seized. The queenless hive should then be placed in an inverted position under the hive which the bees are in-

tended to join, and in a short time all the bees will ascend into the upper hive, which may then be replaced.

Few persons have the courage to turn up a hive and look for the queen, though many experienced bee-masters will do so, confident that the insects will not meddle with them. Some persons are of opinion that the reversal of the hive and the sudden inlet of light puzzle and frighten the bees so much that they never think of using their stings.

Then there are some persons who are quite impervious to stings, having been stung so often that the poison has not the least effect upon them. M. Tegetmeier, the well-known apiarian, enjoys this singular immunity, and on one occasion, when the bearers of a hive broke their pole, and let the hive fall to the ground, out rushed the bees in a cloud, and away ran the bearers. M. Tegetmeier, however, picked up the hive, and replaced it, receiving about forty stings in his face and neck, but without suffering any inconvenience except the pain of the pricks, and a very trifling swelling afterwards. Yet, a few years ago, he was so sensitive to the poison that a single sting confined him to the house for some days.

As it is necessary that the young apiarian should know the queen bee, and be able to pick her out of a swarm, figures are here given of the three sorts of bees which inhabit a hive. The central figure represents the worker bee, the left-hand insect is the drone, or male, and that on the right is the queen. The drone may be recognised by his larger size, his deeper hum, and the round, blunted abdomen. The queen is known by her greater length, and the shortness of her wings, which cross each other on her back.

DRONE. WORKER. QUEEN.

The queen from which this figure was taken, was in my possession for some time. When she died, I dissected her, and her anatomy may now be seen in the new museum at Oxford. Young queens are scarcely larger than ordinary workers, but they may always be recognised by the peculiar manner in which they carry their wings.

Should the bees sting the young apiarian, he may alleviate the pain by one or two methods. One plan is to press the pipe of a key round the sting-mark, and then to lay moistened tobacco over it. Ammonia is

very useful, and so is liquor potassæ, which can be introduced by dipping a needle into the liquid, and passing it into the wound, when the pain will cease almost immediately. If much of the liquid be used, it will destroy the skin. Powdered ipecacuanha, mixed into a paste with water, is also strongly recommended, but I have never tried it.

In order, however, to gain perfect confidence and coolness in bee-management, it is better to perform all the earlier operations while wearing a bee-dress. This is easily made. It consists of a hat with a very wide brim, round which is sewn a piece of "leno." This descends like a large veil nearly as far as the waist, but has short sleeves for the arms to pass through. When this dress is put on, the arms are passed through the sleeves, and the dress is then tied at the waist. Some persons have the edges of the body and sleeves surrounded with elastic braid, so that no tying is required. A pair of thick woollen gloves should be worn, as the stings are too short to reach the skin through the thick substance, and the bees can withdraw their stings easily, which is not the case when leather is worn. These gloves should be very long in the wrist, so as to prevent the bees from creeping up them and stinging the space between the glove and the hand.

"Hah! my lad, you remember me, it seems."

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

CHAPTER XX.—MYSTERIOUS MATTERS.—A HAPPY RETURN, &c.

THE morning which followed the events narrated in the last chapter broke with unclouded splendour. It was the second of the four bright days which relieved the monotony of those six dreary weeks of rain.

Rejoicing in the glorious aspect of earth and sky, and in the fresh scents which the rain had called forth from every shrub and flower on the mountains, Mr. Sudberry dashed about the White House—in and out—awaiting the assembling of the family to breakfast with great impatience. His coat-tails that morning proved the means of annihilating the sugar-basin—the last of the set which had graced the board on his arrival in the Highlands, and which had been left, for some time past, "blooming alone," all its former companions having been shattered and gone long ago.

According to custom, Mr. Sudberry went forward to the barometrical banjo, intending to tap it—not that he expected correct information *now*. No; he had found out its falsehood, and was prepared to smile at anything it should say. He opened his eyes, however, and exclaimed "Hallo!" with unwonted energy, on observing that, as if in sheer defiance of the weather, of truth, and of public opinion, its index aimed point blank at "stormy!"

He speedily discovered that this tremendous falsehood was the result

of a careful intestine examination to which the instrument had been privately subjected by Master Jacky the evening before; in the course of which examination the curious boy, standing below the barometer, did, after much trouble, manage to cut the bulb which held the mercury. That volatile metal, being set free, at once leaped into its liberator's bosom and gushed down between his body and his clothes to the floor!

"I'll thrash him to within an inch—" Mr. Sudberry clenched his teeth and his fists, and burst out of the room (it was at this moment that the last of the set became "faded and gone"), and rushed towards the nursery. "No I won't," he muttered, suddenly wheeling round on his heel and returning slowly to the parlour. "I'll say nothing whatever about it." And Mr. Sudberry kept his word—Jacky never heard of it from that day to this!

Seizing the opportunity of the fine day, Mr. Sudberry and George went out to fish. They fished with worm now, the streams being too much swollen for fly.

Meanwhile Master Jacky sauntered down alone, in a most free-and-easy independent manner, to visit old Moggy, who was thought to be in a dying state—at least the doctor said so, and it was to be presumed that he was right.

Jacky had regularly constituted himself sick nurse to the old woman. Despite the entreaties of Flora and his sister, who feared that the disease might be infectious, he could not be prevailed on to remain away. His nursing did not indeed consist in doing much that was useful. He confined himself chiefly to playing on the river-banks near the hut, and to making occasional inquiries as to how the patient was getting on. Sometimes he also assisted Flora in holding sundry cups, and glasses, and medicine bottles, and when Flora was away he amused himself by playing practical jokes on the young woman who had volunteered to act as regular nurse to the old invalid.

Towards the afternoon Jacky put his hands behind his back—he would have put them under his coat-tails if he had had any, for he was very old-manish in his tendencies—and sauntered down the road towards the pass. At this same time it chanced that another little boy, more than twice Jacky's age, was walking smartly along the same road towards the same pass from the other side of it. There were as yet several miles between the two boys, but the pace at which the elder walked bade fair to bring them face to face within an hour. The boy whom we now introduce was evidently a sailor. He wore blue trousers, a blue vest with little brass buttons, a blue jacket with bigger brass buttons, and a blue cap with a brass button on either side—each brass button,

on coat, cap, and vest, having an anchor of (apparently) burnished gold in the centre of it. He had clear blue eyes, brown curly hair, and an easy, off-hand swagger, which last was the result of a seafaring life and example; but he had a kindly and happy, rather than a boastful or self-satisfied, expression of face, as he bowled along with his hands in his pockets, kicking all the stones out of his way, and whistling furiously. Sometimes he burst into a song, and once or twice he laughed, smote his thigh, and cheered, but never for a moment did he slacken his pace, although he had walked many a mile that day.

Curiously enough, at this same time, a man was crouching behind some bushes in the centre of the pass towards which these two boys were approaching. This man had a pair of grey eyes which might have been beautiful had they not been small and ferocious-looking, and a nose which might have been aquiline had the bridge not been broken, and a head of shaggy hair which might have been elegant had it been combed, oiled, curled, and dyed, and a general appearance which might have been prepossessing had it not been that of a thorough blackguard. This lovely specimen of humanity sat down on a rock, and waited, and fidgetted; and the expression of his sweet face betrayed, from time to time, that he was impatient and anything but easy in his mind.

As Jacky walked very leisurely and stopped frequently to play, his progress towards the pass was slow, and as our waiting friend, whom the reader no doubt recognises as the gipsy, could not see far along the road in that direction, he was not aware of his approach. On the other hand, the sailor boy came on fast, and the road was so open and straight in that direction that the gipsy saw him when he was far enough away to seem like a mere blue spot in the distance.

Presently he gained the entrance to the pass and began the ascent, which was gradual, with a riotous windlass song, in which the sentiments, "yo!" "heave!" and "ho!" were most frequently expressed. As he drew near, the gipsy might have been observed to grin a smile that would have been quite captivating but for some obstinate peculiarity about the muscles of the mouth which rendered it very repulsive.

Next moment the sailor boy was abreast of him. The moment after that the bushes parted, and the gipsy confronted his victim, cutting a tremendous "heave!" short in the middle, and converting the "ho!" that should have followed into a prolonged whistle of astonishment.

"Hah! my lad, you remember me, it seems."

"Remember you? Yes, I just do!" answered the boy, in whose countenance every trace of boyishness was instantly swallowed up in an intense gaze of manly determination.

This mute but meaning glance had such a strange effect upon the gipsy that he actually cowered for a moment and looked as if he were afraid he was going to "catch it." However, he forced a laugh and said—

"Come, Billy, you needn't look so cross. You know I was hard put to it w'en I sent you a-boord the *Fair Nancy*, and you shouldn't ought to owe me a grudge for puttin' ye in the way o' makin' yer fortin'."

The man kept edging towards the boy as he spoke; but the boy observed this, and kept edging away, regarding the man with compressed lips and dilated eyes, but not vouchsafing a word in reply.

"I say, Billy, it's unkind, you know, to forget old times like this. I want to shake hands; and there's my old woman up on the hill, as wants to see you again."

Suddenly the fierce look left the boy's face and was replaced by a wild, waggish expression.

"Oh! your old woman wants to see me, does she? And you want to shake hands, do you? Now look here, Growler; I see through you! You thought to catch a flat, and you'll find you've caught a Tartar; or, rather, that the Tartar has caught *you*. But I've grown merciful since I went to sea" (the lad tucked up his wristbands at this point, as if he really meditated a hand-to-hand encounter with his huge antagonist). "I *do* remember old times, and I know how richly you deserve to be hanged, but I don't want to mix up my home-coming, if I can help it, with dirty work. Now, I'll tell you what—I'll give you your choice o' two courses. Either take yourself off and be out o' hail of this part of the country within twelve hours, or walk with me to the nearest police station and give yourself up. There—I'll give you exactly two minutes to think over it."

The youthful salt here pulled out an enormous double-case silver watch with an air of perfect nonchalance, and awaited the result. For a few seconds the gipsy was overwhelmed by the lad's coolness. Then he burst into a gruff laugh and rushed at him. He might as well have run at a squirrel. The boy sprang to one side, crossed the road at a bound, and, still holding the watch, said—"Half a minute gone!" Again the man rushed at his small opponent with similar result, and a cool remark, that another half minute was gone. This so exasperated the gipsy, that he ran wildly after the boy for half a minute, but the latter was as active as a kitten, and could not be caught.

"Time's up; two minutes and a quarter; so don't say that I'm not merciful. Now, follow me to the constable."

So saying, Billy, as the man had called him, turned his back towards

the pass and ran off at full speed towards the village. The gipsy followed him at once, feeling that his only chance lay in capturing the boy; but so artfully did Billy hang back and allow his pursuer to come close up, that he had almost succeeded in enticing him into the village, when the man became suddenly aware of his folly, and stopped. Billy stopped too.

"What! you're not game to come on?"

The man shook his fist, and, turning his face towards the pass, ran back towards his booth in the hills, intending to take the boy's first piece of advice, and quit that part of the country. But Billy had no idea of letting him off thus. He now became the pursuer. However fast the gipsy ran, the sailor lad kept up with him. If the man halted, as he frequently did in a breathless condition, and tried to gain over his adversary, Billy also stopped, said he was in no hurry, thrust his hands into his jacket pockets, and began to whistle. Thus he kept him in view until they once more stood in the pass. Here the man sat down on a large stone, thoroughly exhausted. The boy sat down on another stone opposite to him looking quite fresh and jolly. Five years of hearty devotion to a noble calling had prepared the muscles of the little sailor for that day's exercise. The same number of years spent in debauchery and crime had *not* prepared the vagabond giant for that day's work.

"What has brought you back?" said Growler, savagely.

"To see the old granny whom you stole me from," replied the boy. "Also, to have the satisfaction of puttin' you in limbo; although I did not expect to have this pleasure."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Growler, sarcastically, "you'll fail in both. It's not so easy to put *me* in limbo as you think—and your grandmother is dyin'."

"That's false!" cried Billy, springing half-way across the road and shaking his little fist at his enemy—"you know it is. The landlord of the 'Blue Boar' told me he saw her at church strong and well, last Sunday."

"She's dyin', however, may be *dead*," said the man with a sneer so full of triumph, that it struck a chill to the heart of the poor boy.

Just at that moment Jacky Sudberry turned slowly round a sharp angle of the road, and stood there transfixed, with his eyes like two saucers, and his mouth as round as an O.

The sight of this intruder distracted Billy's attention for a moment. Growler at once bounded over the low wall and dived into the underwood. Billy hesitated to follow him, for the last piece of information

weighed heavily on his mind. That moment's hesitation was sufficient for the gipsy to make good his retreat. Although Billy leaped the wall next moment, and darted hither and thither through the copse, he failed to catch sight of him again, and finally returned to the road, where he found Jacky seated on a stone, pondering in a state of bewilderment on what he had seen.

"Well, my boy, how goes it?" cried the sailor, heartily, as he came forward, wiping his heated brow with a blue spotted cotton handkerchief.

"All right!" was Jacky's prompt reply. "I say, was you fightin' with that man?"

"Ay, that was I, and I've not done with him yet."

Jacky breathed hard and looked upon the young sailor with deep reverential awe, feeling that he was in the presence of a real Jack the Giant-Killer.

"He runn'd away!" said Jacky in amazement. "Did you hit him hard?"

"Not with my fists; they ain't big enough for that yet. We've only had a sparring match with words and legs."

Jacky glanced at Billy's legs as if he regarded them in the light of dire engines of destruction. Indeed his active mind jumped at once to the conclusion that the sailor's must be a kicking mode of warfare; but he was too much amazed to make any rejoinder.

"Now, my boy, I'm going this way, so I'll bid you good day," said Billy. Jacky informed him that he was going the same way,—having only been taking a stroll,—and would willingly go back, whereupon Billy put his arm round his shoulder, as boys are won't to do, and Jacky grasped Billy round the waist, and thus they wandered home together.

"I say, you're a funny chap," observed the young sailor, in a comic vein, as they went along.

"So are you," replied Jacky, with intense gravity, being deeply serious.

Billy laughed; but as the two friends at that moment emerged from the pass and came in sight of the White House, the laugh was suddenly checked, and was followed by a sound that was not unlike choking. Jacky looked up in alarm, and was surprised to see tears hopping over his companion's brown cheeks. To find a lad who could put a giant to flight was wonderful enough; but to find one who could cry without any reason at all was beyond belief. Jacky looked perplexed and said, "I say, what 's the matter?"

"Oh! nothing; only this is my old home, and my scrimmage with

that villain has made me come plump on it without thinkin'. I was born here. I know every stone and bush. I — I — there's the old——"

He choked again at this point, and Jacky, whose mind was only opening, stood looking on in silent wonder.

"My old granny lives here; old Moggy——"

The expression of Jacky's face caused Billy to stop.

"Why, what's wrong, boy?"

"Is—is—o—old Moggy *your* granny?" cried Jacky, eagerly, stumbling over his words as if he had come upon stepping-stones in the dark.

"Ay; what then?"

"Eh! *I* know her."

"Do you, my boy?"

"Ye—yes; sh—she's dyin'!"

The result of this remark was that the sailor-boy turned deadly pale, and stared at his little friend without being able to utter a word. Mere human nature taught Jacky that he had made a mistake in being so precipitate; but home-education had not taught him to consider the feelings of others. He felt inclined to comfort his new friend, but knew not how to do it. At last a happy thought occurred to him, and he exclaimed eagerly—

"B—but sh—*she's not dead yet!*"

"Does she live in the same cottage?" asked the boy, in a low, husky voice, not considering that his companion could not know what cottage she had occupied in former days. Jacky, also ignoring this fact, nodded his head violently, being past speech with excitement, and pointed in the direction of the hut.

Without another word, Billy (more correctly speaking, Willie) at once took to his heels, and was followed by Jacky as fast as his short legs could carry him.

Flora Macdonald was administering a glass of hot wine and water to her patient when the door was quickly, yet gently, opened, and a sailor-lad sprang into the room, fell on his knees beside the lowly couch, seized the old woman's hand, gazed for a few seconds into her withered face, and then murmuring, "Granny, it's me," laid his head on her shoulder and burst into tears.

Flora gently drew the boy away.

"Willie, is it possible; can it be you?"

"Is she dyin'!" said Willie, looking up in Flora's face with an expression of agony.

"I trust not, dear boy; but the doctor says she is very ill, and must be kept quiet."

"Hoot, awa' wi' the doctor! He's wrang," cried old Moggy, suddenly raising herself with great energy on one elbow; "don't I see my ain Willie there, as I've seen him in my dreams mony and mony a night?" (Flora grasped Willie's arm to prevent his running towards her, and pointed to Jacky, who had at that moment entered the room, and was at once recognised by Moggy.) "Ay, little did I think when I said yestreen 'Thy wull be done,' that He wad send my ain laddie back again!"

She folded Jacky, who had gone to the bedside, in her arms, and was with difficulty prevailed on to let him go. It was quite evident that her mind was wandering.

The effect of this little episode on Willie was powerful and twofold. A pang of jealousy at first shot through his heart like a flash of lightning; but when he perceived that the loving embrace was meant for his old self he broke down, and the tears once more tumbled over his brown cheeks.

"She cannot recognise you just now, dear Willie," said Flora, deeply touched by the sorrow of the lad; "and, even if she could, I fear it would do her harm by exciting her too much. Come, my poor fellow" (leading him softly to the door), "I am just going up to visit a kind English family, where they will be only too glad to put you up until it is safe to let her know that you have returned."

"But she may die, and never know that I have returned," said Willie, almost passionately, as he hung back.

"She is in God's loving hands, Willie."

"Can I not stay and help you to nurse her?" asked the boy, in pitiful tones.

Flora shook her head, and Willie suffered himself to be led meekly out of the hut.

This, then, was the home-coming that he had longed for so intensely; that he had dreamed of so often when far away upon the sea! No sooner was he in the open air than he burst away from Flora without a word, and ran off at full speed in the direction of the pass. At first he simply sought to obtain relief to his feelings by means of violent muscular exercise. The burning brain and throbbing heart were unbearable. He would have given the world for the tears that flowed so easily a short time before; but they would not now come. Running, leaping, bounding madly over the rough hill-side—*that* gave him some relief; so he held on, through bush and brake, over heathery knoll and peat swamp, until the hut was far behind him.

Suddenly his encounter with the gipsy occurred to him. The thought that he was the original cause of all this misery roused a torrent of indignation within him, and he resolved that the man should not escape. His wild race was no longer without purpose now. He no longer sprang into the air and bounded from rock to rock like a wild goat; but, coursing down the bed of a mountain torrent, came out upon the road, and did not halt until he was in front of the constabulary station.

"Hallo! laddie, what's wrang?" inquired a blue-coated official, whose language betokened him a Lowland Scot.

"I've seen him; come with me—quick! I'll take you to his whereabouts," gasped Willie.

"Seen whae?" inquired the man, with slow deliberation.

"The gipsy, Growler, who stole me, and would have murdered me this morning if he could have caught me; but quick, please! He'll get off if you don't look alive!"

The earnestness and fervour of the lad had the effect of exciting even the constable's phlegmatic nature; so, after a short conversation, he summoned a comrade, and set off for the pass at a round trot, led by Willie.

"D'ye think it's likely he'll ken ye've come here to tell on him?" inquired the constable, as they ran.

"I said I would have him nabbed," replied the boy.

"Hoot! mon; that was na wise like. But after a' ye're only a bairn. Here, Tam, ye'd better gang up by the Stank burn an' keep a look oot ower the hills, an' I'll start him."

Thus advised, the second constable diverged to the right, and, plunging into the copsewood, was instantly out of sight.

Soon afterwards, Willie came to the place where he had met the gipsy. Here a consultation was held as to where the booth might probably be.

"He jumped over the wall here," said Willie, "and I'm sure he took the hill in this direction at first."

"Ay, laddie; but chiels o' his stamp never gang straight to their mark. We'll follow him up *this* way. Hoo lang is't sin' ye perted wi' him, said ee?" examining the place where the gipsy had entered the copse.

Willie returned no answer. The unusual amount of fatigue and the terrible mental excitement which he had undergone that day were too much for him. A feeling of deadly sickness came suddenly on him, and when the constable looked round he was lying on the road in a swoon.

This unexpected incident compelled the man to abandon further pursuit for the time. Giving utterance to a "puir laddie," he raised the boy in his arms and carried him to the nearest hut, which happened to be that of old Moggy. No one was there but the young woman who acted as nurse to the invalid. It chanced that Moggy had had a sleep, and she awoke with her mental faculties much cleared when the constable entered and laid Willie on a mat not far from her bed.

The old woman gazed long and earnestly in the boy's face, and seemed much troubled and perplexed while the nurse applied water to his temples. At last Willie opened his eyes. Moggy at once recognised him. She strove eagerly to reach her long-lost child, and Willie, jumping up, sprang to her side; but ere they met she raised both arms in the air, and, uttering a long, piercing cry, fell back insensible upon the bed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROPEMAKER OF THE SEA.

A MUSSEL'S HISTORY OF HIMSELF AND HIS RELATIVES.

BY MRS. RYMER JONES.

CAST out into the world in the earliest stage of my existence, away from all friends, and without any help but the energies with which Nature had endowed me, I have been compelled to exert them to the utmost in order to obtain that station in society which my family had always maintained and to which my birth entitled me. My efforts have met with their reward; I am now established to my entire satisfaction upon a solid basis, and for the encouragement of all young beginners will relate to them my history. When first driven forth with my brothers and sisters from the parent shell, with the volatility natural to youth, I sported hither and thither among the bright sea-flowers, delighting in my freedom. I soon, however, became weary of roving, and, finding a shelving rock which promised a pleasant abode, I determined to settle there. But though I wished for rest, I did not desire monotony, and the station which I selected exactly suited me, as it afforded an agreeable and constant change. During some hours in the day the sea flowed over our heads, bringing with it numbers of beautiful objects; till the receding tide restored to our view the sun and the sky. My house, you must know, I had carried with me, like many other emigrants, and, as a portable house is seldom spacious, I thought after a time that I might add to its dimensions with advantage.

It had been a custom in our family, and a good one too, not to be burdened at first with too great an establishment, but to be satisfied with beginning in a small way, and enlarging our dwellings as we increased in importance. I was well furnished with the means of making the fitting additions to my little tenement. My whole person was invested by a mantle of an extraordinary kind, the form and size of which exactly corresponded with those of my shell, to which it formed a lining. Its margin had the remarkable power of giving out a kind of fine cement, which spread around the edges of the shell and gradually increased its size. I was not without the means of beautifying these

new additions, for, at intervals around this serviceable mantle, colours were supplied which, oozing out as the work proceeded, tinted it with the most beautiful purple. Nor was the interior of my dwelling neglected; again my mantle furnished the material, and from its inner surface exuded a pearly fluid which enamelled in the most exquisite manner the whole of the walls, so smoothly and so well that no eye could detect the slightest roughness. You may be inclined to disbelieve my tale, but if you examine the outside of my dwelling you will be able to trace the gradual progress of its construction. The form of my house was one generally adopted by our race, as most convenient to our wants and habits, although this form was modified so as to suit the peculiar requirements of different families. My dwelling was constructed in two separate parts, each perfect and exactly resembling the other. These two parts were joined together by an elastic hinge which while it connected served also to throw open these compartments of my house, and when I wished for retirement, two strong pulleys enabled me to shut my shell and exclude all intruders. When I had fixed on a convenient place of abode I determined to wander about no longer, but to settle down at once to the same quiet life that my ancestors had always led, and began to make preparations for mooring myself to the rock. In order to do this with security, I put out my foot to test the solidity and the fitness of the ground about me, and, as this was a business that required some care and prudence, it was not until after a careful investigation that I determined upon a proper place to anchor in. Besides the occupations of mason, painter, and plasterer, I had now to commence the business of a ropemaker. My undertaking was not, however, an easy piece of work, as it is amongst men, who have simply to spin the hemp with which they are supplied, and twist the strands together till they form a rope.

I had, myself, to produce the material in a fluid state, to draw it out, and let it harden under water. My foot accomplished that which it would puzzle any number of human hands to perform. This useful organ, which in creatures like us is adapted to a variety of offices, had on its lower surface a deep groove, continually filled with a thick gluey fluid, which hardened into a strong though slender cord. This cord, while still soft, I cemented to the rock, and then, drawing my foot back again, spun another and another in the same manner, until a bunch of threads had been formed, all safely and separately fastened, which moored my little domicile so securely as to defy the roughest wave. My task, however, took a considerable time to perform, as it required some patience to spin my ropes, and I was rarely able to complete more than four of them

in one day. I was not the only labourer; numbers of our family were settled on the same rock, and though we were all of solitary natures, and had but little intercourse with each other, it was pleasant to have them all about me; and we lived in happy seclusion, plentifully supplied with provisions, for we found, in the small creatures with which that part of the sea was filled, a constant and abundant supply of food. This state of things had continued for a considerable time, when the general tranquillity was destroyed by the reckless attacks of some fishermen, who ruthlessly tore from their abode the greatest portion of our community. Happily for me, my youth and insignificance preserved me. I was overlooked in this attack and allowed to remain in obscurity. The scene of desolation which our rock presented after this occurrence was too much for me, and a feeling of insecurity came over me; so, detaching my moorings, I roamed forth once more in search of a resting place, and stopped at last on a broad pleasant ledge near the shore.

To approach this ledge, however, it was necessary to climb up the perpendicular face of the rock beneath it, and in order to do so my powers of cable-making came in again to my assistance. Stretching out my foot to a convenient distance above me, I drew out and glued a thread to the rock, then hauling myself up by it, I fixed another and another in a similar way, until, by the assistance of this rope ladder of my own manufacture, I had ascended to the flat surface which I desired to reach.

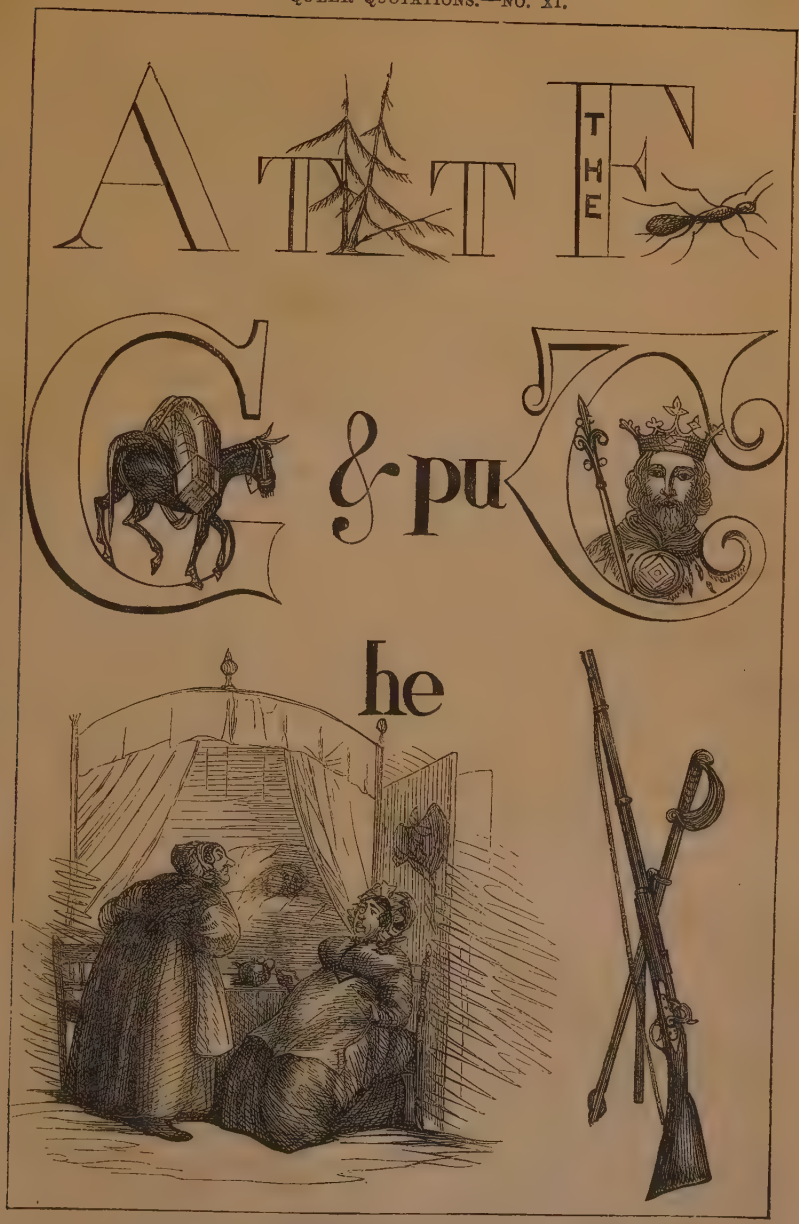
Once more I began the work of spinning and anchoring my cables; and, while engaged in this undertaking, I was not a little interested in watching the operations of a fellow-labourer and distant relative, who, to make assurance doubly sure, was constructing, as a covering for his shell, a grotto of the most curious kind. He was provided, like me, with the means of spinning an abundant supply of thread, but for a different purpose. Collecting such shells and stones as he could obtain, he bound them together with strong cords, till he had formed with them a complete casing, which quite concealed his natural form from view, and showed instead a strong fence; for he had cleverly turned the points of all the shells outwards. In this manner his ropes secured him a defence in his travels, as they enabled me to rest in safety at home. When I had finished my moorings, and had leisure to observe what was around me, I had every reason to be satisfied with the place I had selected. It was sheltered by an overhanging rock, garlanded by weeds of every shade of red, and green, and purple; and, in a hollow of the basin, a multitude of sea-anemones had fixed themselves, making it gay with their variegated forms. On the ledge itself not the smallest portion of bare surface was to be seen, so luxuriantly was it covered with

sea verdure. Besides this general garden around me, some choice delicate corallines planted themselves on my shell, and adorned it with their rosy flowers. So rich and varied a spot was sure to find visitants as well as occupants. The prickly sea-urchin frequently rolled himself along and climbed to our ledge to crop its abundant herbage; and the many-armed star-fish slung himself up the steep ascent; but at the first glimpse of him I always quickly closed my shell, for I knew him to be a deadly enemy, against whose stealthy approach I was only safe when shut close in my house. I might go on for ever were I to attempt to describe all the beautiful and busy creatures among whom I lived while gradually enlarging my dwelling and spinning my cables; for in our sea-homes we are as active and as happy as the dwellers on earth, and labour as continually for the benefit of mankind.

One of our race spins thread so fine, and of such singular lustre, that it has been thought to vie with the productions of the silkworm; and in bygone times so rare was it esteemed that none but those of kingly dignity were allowed to wear it. But though that time has passed away, this sea-silk is still sought for, and manufactured into the delicate fabrics for which it is best suited.

I have said that from the inner side of our mantles flows a pearly fluid, which enamels the interior of our dwellings. But, in beautifying our abodes, we work not for ourselves alone, we are preparing for man's use materials far more exquisite than any that he could manufacture. A neighbouring family especially not only produces, for his service, shells exceeding all others in their varying tints and delicate lustre, but affords pearls, which have in all ages been eagerly sought for, to blend with the jewels of earth.

The mantle which lines their shells with nacre, has still a store of its precious fluid ready for any case of need. Sometimes, as they rest in their sea-beds, a deadly foe will insidiously approach, and with his keen-edged instruments make an effectual though narrow entrance to their dwellings, in order to secure them for his prey. In such an emergency, although unable forcibly to resist the attack, they have within themselves a means of defence, fully proportioned to their need. They can pour from their mantles a drop of fluid which, filling up the hole, not only excludes the enemy, but forms a pearl. This, as the interior of the shell is again and again enamelled, gradually increases in value and in size. Nor is it only in cases of necessity that this material is employed. Should even a grain of sand enter the shell, and cause uneasiness, though they cannot remove it, they can envelope it in nacre, and change that which might have remained an annoyance into a precious gem.



ANSWER TO NO. X.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."—*Shakespeare.*

THE INDIAN BOY.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER V.

IT was a regular panic, such as sometimes takes possession of men as well as boys. The whole posse, amounting, perhaps, to thirty or forty fellows, ran at full speed down the long-room stairs, tumbling, in their haste, over one another, and making no pause until they reached the school-room, where the rest of their schoolfellows, astonished in their turn at such an irruption, crowded up to ascertain the cause.

For a few minutes nothing was heard but a medley of voices, each relating what had occurred, and offering all kinds of suggestions, possible and impossible, without paying the slightest heed to what anyone else might be saying.

At last, the turmoil quieted down so far that some of the elder boys were able to make themselves heard.

"There can be no doubt," said Brackley, "that Johnstone put the viper under the shawl; he must have brought it home with him out of Sir George's woods."

"Yes," said Rivers, "I remember seeing him with a basket on his arm as we were coming home. He said he had a lot of moss in it."

"And I saw him going to the place where we found the adders," said Middleton; "I remember, when I told him that we had come upon a lot of them, that he went off in that direction, though I did not think anything of it at the time."

"Oh, it must have been Sahib, no doubt," said Heath; "no one but he would have thought of bringing such a thing home."

"Or of putting it to bite one of the fellows," added Gore.

"Of course," said Dalison, "there can be no earthly doubt that he brought the viper home, and put it where it was found; and no more doubt, I should think, that he put it there intending it to bite Joyce or me. But the question is, what is it best for us to do?"

"I think we ought to tell Brickbats," said Brackley. "I hate telling things to the masters as much as anyone can; but this is a different matter altogether from a school row. A fellow's life isn't safe unless this young savage is sent away."

"Hear, hear!" said several voices.

"Well," said Dalison, "I own, for my part, I don't see the good of telling Brickbats; at all events, not till the end of the half-year. Johnstone is scarcely likely to attempt anything of the kind a second time before the holidays; and when we go home, we can get one of our fathers to write to old Brooksbank. But there will be no end of fuss, and bother, and inquiry; and he'll be giving us an awfully long prose, and perhaps a punishment into the bargain."

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Rivers; "we can tell Mr. Winter. He'll tell us what is best for us to do, and we are always safe with him."

"Well, for my part," said Joyce, "I'd rather tell Brickbats than Winter, if I must tell one or the other. Winter would give us a prose an hour long, which is three quarters of an hour longer than Brooksbank would."

"No telling the masters, I vote," said Gore.

"I second the motion," said Dalison.

"I say ditto to you," said Heath.

"Very well," said Brackley, "have it so, if you like it; only just be good enough to remember that we can't leave Sahib and his viper to play any tricks they please upon us."

"No," said Stapleton; "I should think not, indeed. I have no fancy for finding the gentleman in my bed to-night, if he—that is, if Sahib—should happen to take any offence with me. I declare I shant sleep a wink for thinking of it."

"To be sure," said Charlie Rivers; "we must take it away from him. Even if he did not mean anyone harm, the brute might crawl into a corner, and bite some one unawares. And talking of that, by-the-by, where's Frank Trevor gone? I hope he has not been left up in the room there by himself."

"I am afraid he must be," said Brackley. "I suppose he must have been too weak to come with us when we chivied. He would be here, of course, if he hadn't stayed up stairs."

"Well, then," exclaimed Rivers and Stapleton, in the same breath, "we ought to go at once and look after him. For my part," added Rivers, "I had no idea he had been left there, or I would not have come away without him."

The rest of the party assenting, the suggestion was at once acted upon; but when the boys arrived at the foot of the long-room stairs, they found that the door which led to them was fastened inside. They knocked several times, and tried to force the door open, but without success;

they then shouted to Frank through the keyhole, but received no answer.

"I say," said Brackley, "this is serious. Of course, Johnstone must have bolted the door; and who knows what he may have been doing to Frank all this time?"

"He wouldn't hurt him," said Joyce, with something of a sneer in his tone; "he is too great a favourite of his for that."

"I wouldn't answer for that," said Norton; "when fellows like that get into a regular rage, they don't mind whom they hurt. I recollect, a week or two ago, I tried to take away a sort of brass locket, or bullet, or some such thing, which he wears hung round his neck by a chain,"—

"Oh, ay! I know it," said Rivers; "he showed it me one day. But it is gold, not brass; it is some kind of charm, I believe, which he told me once his father had given him. It was chased and carved in a strange outlandish manner; and so was the chain, too."

"Gold or brass," said Norton, "I didn't want to steal it, but only to look at it—he might have known that. But he flew into such a fury the moment I attempted to touch it, that I thought he would have run me through with Middleton's big knife, which was lying near him. And he would have run Middleton through as well, merely for laughing at him, if Tommy hadn't snatched the knife up, before he could lay hold of it."

"Well, never mind that now," said Brackley, "the thing to be done is to get Frank out of his clutches. I vote we try to break the door down."

"Well, we can try," said Gore; "but it is very strong, and I expect we shall have a difficult job."

A hammer and screwdriver, which had often been used to open the boxes and desks of the boys who chanced to have mislaid their keys, were now fetched; and a dozen of the strongest among the bystanders pushed with all their force, but the door remained immovable.

"Is the window bolted?" inquired Joyce, as they desisted from their efforts. "If it is not, we can get in from the roof of the shoe-house; I got out that way one day last summer, when I happened to be locked in; so of course it would be possible to get in that way. Run round, Middleton, and see."

A renewed effort was made during Middleton's absence, but with as little success as before. In a minute or two Tommy returned with the information that the window of the long-room was not only unfastened, but was standing wide open. This occasioned some surprise.

"I am pretty sure it was not open when we were in the room," said Joyce.

"I am quite sure it was not," said Dalison. "I recollect shutting it, when we first went in, and it was not opened afterwards."

"Well, anyhow, we can get in now," observed Brackley. "Let some one go round and try."

Half-a-dozen volunteers for the service were on the point of setting off, when steps were heard slowly descending the long-room stairs. The boys stood still in breathless expectation. Presently the door was unbolted, and Frank Trevor appeared. He seemed still weak and faint, and clung to the banister for support.

"Hurrah, Frank!" shouted Stapleton, as he came in sight. "You are all right, are you not, Frank? You have not been bitten?"

"Bitten, Billy, what do you mean?" answered Frank, "who should there be to bite me?"

"Where's Sahib?" asked another boy.

"I don't know, I am sure," exclaimed Trevor, more surprised than before. "Isn't he with you? I know nothing about him. And I can't think what could have made you fellows leave me alone in the long-room, as you did. You might have waited till I had come to my senses, at all events."

The boys endeavoured to explain; but they were in such a state of bewilderment, and interrupted each other so incessantly, that Frank could make nothing of the business.

"Why, Frank," exclaimed Rivers, suddenly, in a tone which arrested everyone's attention, "what have you got there fastened round your neck?"

"Round my neck!" said Trevor, "nothing, that I know of, except my watch-chain." As he spoke, he put his hand into his vest, and to his own astonishment drew forth a gold-embossed chain, having a curious ornament, something resembling a locket, attached to it. "Why, what can this be?" he exclaimed; "where does this come from? I never saw it before in my life, that I remember."

"I have seen it, though," said Rivers. "It is the very ornament you were talking about, Norton. It belongs to young Sahib, and he always wears it round his neck."

"Yes, that is it," replied Norton, "I should know it among a thousand."

"What can have become of him?" cried Joyce, his face and tone alike expressing considerable uneasiness.

"We had better go upstairs and see," said Dalison, quietly; "we must

find him as well as the viper, and then we can talk about what is best to be done."

The boys agreed to the suggestion, though not without some inward trepidation, and ascended the stairs in a body. They peeped through the keyhole, and perceiving nothing, cautiously opened the door, half expecting Arthur to rush out upon them with some weapon in his hand, or to have the adder thrown, hissing and furious, among them. But the room was silent, and seemed to be empty. A few anxious glances satisfied them that this was the case, and then the whole throng of boys poured in. Arthur was gone, and had, to all appearance, taken the snake with him. At least, after the closest search, no trace could be discovered of either. The open window suggested the mode of exit, and it was now remembered that the boy had his hat with him, when Dalison and Joyce had found him in the long chamber.

Arthur was gone, beyond a doubt; but whither and for how long? Those who had taken the principal part in his persecution were greatly alarmed, and wished heartily, as boys generally do after bullying one another, that they had left him alone. They would have concealed all knowledge of what had occurred, but that was impossible. There remained now scarcely ten minutes before they would be summoned to prayers, and then of course Johnstone's absence must be discovered. This short interval was employed in a hurried search of Arthur's bedroom—a corner of the schoolroom to which he was wont to resort, when anxious to avoid the pursuit of his schoolfellows; and finally, of Mr. Winter's study (from which that gentleman was still absent), in the forlorn hope that he had taken shelter there. But all quest was vain, and the boys were at length obliged to assemble in the schoolroom for prayers, without any addition to their information on the subject. Before Dr. Brooksbank came in, however, the resolution already agreed upon, of observing entire silence as to the circumstances which had preceded the boy's departure, was renewed; Dalison and Joyce adding in the hearing of all, that they would thrash any junior within an inch of his life who gave the slightest hint as to what had occurred. Presently the Doctor arrived, and Arthur's absence was of course discovered. Slowly and unwillingly the boys admitted that he had come home from the water-party with the others; that he had been seen half an hour afterwards; that he had now disappeared, no one knew whither; they had been engaged for the last hour in trying to find him; and lastly, that he was certainly nowhere in Brunswick House.

Much alarmed, Dr. Brooksbank immediately sent out messengers in various directions, to make inquiries of the neighbours; Mr. Winter

volunteering to conduct the search. After his departure, the head master proceeded to inquire with greater minuteness into the circumstances more immediately connected with Arthur's disappearance.

"Who was last in his company, I should like to know?" he asked. There was no response. "I insist upon the boy who was last in his company coming forward. I shall be sure to find out who it was from other sources; and it will prejudice that boy much, whoever he may be, if he attempts to hide himself. Let him step forward now."

After another pause the crowd opened, and Frank Trevor stepped out. He had been doubting whether Dr. Brooksbank's challenge applied to him, since, though he had been literally, so far as he knew, the last in his company, he had been wholly unconscious of the fact. The Doctor noticed his hesitation, and, as his eye fell on Frank's swollen cheeks and blackened eyes, a frown of displeasure gathered on his forehead.

"You, Trevor," he said, "you mixed up in a matter like this! And I remember now, you were one of those whom I was obliged to reprove for harshness to this very boy, not a fortnight ago. And the state in which your face is shows that you have been engaged in some discreditable quarrel. But I have no time to inquire into that now. Were you the last person with Johnstone, before he was missed?"

"I believe I was," answered Trevor, in a constrained voice, for he was hurt at what he felt to be injustice.

"You *believe* you were—I wish you would answer plainly. Do you *know* that you were the last?"

"Yes," said Frank, "I have learned that it was so."

"Do you know, or can you surmise, the reason why he has run away?"

Trevor coloured painfully.

"Perhaps I can," he said at last, in a low tone.

"What was it?"

There was no answer.

"What was it, sir? This is too serious a matter to be passed over, as a slighter offence might be. I insist on your telling me."

"I do not think I ought to be obliged to say," replied Trevor, rather haughtily, for his indignation was roused at finding the Doctor's anger levelled a second time, without sufficient reason, at him.

"Very well, I cannot make you answer. But from your language and demeanour, and present appearance, as well as from my recollection of what occurred a fortnight ago, I cannot but draw a very unfavourable inference. You will go to bed at once, sir, and I need not tell

you you will receive no prize when you leave, unless this is fully explained."

Frank obeyed without a word of remonstrance. His heart swelled at the injustice he had received, and he resolved to write at once to his father and beg of him to take him home immediately. Had Mr. Winter been at hand, matters might have gone differently; but he went off the same night, after giving in his report to the Doctor, to communicate the affair to Arthur's relations, and did not return for several days.

As Trevor left the room there was a low murmur of dissatisfaction among the boys, and one or two seemed inclined to speak out. But the Doctor went on without noticing it.

"There was another boy," he said, "whom I punished at the same time for annoying this boy. Who was it? I do not clearly remember?"

Joyce came forward. "It was me, sir."

"Ah! to be sure; so it was. Have you been teasing Johnstone again, Joyce? and do you know why he has taken this step, or where he has gone?"

"I havent touched Arthur Johnstone, to my knowledge, sir, for the last fortnight; and I know no more where he has gone to than you do."

This was true as regards the mere letter, for his persecution of Arthur had been limited to his assumption of Juggernaut's robes. But it needs not to say that in spirit it was as false as any lie that was ever told.

The Doctor seemed satisfied with the answer. "Am I to understand that no boy here can tell me why Johnstone has run away, or where he now is?"

A general silence ensued. Independently of their promise, the boys really did not consider that the usage which Arthur had received was sufficient to justify or account for the serious step he had taken; and, as regarded the place of his retreat, they were entirely ignorant. Dismissed by Dr. Brooksbank, they retired *en masse* to bed, and it needed nothing more than a few promises and threats on the part of Dalison and Joyce to bind them anew to strict secrecy as to what had passed.

About an hour after their departure, Mr. Winter returned. He had obtained but little information, and that little very inconclusive. A servant in the employ of the gentleman who lived next door had seen some one drop from the wall of the playground some two hours before; and a woman returning from London had met a boy nearly correspond-

ing to Arthur's description walking rapidly, with a basket in his hand, in the direction of the ferry. The ferryman, however, on being questioned, declared that he had not conveyed any boy over the river that afternoon; and no other trace of him could be discovered.

On the following day the search was renewed; bills were posted; advertisements inserted in the papers; the Bow-street runners called into requisition; and every possible effort made to obtain a clue to the mystery. But, beyond the discovery of the basket half hidden among some rushes by the water's edge, no trace whatever could be found. The suspicion that the boy, whose fits of passionate fury had become notorious at Brunswick House, had destroyed himself in a paroxysm of anger, gained ground in the school, and so terrified the boys during the few remaining days of the half year, that they scarcely dared breathe a word to one another on the subject. Joyce and Dalison, in particular, were more quiet and subdued in their demeanour than they had ever been during the whole of their career at Martin's Green; and their last week there was one of unusual peace and quiet to their schoolfellows.

The school broke up at last, and they departed with the rest, unaccused by any—unsuspected by any of the masters, excepting Mr. Winter, who felt that his suspicions were of too vague a character to allow of his giving them expression.

It has been already intimated that Arthur's mother and guardian were immediately applied to; but Mr. Winter, after much inquiry, found that the guardian had died within the last few weeks, and that the mother had left England, having gone no one knew whither. After the lapse of several months, a reply was received to a letter written to Mrs. Johnstone, offering no explanation, but simply requesting that the matter might be allowed to drop, as it could tend to no good purpose to pursue it further. No elucidation of the mystery was ever received by Dr. Brooksbank, or any of his colleagues at Brunswick House. But the story was handed down by oral tradition from generation to generation of boys; receiving, at every transmission, new embellishments and distortions, until, for anything I know, it may have reached our own day. But if so, I will answer for it that those who remembered the actual occurrence, will scarcely recognise a feature of it.

As for Frank Trevor, he was laid up the next day with a sharp attack of illness, and was confined for several days to the house. He was deeply hurt at the injustice he had received, and did not make sufficient allowance for Dr. Brooksbank's not unnatural mistake. Mr. Winter was not there to help him; and his father, who had learned that

he was ill, and knew that there remained but a few days of the half-year, readily assented to his request, and removed him home.

Joyce and Dalison went to the college at Addiscombe, Trevor to Haileybury, so that the schoolfellows did not meet again. Frank was greatly moved by the disappearance of the little boy who had been the victim of such unprovoked unkindness, and who had evinced for himself, in his strange and uncouth fashion, a sentiment of gratitude and affection. He resolved that he would always wear the gold chain and ornament; which Arthur must have placed round his neck when he parted from him, and which might have been, for all he could tell, one of the last acts of his unhappy life. This resolution he persisted in, all his life afterwards.

And now I think I hear my readers complaining that this is not only a very lame, but a very objectionable conclusion to the story. Here is a poor little boy hunted and tortured, until he is driven to desperation; and yet no redress is given him, and no punishment overtakes his persecutors. And worse than this, here is a boy who manfully stood up and suffered in his behalf, who not only fails to obtain the credit he justly deserved, but even quits the scene under the imputation of having committed the very offence, which he had exerted himself so manfully to prevent others from committing.

Well, good reader, and even if this were so, would it be very unlike what we often see passing in this world around us?

Would Frank Trevor have any great reason to complain, or Dalison and Joyce to exult? Would the one have missed his reward, or the others escaped their punishment, supposing that our tale ended here? No thoughtful-minded man would say so. Frank's true recompence consisted in the mastery he had gained over himself; in the successful discipline of his spirit in this his first passage of arms with evil, which had made him stronger to meet the future trials of life. What was the prize he had missed, or the praise of his masters, compared with this? And his two schoolfellows—had they really escaped punishment? No, far from it. Better for them a hundred times to have been exposed and subject to the severest penalties, than to have done the wrong they did, and escaped with seeming impunity. Justice is ever done, and punishment exacted to the utmost, though they who see the wrong are not always permitted to witness the retribution. But if you will bestow your patience on me for one chapter more, I will digress from the regular order of my narrative, in order to show you that, even regarding the question from your point of view, your strictures are misapplied.

(To be continued.)

THE DEAN'S ENGLISH.*

IN the March number for 1863 of "Good Words," the Dean of Canterbury wrote a lengthy paper, entitled "A Plea for the Queen's English," reviewing some of the mistakes into which half-educated people are likely, in conversation, to fall, and winding up in the usual valedictory manner.

Many people, however, who studied this article, found it full of careless expressions, as well as violations of some of the commonest tenets of criticism. The advice it contained was admitted on the whole to be good, but yet the precious grain was surrounded by so much chaff, that it became a difficult matter to estimate its value in proportion to its merits.

Inspired by this idea, Mr. G. Washington Moon, a Fellow of the Society of Literature, wrote a pamphlet, pointing out some of the errors into which the Dean had fallen, and published it in April, under the title of "A Defence of the Queen's English." It was naturally to be expected that Dean Alford would retort as well as he could, and consequently in the June number of "Good Words," a second "Plea for the Queen's English" appeared, consisting principally of a defence against the powerful attack to which he had been subjected, and more remarkable for abuse than sound argument. In fact, so discourteous was the style of this Essay, which was first delivered in the form of a lecture at St. George's Hall, Canterbury, that the "South Eastern Gazette" spoke of it in the following terms :—

"Opinions differ as to the success of the reverend gentleman, many of his positions being called in question ; while the epithets which he did not hesitate to use in speaking of an antagonist possessing some acquaintance with the English language, were generally condemned. These might and ought to have been avoided, especially by one whose precepts and example have their influence, for good or for harm, upon the society in which he moves. '*Get wisdom, get understanding, and forget it not,*' is a text that even the Dean of Canterbury might ponder over with advantage."

* "The Dean's English : a Criticism on the Dean of Canterbury's 'Essays on the Queen's English.'" By Washington Moon. Hatchard & Co.

Nor could it reasonably be expected that Mr. Moon would submit to his rebuke in silence. In the month of July he published a second pamphlet, charging the Dean with a want of courtesy, as well as with falsifying arguments produced against him, and winding up by suggesting that he was not such an ass as the Dean himself.

After this violent outbreak the two opponents exonerated themselves (as best they could) from the charge of discourtesy, and agreed to continue the controversy in an amicable spirit.

The Dean shortly afterwards published in "Good Words" his third and last paper on the subject of "The Queen's English," and in the month of May, 1864, Mr. Moon wrote his criticism upon it. To his three pamphlets he added two letters, which he had published in "The Reader," on the expression, "It is me," and then produced the whole as a neat little volume, bearing the happy title of "The Dean's English." We purpose now to review this book, both with regard to its criticism on Dean Alford's labours, as well as upon its own merits.

The most important points of argument the book contains is upon the expression, "It is me." Now Dean Alford, in his book, states that this expression is correct, and declares that everyone uses it. We need scarcely say that this is not the case. Most ladies use it, we admit; so also do people who have not studied their language diligently; but the expression is never found in books. No good authors introduce it in any conversation they describe, unless it be to satirize the speaker as uneducated. Besides, the old rule in our Latin Grammars tells us that substantive or neuter verbs, and verbs of existence, such as "*Sum*, I am," &c., may have a nominative case after them; and Lindley Murray distinctly says, that the verb "to be" has the same case after it as that which next precedes: "I am he whom they invited," &c.

The Dean, however, cites Dr. Latham as an authority, who considers "it is me" correct, because the French use the expression, "c'est moi." Now, although most of us consider the opinion of Dr. Latham deserving of respect, yet in this instance we must decline to agree with him, for really there is no analogy between the French and English languages.

Mr. Moon suggests that if a speaker or a writer is in any doubt as to which he should use, he has simply to ask himself, "Does the sense require the pronoun to be in the nominative case or in the accusative?" If in the former, "It is I" is correct; if in the latter, he must say, "It is me." Thus Dean Alford wrote to Mr. Moon, inviting him to Canterbury. In his letter he made use of the following expression:—"If you see on the platform an old party in a shovel, that will *be me*."

The composition of this sentence seems to have given Dean Alford a

great deal of trouble, for he says, "I was going to write 'that will be *I*.' But my pen refused to sanction (to *endorse*, I believe I ought to say, but I cannot) the construction. 'That will be me,' came from it, in spite of my resolve of the best possible behaviour."

"Of course it ought in such a case," replies Mr. Moon, who says that it is evident from this extract that Dean Alford believed that as *he* (Mr. Moon) objected to his saying, "He is wiser than *me*," he should also object to his saying, "That will be *me*." For what is the sentence, "If you *see* on the platform an old party in a shovel, that will be *me*" (you will see).

"You will *see me*." The sentence is perfectly correct. Had the Dean written, "There will be to meet you on the platform an old party in a shovel," he must have finished the sentence, "that will be I."

The reader will notice that in the extract we have just quoted from Dean Alford's book, he declines to make use of the term *endorse* for sanction. His antagonist, however, who has evidently got him in his grip, laughs at him (as it were) for being dainty about employing the word. And well he may; "for no less notable a personage than the present Archbishop of Dublin (infinitely the Dean's superior in philology)," says Mr. Moon, "uses it in his book on 'English, Past and Present.'"

A moment's consideration will show any person in what instances "I" or "me" in reference to the auxiliary verb should be used. The very head and front of the offending is to be found, we think, in the fact that the accusative and nominative of the personal pronoun "you" are identical. This is the origin of the mistake into which many people, besides Dean Alford, fall. Let them all, however, recollect the simple rule which we have quoted from Murray, and we may yet be able to convince the Dean that he is wrong in saying that "Englishmen, women, and children, go on saying it, and will go on saying it as long as the English language is spoken."

The following piece of criticism upon an expression used by Dean Alford, is very trite and apposite. The Dean had asserted that in the sentence, "The cat jumped on *to* the chair," the word *to* was unneeded. Mr. Moon thus replies:—

"I venture to assert that, what we say figuratively of some not overwise people, we may say literally of you,—'You do not know how the cat jumps.' For what do you tell us? You tell us that it is wrong to say, 'The cat jumped on to the chair,' the 'to' being wholly unneeded and never used by any careful writer or speaker. With all due deference to such a high authority on such a very important matter, I beg to observe that when we say, 'The cat jumped on to the chair,' we mean

that the cat jumped from somewhere else *to* the chair, and alighted *on* it. But when we say, 'The cat jumped on the chair,' we mean that the cat was on the chair already, and that, while there, she jumped. The circumstances are entirely different; and according to the difference in the circumstances, so should there be a difference in the language used to describe them respectively. It is evident that in watching the antics of puss, you received an impulse from her movements, and you yourself *jumped—to a wrong conclusion.*"

The same author enumerates in a happy manner some of the most striking errors in syntax of which the Dean is guilty. "You speak," he says, "of a possibility being '*precluded in*' the mind. You tell us of '*a more neat* way of *expressing* what would be *Mr. Moon's sentence.*' We *express* a *meaning*, or we *write* a *sentence;* but we do not *express* a *sentence.* Then we have 'in respect of,' for '*with respect to;*' and, '*an exception, which I cannot well treat,*' instead of, '*of* which I cannot well treat;' for it is evident, from the context, that you were not speaking of *treating an exception*, but of treating *of an exception.*" With regard to the expression *in respect of*, we find some very interesting remarks in George P. Marsh's "Lectures on the English Language."

"Coleridge was the first eminent writer of this century who returned to the practice of using 'in respect of' exclusively; but his writings never had sufficient currency to produce much influence on the language. Since his time, however, some deservedly popular writers have employed this phrase; and with Trench it is a pet construction, and often introduced when a very different phrase would much better express its meaning. It rests, of course, on the theory that in this phrase *respect* or *regard* is an independent noun, and therefore should be followed by the preposition *of.* But this, I think, is a mistaken view of the subject. The word *respect* in this combination has none of the meanings known to it as an independent noun in the English vocabulary. The expression 'in or with respect' is an idiotism, a phraseological construction of an adverbial character, and in its ordinary modern use it is the equivalent of *relatively.* Old writers sometimes say 'respectively to.' This is now disused; but 'relatively to' is by no means unfrequent, and 'in respect *of*,' used in this sense, is just as gross a violation of English grammar as to write 'relatively *of*,' or "in reference *of*.'"

It must be admitted that in many instances Mr. Moon hits the Dean some hard blows, which the latter finds himself quite unable to parry. Thus with regard to the rule expounded in the Dean's book, that neuter verbs should not be qualified by adverbs, but by adjectives, Mr. Moon writes:—

"In your first '*Plea for the Queen's English*,' you laid it down as a rule that neuter verbs should not be qualified by adverbs, but by adjectives; *i.e.* we ought not to say 'how nice*ly* she looks;' but 'how nice she looks:' the verb '*to look*,' as here used, being a neuter verb, one not indicating an action but merely a quality or state. Very well. But unfortunately your practice mars the good which otherwise might be done by your precept; for, '*to appear*' is as much a neuter verb as '*to look*' used as above; in fact it is but another form of expression for the same meaning; and yet, after ridiculing 'young ladies fresh from school,' for saying 'how nice*ly* she looks,' you yourself say that the account to be given of a certain inaccuracy 'appears still more plain*ly*' from the fact that, &c., &c. If I may be allowed to make a somewhat questionable pun, I will say that it appears to me more and more *plain* that you never more completely *missed* your vocation than when you took to lecturing 'boarding-school *misses*' on the Queen's English."

Another instance of contradiction on the part of the Dean is also quoted. In alluding to the adverbs "so" and "as," Dean Alford writes, "'So' cannot be used in the affirmative proposition, nor 'as' in the negative:" and yet on page 7 of "The Queen's English" the Dean writes, "'Its' was never used in the early periods of our language, nor indeed *as* late down as Elizabeth.'"

In charging the Dean with his specimens of tautophony, Mr. Moon quotes a passage from page 51 of Dean Alford's book:—"At last we *abated* the nuisance by enacting that in future the *debatable* first syllable should be dropped."

This is not quoted correctly. Dean Alford wrote "debateable." We think, however, that there can be little doubt that Mr. Moon's spelling of the word is preferable to that of the Dean of Canterbury, for, first, in the *workes* of Sir Thomas More we read, "Theyr olde speciall playne evidente woordes onto darke *debatable* termes of general pithe and substance;" second, in "Holinshed's Scotland" (an. 1541)—"And also for the vsing of the *debatable* ground betwixt the two realms;" and again, in "Clarendon's Civil War," vol. 1, page 351:—"And other matters whatsoever *debatable* in parliament."

Now, although it will be noticed that, in the instances which we have cited, Mr. Moon has proved the Dean's English to be incorrect, yet it must not be imagined that he comes off victor in every combat. For instance, he finds fault with a sentence of the Dean's in the following manner:—

"You go on to tell us that we ought not 'to mislead the reader, by introducing the possibility of constructing the sentence otherwise than

as the writer intended.' How much easier it is to preach than to practise! What do you wish us to understand by readers '*constructing*' the sentence? Writers *construct;* readers *construe.*"

The Dean corrects his censor very sensibly, and maintains, in a very logical manner, that he himself is correct.

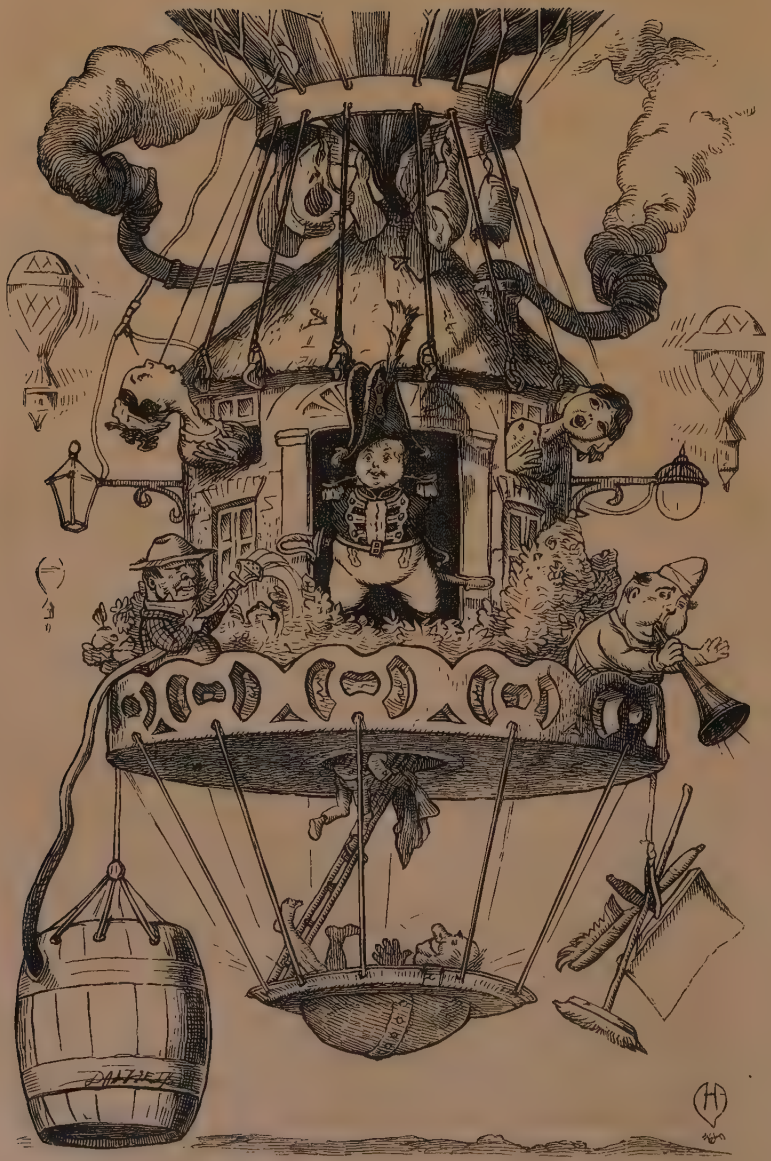
Thus, in reference to this matter, he writes—

"This is said in reference to my having written that we ought not 'to mislead the reader by introducing the possibility of *constructing the sentence* otherwise than as the writer intended.' And the objection is instructive, as leading to the indication of the exact meaning and difference of the two words. Suppose I am examining a class of boys, and, with reference to a given sentence, direct one of them to *construe* the sentence. He knows perfectly well what I mean. He turns the sentence into English, if it be in any other language. But suppose I tell him to *construct* the sentence. He knows, or ought to know, that I mean that he is to explain the construction of the sentence, to give an account of its concords and governments. My Censor's mistake here is, that he transfers the meaning of the verb '*construct,*' when applied to building up what did not before exist, to the case of a sentence given as already existing. The word '*construing,*' in the sentence quoted, would make sense, and convey a certain meaning not very far removed from that which I intended: but it would not convey that meaning itself, that of supplying a construction—building up the sentence with reference to its concords and governments."

In fact, there is little doubt that, in his anxiety to hold up his antagonist to ridicule, Mr. Moon has in several instances laid himself open to the charge of hypercriticism. Several specimens of the Dean's writing that he quotes as incorrect may not be quite orthodox as regards their arrangement, but still are sufficiently intelligible to be understood in their proper manner by everybody—except Mr. Moon. Again, it is rather a pity that while the last mentioned gentleman scours every page of his opponent's book in the hope of catching him tripping, he himself should be guilty of even a worse mistake than he could possibly lay to the Dean's charge. Fancy writing, "But permit me to remark that, *whoever* they were intended for, they are objectionable"! Nothing, we are sure, in either book, can be more objectionable than this faulty sentence.

In conclusion, it is very evident that Mr. Moon is a much better English scholar than Dean Alford, and that the latter is scarcely competent to fill the post of authority on the subject of "The Queen's English." Mr. Moon's book is on the whole well written, although we

may rather regret that he has indulged in some smart writing, apparently in imitation of his opponent's style. Let us, now that each volume has been well studied, suggest that the two books should be moulded into one, and that a committee should be appointed to decide on which points Mr. Moon has defeated his antagonist. We hope, however, that the two gentlemen may yet meet in an amicable spirit, and that the objectionable words *ass* and *idiot* will be tabooed from the conversation, as being unparliamentary, and not conducive to a speedy settlement of the debatable questions. "The Queen's English," by Dean Alford, revised and corrected by G. Washington Moon, would be a book which most of us might study with pleasure, and would certainly remind us of that great fight in which the Regent Street poet attacked and signally defeated the Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.



YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—BALLOONS.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE ELEVENTH—OF BALLOONS.

WHEN Mr. Coxwell told M. Godard that Munchausen knew less about balloons than Nadar, I felt at once that he was either blinded by jealousy or shrouded in ignorance.

Ballooning, I own, has presented to me many difficulties, but I have conquered most of them; and although Coxwell has taken away Mr. Glaisher's breath at a height of four miles from the earth——Has he ever been to the Moon?

COXWELL *v.* MUNCHAUSEN.

I have.

He has built a gas balloon. Has he ever tried fire, water, Colza oil, petroleum, or chloroform?

He is contented with oiled silk. I should advise him to "go in," as I did, for cork, paper, india-rubber, sheet-lead, tin plates, cast-iron, or Scotch granite.

(Pray excuse my feelings, but I cannot afford to be misrepresented, even by so great a man as my friend Coxwell.)

I always look upon myself as a born aëronaut, for when an infant, six weeks old, my nurse took me for an airing up Shakspeare's cliff (we lived at Dover then), a strong wind carried me out of her arms, and I was borne safely across the British Channel to Calais, my ample petticoat forming a very excellent parachute.

I do not mean to say that I had much to do with the success of this feat myself, but I am led to believe that it gave a bias to my balloonacy.

Well can I remember passing along the streets of London in a shower of rain, holding over my head a large gingham gig umbrella. I was then only a very little boy indeed, and the huge article was rather more than I could carry. I was on the point of selecting a convenient area, down which to drop it, when an explosion of gas at a baker's shop filled my enormous umbrella with hydrogen, and

MY FIRST BALLOON.

immediately converted it into a primitive aërial machine. It will not surprise you to be told that we at once cleared the houses, with but little damage to the surrounding chimney-pots, and that in a few minutes, firmly grasping the hooked end of my singular conveyance, I looked down to see the metropolis spread itself beneath me like a surging map. To what part of the world I might have been carried I cannot say, but as it occurred to my infant mind that the shutting up of the umbrella would answer all the purposes of a safety-valve, while the casting off of my boots (bluchers) would serve for the throwing out of ballast ; I managed in due course of time to alight on Waterloo Bridge, to the horror and distraction of the toll-collector, who knew not how to demand a ha'penny from a child with a large gingham gig umbrella, who had *not* passed through either of the turnstiles.

Still these were, as one may say, but the accidents of youth ; it was at a somewhat later period that I gave myself up thoroughly to a study of aëronautics.

And in this way it happened :—

Fond of speculating about the mystery of gravitation, the question "What is it that sticks us so tightly on to the earth?" was to me most interesting. Almost the first book that I read was one in which I found an authentic narrative of the adventures of a German student, who decanted two ounces of gravitation into a stoppered bottle, but inadvertently lost his bottle and his life by pulling out the stopper too far.

EXTRACT OF GRAVITATION.

It occurred to me, on perusal of these facts, that if I had two ounces of the essence of gravitation, I could travel anywhere that I pleased, not fearing for one moment that Munchausen would come to grief over the stopper.

In pursuance of this desire, I sent down to Sheffield for five tons (100 cwt). of magnetic ore, and procuring the same week from Birmingham one pound (16 oz. avoirdupois) of fluorite of cadmium, I crushed these two diverse materials in a steam mill of my own invention, and when, by super-steam heat and galvanic batteries, I had developed the attractive segregation of particles, a heap was formed, which assumed conical dimension (45°). Of course, then it was but easy work to collect the extract of gravitation in two-ounce vials, and to secure it therein by means of glass stoppers.

So far, everything was simple ; but, alas! now I found myself in possession of an utterly impracticable power.

It was too good to be useful.

No wonder the German student lost his life.

Even I could not control it. The moment the stopper was in the

slightest degree released, off I flew from the earth with the rapidity of a discharged bombshell, stopping for nothing less than a planet or a fixed star.

THE SUN AND BACK AGAIN.

The first experiment I tried shot me into the sun; the second, I shot myself back again, with a great burn on the bridge of my nose.

When I again released the stopper, it is true that I only reached the moon, but I so scratched myself against the man's faggots, that I wonder how I ever found sticking-plaster enough to heal my wounds.

Once I reached the Dog-star, which, by the by, is not a dog at all, nor much of a star either.

Finally, I got my uniform in such a frightful mess by tumbling into the Milky Way about skimming time, that I put all my dangerous two-ounce vials on the top shelf of my little corner cupboard, determined to give this daring scheme up as a bad job.

Nothing can ever induce me to use one of these bottles again.

But if I had so fruitlessly risked my life over essence of gravitation, it had but had the effect of settling my mind more firmly in the direction of balloons. It is true I had broken my arm, dislocated my thigh, fractured my skull, and broken my neck, in this series of experiments, which had proved too successful to be safe, but as balloons instead of making too quickly for the place of destination, ordinarily make for nothing at all in particular, I naturally felt that here, if anywhere, must be safety.

A FEW ACCIDENTS.

Armed with this idea I at once purchased twenty thousand yards of oiled silk, cut the "gores" from my own pattern, set one hundred and twelve sewing-machines at work upon the seams, so that by the time I had completed my patent grapnel, and treble-action safety-valve, I had ready for ascent just simply the noblest and best-proportioned gas balloon that has ever yet been seen aloft. It was calculated to hold two hundred people, easy of ascent, easy of descent, but —and this is the evil of ordinary ballooning—entirely at the mercy of the winds. At first I tried to catch favourable currents and travel with the wind, but still I found, as Coxwell finds to this hour, that any one of the breezes that blow, north, south, east, or west,—was alike my master: this was not to be tolerated.

EVILS OF BALLOONACY.

I invented my

PATENT FIVE-FOLD-RECURVED-NOZZLE-BALLOON-BELLOWS,

which blew up an opposition breeze, and carried me along even in spite of "rude Boreas."

When I tell you that to this hour I keep a small visiting balloon, with the "recurved" attachment, in my back garden always inflated, you will at once understand that it must have been a tolerable success.

Indeed it was but a development of this plan that led to the establishment of my "self-acting messenger balloon," now rapidly taking the place of the electric telegraph, which indeed it is likely to supersede entirely. By means of this wonderful little machine you may send messages to all parts of the world, without any previous bother about submarine cables or housetop wires, and always look for an answer, as the "messenger" refuses to return without a proper reply. I cannot enter into all the details of this charming automaton, but will only mention that its movements are so regular as to give rise to a sort of arithmetical quality, which enables it to economise the little time it has to spare in casting up accounts, at its leisure.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH SUPERSEDED.

Babbage had no hand in it I assure you.

But talking of Babbage reminds me that there is a phrase in common use,—

"Castle in the Air."

Some gentlemen plead guilty to building them, but I must say that I am the inventor. Munchausen builds a better "Castle in the Air" than any one else I know. I have drawn a rude sketch of one to preface this eleventh story, and you will see on looking at it that we get our gas from the superincumbent balloon; water we hang over the side in a butt; the household utensils hang over also, but not in a butt; the man-cook calls through his speaking-trumpet earthwards for coals; the gardener attaches a hose to the butt, and waters the garden; the old man in the bath below disports himself, but not quite at his leisure as his son comes down the ladder to take his place; the larder is—best of places—on the hoop; *I* stand, with arms behind me, at the door, admiring my own ingenuity—and perhaps the only drawback that can be found in this admirable castle is, that both house and scullery maid are always popping their heads out of our first-floor window to see how the curiously bent chimneys smoke, as usually they do; without this slight defect it would be perfect; as it is, this aërial castle has so well answered its purpose that this year Scarborough, Margate, and Chamouni are almost deserted, and if on a very bright evening you cast your eyes far enough, you will observe we have now quite an aërial city—the fashionable world no longer retires to its watering-place or its

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

mountain, but quietly ascends in its castle-in-the-air—What *can* be pleasanter?

I might almost say that balloons are the rage; it was only last month that I was called upon by the celebrated Taylor, the furniture mover, to construct a balloon capable of moving house, furniture, front and back garden, all at one go. The affair is simple enough to the scientific mind; as houses are nowadays built without foundations, it is merely a question of cables and balloon power, and there you are—the house rises easily enough, of course the furniture with it; as for the gardens we have some small difficulty with them, but by underlaying with strong timbers, they come away with the rest; we intend that all gardens in future shall rest on bottoms of concrete, which will save us a great deal of trouble.

THE HOUSE MOVER.

For it is all important to save trouble. I saved the trouble of stopping, by making a balloon with motive power so vigorous, that once started it never could be stopped; and indeed it would give me an opportunity of claiming the annuity of ten thousand pounds, waiting so patiently for the inventor of perpetual motion, did it not in course of time wear itself out, when I am sorry to say it falls to pieces. Still, it is better than my "*summersault balloon*," which turns over and over like an aërial harlequin, giving itself a fresh impetus every turn. It is true that this machine was never known to wear out, and can hardly fall to pieces, but as it has such a tendency to produce a violent "air sickness," I have thought it advisable to withdraw the patent.

PERPETUAL BALLOON MOTION.

One use, however, to which I have put this invention, is worthy of further note. You can quite understand what a violent pull would be given by the sudden turning over of this machine; perhaps also you are aware that we have had this year a very hot summer.

Well, you wish to know what connection the acrobat balloon has with the undue heat of the weather. I will tell you.

One million of these tumbling balloons harnessed in the foggy winter weather to this earth, sufficed to pull it a little nearer to the sun; hence the hot summer.

MUNCHAUSEN MOVES THE WORLD.

So you see balloons have been of some use one way and the other, if it be only to make grapes grow in England; although I would not for a moment suppose that all balloons are as useful; some are merely scientific toys.

Such as my kite balloon, which could not be guided by anything but the wind, it being composed of seven hundred kites, all sailing at one and the same time, dragging after them the car and its inmates. As for my bird balloon, that never came

KITE BALLOON.

down again after it went up, for the first time it was borne in the air by a variety of strong-winged birds, but as the birds were not all of a feather they refused to flock, as the proverb says they should, and where they all went to nobody knows.

BIRDS NOT OF A FEATHER.

The butterfly balloon took too long to start, and when it was fairly off only made about ten miles an hour, so it was not of much use.

The watch-spring balloon was also of little avail, because of the incessant trouble of winding up fifty thousand watches,—too much trouble for any six people, and that was all it could carry; still I must say, that I look upon the balloon as capable of superseding steam; indeed, I take it, that aërial machines may at some future time make the world itself quite useless for any but secondary purposes, as that of growing silkworms for balloon construction, and osiers wherewith to weave the cars;—perhaps a little coal, to distil gas, may be required, and always the earth must be preserved as a place to fall upon.

THE WORLD OF NO FURTHER USE.

But be that as it may, one thing at least is certain, that the purposes to which balloons may be applied are almost innumerable.

I once went "drag netting" for Federals in America. We "rose" a balloon with double grapnels and wide-meshed net attached; hovering over the enemy, we watched our opportunity, and threw out our net on to the 97th Massachusetts Tiger Cats, capturing the whole regiment. My recurved bellows blew us back to the Confederate camp, and we dragged in, triumphantly, the whole of our prisoners.

DRAG NETTING.

People talk about disabling iron-clad ships with Sir William Armstrong's 900-pounder, but what necessity can there be for cannon, when by plumbing your balloon ten miles above anything, fort, ship, house, or palace, you may just quietly drop over the edge of the car a missile—an explosive shell—that will put an end to it at once.

AN END TO ARMSTRONG.

But among the purposes to which balloons may be turned, there is none more useful than that of irrigation. You see, in consequence of my having pulled the earth so far out of its beaten track, we have had not only a hot but a dry summer; the earth has been parched, cattle dying, crops perishing, while a few hundred of my PATENT AERIAL WATER CARS would have altered all that. Balloon goes up with a condensing apparatus, by which moisture is gathered at a high elevation; and it is then and there discharged upon the surface of the land in a series of gentle showers. By this

RAIN AT WILL.

means the sky is kept clear of mists, the earth is benefited by the showers, and as it is always possible to discharge the water after dark, the man of business can go about without his umbrella; the family can enjoy the sunshine at the sea-side, while the farmer has the means of forwarding or checking his crops ready to his hand.

Can anything be better?

But I will not trouble you any more with my stories about balloons; only, for the benefit of my friend Coxwell, I should like to set before him a few of the benefits of ballooning as I intend to carry them out.

A FEW HINTS FOR COXWELL.

A balloon to light all England, by fixing it at such an elevation as to enable a strong and piercing light to illuminate the country round, from Land's End to John o' Groat's House.

A balloon with which to discover new countries, by passing over hitherto inaccessible barriers.

A balloon with a large reflector and burning-glass, to bring a little summer heat round at Christmas time.

A balloon for delicate constitutions, to change its position according to the exact climate required.

A balloon to distribute advertisements all over the world.

A balloon for the Pre-Raphaelite artists, by which they may travel up close to the wonderful effects they are so fond of.

A balloon for people who want to keep out of the way; and

A detective balloon, by which the policemen can look down other people's chimneys, and through other people's skylights, and so find out "all about it."

I will not mention the thousand and one other and better purposes to which I purpose putting balloons, but I think that while they give artificial sunshine and artificial rain, house without property-tax, and travelling without steam-engines, perhaps I have told you enough for the present.

At all events, if Coxwell will allow me, I mean to take Mr. Glaisher up to the moon in December, just when the "man" is getting his crop in, which will give Glaisher something else than wet bulbs, zeros, and short breath, to talk about to the British Association when they meet.

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS AND VINEYARDS OF THE DOURO.

WITH SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY LORE, FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE BOOK.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I quitted England I had intended spending two or at the utmost three months away from my native land; yet mark the uncertainty of human affairs;- the following spring, or rather the end of the short winter of the south, saw me still a denizen of the Lusitanian soil. What chains bound me there I need not tell; whether supposed symptoms of incipient consumption, or as Theodore Hook observed, "a complaint in the chest;" or a desire to become better acquainted with the language of Camoens, of the enlightened Henry, of the great Albuquerque; with the manners and customs of a people little known, yet worthy to be known, for their primitive simplicity and honesty, their wit and amiability, it matters not to the reader to know. Facts speak for themselves. I was still there. Numberless adventures had in the meantime happened to me, with which I purpose to delight the world, but as this present time, when I hold my pen in hand, is the anniversary of certain amusing events in my career, I cannot resist the temptation of describing them.

After making several excursions into the interior, I returned to the house of my friend, and spent a very pleasant winter in Oporto.

As soon as I had mastered the language, my great amusement was to wander into the country, and to make the acquaintance of any one, priest or peasant, rich or poor, whom I chanced to meet. Among the friends I thus formed, was an ex-friar, a worthy soul, whose wish was to be in amity with all the world, if the said world, whether Christian, pagan, or heretic, would allow him to end his days in peace. One day I had wandered to Leça, a small town on the seacoast, about four miles from Oporto, and from thence I strolled on till I found myself in front

of a large building, which I learned was the ancient convent of the Conception. The walls were cracked in many places, the roof had in parts fallen in, and there was in every direction an air of desolation and decay, now the characteristic of all the edifices once inhabited by the monastic orders in Portugal. Those communities were, it must be remembered, abolished throughout the country by the Emperor Don Pedro. As I was looking at the ruin with feelings in which pity but little regret existed, heavy spots of rain beginning to fall, I was driven by them for shelter under an arch which stood conveniently near. I then continued my reflections: "Alas!" I thought, "what has become of the once jovial friars, who formerly inhabited this noble pile; wanderers and outcasts, you starve where once you feasted, or exist on the charity of those whom you once supported; the halls which knew you know you no more; your place is empty; you are gone and vanished from the earth!"

I had got thus far in my cogitations, when I saw projected from a neighbouring casement a venerable head with a good-natured smiling face, and I heard a voice summoning me in courteous tones to enter the building. Following the directions of the speaker, I soon found myself ascending a broad flight of stone steps, at the top of which the old man stood ready to receive me. He apologised for not descending to welcome me to his abode, on account of the difficulty he experienced in getting up again; his figure, as he observed, laughing and stroking his paunch, not being well suited for locomotion. At a glance I saw that he was one of the now scattered fraternity of the convent, and although, like the rest of his brethren in Portugal, he had been compelled to lay aside the frock and cowl of the monk, he wore the black, close-fitting habit of an ecclesiastic. He took my hand and pressed it cordially, as with the grace and dignity of a noble in his paternal halls he ushered me into his little *sanctum sanctorum*, which served him for parlour, library, and bedroom. "Rest here, my friend, till the shower is over," he said; "my house, it must be confessed, is not in the best repair, but here at least we are sheltered from the rain, and the storms which rage in the political world without. Ah! ah! *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.* A few years ago I could have offered you a very different reception. Here you find me the sole survivor of my band—*Monachus et Monos*—and when I shuffle off the stage, not a sign will remain to tell that once we were." After a few minutes' conversation he brought out a plate of sweet cakes and a bottle of light wine, of which he insisted on my partaking; so that what with nibbling at the cakes, sipping the wine, and listening to his jokes and stories, a couple of hours

passed away rapidly and agreeably. "You have visited the Church below here, in Matozintros?" he observed. I answered in the affirmative. "And you observed the wonderful image over the altar?" I believed that I had. "I am glad of it, for it is worth seeing, and its history is miraculous; at least every one about here believes it to be so, though I am afraid you Englishmen are too often incredulous respecting such matters." I assured him that I was no infidel, and prepared to receive with respect any story he might have to tell. "Well, in that case you shall have it," he replied. The story is as follows:—

"You have heard of Nicodemus, of course. He is said by the common people, with whom he is a great favourite, to have been a carpenter; I know not upon what authority. They have likewise discovered that his Christian name was Joseph—*José Nicodemo, carpenteiro.* There exists a Gospel under his name, but the Church has declared it to be apocryphal; but if his writings are rejected, the statues which he is said to have carved are almost universally accepted as genuine. While residing at a country-seat of his uncle, Gamaliel, whither he had retired to avoid the persecution of the Pharisees, a sect to which he had belonged before his conversion, Nicodemus made in the most perfect manner rarely to be seen, four wooden crucifixes. One is at Beirout, in Syria, another in Lucca; Burgos possesses the third; and the last, but not the least, sanctifies the favoured village of Matozintros. These figures, it is conjectured by some learned theologians, were meant to typify and adorn the four parts of the world, but how they came to be so unequally divided, we are not informed. The good people of Orense in Galicia pretend that they have a figure by Nicodemus too. There was some uncertainty about the proofs which they adduced in support of their claim, but since the discovery of a fifth part of the world they have invincibly settled the question in their favour; of the fourth, however, I am now speaking. To avoid the irreverence to which it was exposed on the land, this image was thrown into the sea at Joppa, the very port from which the disciples sailed with the body of St. James, and where the prophet Jonah embarked for Tarshish. It floated safely through the Mediterranean, but met with an accident in the Straits of Gibraltar. Being violently thrown against the Moorish coast of Abyla, it lost the left arm in the shock. Five days after this casualty, on the 3rd of May, in the year of our Lord, 117, at six o'clock in the morning, the heaven-directed visitor landed quietly at Matozintros, at the very spot where an altar now stands to commemorate the joyful event, and never since that period has there been such a thing as a shipwreck there."

The friar spoke the truth, I doubt not, respecting the shipwrecks, for a ledge of rocks runs above water some way off, parallel with the coast, over which no vessel could be driven by the force of the waves.

The friar continued—"The pious people of Matozintros at once perceived the value of the Godsend, and erected a temple to harbour the welcome guest. Attempts were made, but in vain, to complete the figure, by the addition of the left arm; none framed by unsaintly hands would adhere. Fifty years had passed, and miracles countless had been performed at the shrine, when a poor old woman gathering on the sea-shore materials wherewith to boil her broth, found a piece of wood in the shape of an arm. In all innocence of heart she threw it, with other wood, into the fire, but found to her no small astonishment that it would not burn. The curling flames spread on every side, but left the arm entire. Having examined it more carefully and found it to be perfectly dry, she again placed it on the hearth. It rebounded into the middle of the room. Kneeling and mute with awe, she now discovered that it was not combustible, and very prudently went and exposed the case to her spiritual adviser. This holy man was astounded at the prodigy, but divined the cause. The limb was carried in procession to the church, and no sooner was it placed near the figure, than it was, by a kind of celestial magnetism, attracted to its natural place, and adhered so closely thereunto, as to require no adventitious cement to strengthen the cohesion. Thus was the armless image miraculously wafted to our shores and completed more miraculously still."

"An interesting legend, and doubtlessly founded on truth," I observed, smiling politely.

"Well, you believe it; I am glad you do, for I will now tell you another, not quite so wonderful perhaps, but equally true. The circumstance occured to a monk of our convent many centuries ago. It is as follows: The monk was a pious and good man—lowly and humble in spirit. One day he was ordered by his superior to tend a herd of swine which fed in those meadows yonder you see from this window. Some neighbours, who fed their pigs in the fields adjoining, full of envy and malice at seeing how fat the Abbade's pigs were, watched, in the hopes that, should any of them stray beyond their limits, they might be able to catch them and appropriate them to themselves. Impious thoughts! The people, it must be known, were in those days only half converted from their idolatrous practices, and therefore had not that respect they afterwards entertained for our Order. The good monk, wishing to refresh his spirit with some pious exercises in the chapel, and having no one to whom he could confide his swinish

flock, whilst he went to pray, called them together and intimated to them, as from an oracle, that not one must pass the bound marked by him, and with his staff he drew a circle round the spot where they were feeding.

"'Beloved pigs! Children of my heart,' he said, 'see that you yield to no temptation to wander from this spot selected by me for this day's banquet, whilst I go to pray at the shrine of our patron saint.' The pigs, conscious of his words, grunted forth in chorus a willing promise of obedience, for the ground was rich, and full of luxurious roots. The wicked peasants, when they beheld the good monk leave his charge, determined to appropriate some of the pigs of his herd, and for this purpose they watched eagerly, expecting some of the swinish beasts to stray into their fields. In vain, however, they gazed, for—miraculous fact—so punctual was their obedience to the orders of their keeper, that not one strayed beyond the prescribed limits. Acorns were then thrown to them, and the most endearing and coaxing epithets bestowed by those evid disposed men, but the pigs would not be tempted, either by their sweet nuts or their honied words. They then took to swearing and abusing them with like unsuccessful effect. On this, their disappointment and rage knew no bounds, and collecting in greater numbers they attacked them with sticks and stones, beating and cruelly ill-treating them. Now pigs, even when going from market to a comfortable stye, seldom walk willingly along on their proper course, and therefore it could not be expected that these pious pigs in particular, finding themselves very well off where they were, and recollecting the counsels of their pastor to boot, should move for the blows of their wicked tormentors—not a foot would they budge, but as the sticks and stones flew about them they grunted forth many a pious exclamation of intense disgust. Thus matters continued till the good friar returned from his orisons. So engaged were the peasants, that they did not observe his approach—'Wicked people!' he observed, 'Far worse and more insensate than those humble animals you maltreat; know that they have a better chance of reaching heaven than you have if you continue on in your evil course. They have, in obedience to my commands, refused to quit the spot I selected for them. A miracle has been worked to turn your hard hearts from idolatry.' On hearing these words the neighbours came and fell down on their knees before the good man, confessing their sins, and from that time to this have been pious and good Christians."

By the time that the ex-friar had concluded his wonderful legends, in the narration of which he evidently took great delight, the storm had likewise finished. I therefore bade him farewell, promising to pay him another visit at the earliest opportunity, and on my return home, as was

my custom, I dotted down as much of his conversation as I could recall to my memory.

The fine weather of the early spring tempted us again to renew our excursions into the interior. Our host was the owner of some large vineyards on the banks of the Douro, and having determined to visit them, he invited us to accompany him. A large party set forth at early dawn, consisting of our host and two Portuguese clerks, a priest who acted as superintendent of the vineyards, and myself, together with a couple of servants; all, with the exception of our host and myself, mounted on strong, active mules. We preferred the nimble and more easily moving horse. We were accompanied by a proportionable number of *Arrieros*, or foot-attendants, literally *followers*. A fine morning saw us quitting the barriers of Oporto, and wending our way eastward in goodly array, our cavalcade headed by our host and myself, followed by the rest; the rear being brought up by three or four baggage mules, carrying not only our clothes, but a supply of luxuries not to be found in the interior.

We passed through a number of small, ruinous, and dirty towns and villages, the names of which I forget, and a great deal of very beautiful and romantic scenery; with the exception of a league near Oporto, over the most execrable road it has ever been my lot to travel, and slept the first night at Amarante. It is the largest town on the road, situated at the entrance of a narrow defile, has a convent and a handsome bridge across a rapid stream, and is the key to the province of the Alto Douro. In order to reach Regoa, the chief town of the wine district, at an early hour, we started before daybreak; indeed our couches offered no inducements to a longer repose. Passing through the narrow ravine I have spoken of, we ascended for some miles the steep side of a mountain, till we reached the Inn of Quintella on its summit. This is considered the best inn on the road, and we regretted not having been able to reach it in time to sleep there, instead of at our wretched abode in the town below. We breakfasted here sumptuously, and our horses and mules having recruited, we again set forth.

"I would advise you to walk down the mountain, for you will find the road worse than any you have yet seen," observed my friend.

"It must then be bad indeed!" I answered, "for I have scarcely seen the vestige of a road since we left Oporto."

In fact, however, he spoke the truth, for in many places the ruts were, without the slightest exaggeration, full three feet deep; and even the mules, without riders on their backs, had to exert considerable caution in picking their way, while the horses, less accustomed to such

paths, were in evident trepidation till they reached smoother ground. How the baggage mules got on at all surprised me much, but the older travellers in the country appeared to trouble their heads very little about the matter, assuring me that I must be prepared for worse roads further on in the interior.

"As animals become adapted in course of generations to the nature of the countries to which they emigrate, I wonder the Portuguese have not wings growing from their shoulders, to assist them in locomotion," I observed, laughing.

I am not surprised that mountaineers should invariably be brave and hardy—a mouthful of the pure ether we breathed that morning would give one more courage than a whole bottlefull of Dutch schnapps. The atmosphere was rather fresh than keen, and so rarified, that my quicksilver spirits rose to their highest point; and I could not resist the impulse of giving vent to my feelings in song and shouts of laughter, to the no small astonishment of some peasants—dwellers on the mountain—who were on their way to a market, held in a village at its base.

When we had descended into lower regions, I began to feel a proper degree of indignation against the authorities, who had allowed a road, well formed as this originally was, to go so completely to ruin. So strongly built, however, was the parapet-wall, that few breaches have been made in it by the torrents which have cut up the whole road into a succession of water-courses. Over these, for nearly a league, we had to find our way, literally jumping from rock to rock. At the foot of the mountain a handsome bridge conducted us across a rapid stream, and then mounting our beasts, we ascended another hill, from the summit of which the yellow Douro and the commencement of the Wine District burst upon our sight. Vineyards, dropping with their luscious fruit, are very pretty in poetry, as are vines very picturesque in reality, when trained over a rustic porch before a cottage-door; they are not also to be despised by a thirsty traveller on a hot day in autumn, when, dismounting from his mule, he may pluck and eat as many as his heart lusteth after; but as we now beheld this far-famed territory, clad in its winter garb of dingy brown, it was very far from picturesque, beautiful, or romantic to our sight. Except the bright blue sky overhead, every object around appeared of a sepia or burnt-sienna hue. Nature seemed to have been baked brown. The lofty hills, which rose on either side of the stream, were brown; the vine-stumps, which covered them like the quills of the fretful porcupine, were brown; the store-houses and cottages of the vine-dressers were brown; the river was brown; and the faces of all the inhabitants were browner still. To be sure, in the ravines

down the sides of the hills might be seen long lines of the dark green olive-tree; and here and there, in some sheltered nook, close down to the river, where a cool fountain bubbled forth to give them nourishment, we could observe small plantations of the golden orange-tree, and bright-tinted lime and lemon, but they were too few and minute to take away from the baked clayey appearance of the landscape. The predominant tint was, I should say, sienna, except when a passing cloud obscured the bright glare of the morning sun, and then the ground beneath its shade assumed a brown umber hue. The vines are planted in terraces, two or three yards only in width, rising one above another nearly to the top of the hills; and thus, even in summer, the long regular lines of walls occupy as much space as the green foliage. My feelings were altogether of disappointment. I had heard the Wine Country described by those who had seen it at the time when Nature assumes her most gorgeous and varied clothing, or had before resided in no other land but Cockayne, as highly picturesque and enchanting, and I had accordingly formed very high conceptions of its perfections. Afterwards, when, with pencil and book in hand, I came to sketch the varied outline of its majestic hills, its rugged cliffs, and the sinuous turnings of its noble stream, I formed a far more favourable impression of its beauties.

In the winter, this part of the Douro is very habitable; but during the heats of summer, when the ardent rays of the sun strike down into the confined valleys, the people suffer dreadfully from agues and fevers, so that all who are not compelled to descend close down to the water to carry on the various operations of wine-making, fly to the more elevated regions. The English merchants who go up at that time to superintend their business, frequently carry away the seeds of disease, and many have been brought to death's door from the noxious effects of the climate. For about a league we travelled along the banks of the river by a fine broad road, which has managed by its own unaided efforts pretty well to withstand the effects of time. Here and there, to be sure, a few deep chasms had been formed by the winter torrents, or the stones with which it had been paved had been carried off to build a wall or a hut. In Portugal, as there are no overseers of the roads, if a peasant wants a little sand or gravel, and knows that a vein runs under the road, without ceremony he digs for it, and never dreams of filling up the hole he has made, as till lately there was scarcely a road in the country worthy of the name. This was no great matter; it only required a little circumspection in picking one's way among the pitfalls. Under the government of Costa Cabral, however, some very fine roads were begun; but the Republican leaders, to gain popularity with the peasantry, promised

as the greatest boon they could offer in return for their support, that the face of the country should be allowed to continue in all its primeval simplicity, as it had been since the patriarchal times of Father Noah. Consequently, while the rest of Europe is intersected by railways, Portugal does not even possess a single continuous road on which a wheeled vehicle less strongly built than an ox-cart can run. On a sudden the broad road came to a full stop—funds had been wanting to carry it on further. Passing through a narrow, muddy lane, so muddy that our mules sunk up to their knees in the slough, we entered the whitewashed town of Regoa, the great mart of the Wine Country. Here my friend had a house, at the door of which some of his employés stood ready to receive us, with bows numerous and profound.

Wherever an Englishman takes up his abode, he generally contrives to make himself as comfortable as circumstances will allow; and thus I found that although my friend occupied this residence little more than a fortnight during the year, it was far more habitable than the general run of Portuguese houses.

The rooms, however, as usual, opened into each other, so as to destroy the privacy of all but the innermost one; and odours far from pleasant ascended from the lower floors. A dinner, profuse rather than elegant, had been prepared for us. I must observe that my friend gave me full leave to describe it, and seemed as much amused as I was by the variety of provisions which groaned upon the board, dressed, I was given to understand, by no less a person than the *ex-chef* of his ex-majesty Don Miguel. The guests also were numerous—clergy and laity, proprietors and farmers of vineyards in the Douro—neither nice in their persons nor habits, although most courteous and deferential in their manners, for they had come to sell their wines to our host, if they could persuade him to buy them. My friend had warned me to be prepared against certain nastinesses, so I had nerved my stomach to withstand them. I can only advise those who are unable so to do not to sit down to table with a party of Douro farmers. These disagreements, notwithstanding, our morning ride somewhat prevented us from doing full justice to the profuse entertainment spread out before us. There were huge pieces of beef boiled to rags, a tureen of *caldo*, with leaves of cabbage floating in it, boiled chickens and boiled ham, a boiled turkey and boiled sausages of vast sizes, and redolent of potent garlic; then there were two roasted sucking-pigs, and two innocent kids, the former standing on their four legs, with pastry eyes, looking almost alive, and anxious to walk down the throats of the guests, whose mouths watered as they gazed enraptured on them, and complimented the *chef* on the triumph of his art. Besides

these, there were pastry and sweets, and fruit of all sorts crowded together on the table with the most perfect disregard to the usual routine of courses. My friend told me that he had in vain tried to impress upon the mind of his managing man his objections to such absurd profusion; but old prejudices were not to be thus overcome, the honour and credit of the house would suffer if the system was discontinued, and annually the same style of feast was prepared for him, till at last he had abandoned all hopes of retrenchment in the culinary department.

I will not describe how the guests ladled the soup into their mouths, with the cabbage leaves, by means of their forks and knives; what quantities of boiled beef, of sucking-pig, and of kid they stowed away; how they gobbled, and slobbered, and spat, and ——. "Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, Ah, little do ye think upon, &c.," sang my friend, as he escaped with me into the open air. "This I have to endure for the good of trade."

It must be remembered that the guests were vine farmers; and although they would have been highly indignant if not considered gentlemen, and addressed with *vossa senhoria*, your lordship, they were not of the rank of *fidalguia*. I have, however, seen some fidalgos behave almost as disagreeably, although generally they are as polished as any of the higher classes of Europe. The middle class of Portuguese are my aversion—ignorant, unpolished, and uncouth—in personal appearance inferior to the others, irreligion and republicanism exist chiefly among them, and they are consequently the main cause of all the disturbances which have broken out in this unhappy country. From among them have struggled into power most of the ministers who have of late years ruled the destinies of Portugal; and no sooner have they secured themselves in place, than exhibiting all the vices and imbecility of their aristocratic predecessors, they have proved themselves still more venial, more grasping, and more tyrannical.

The very recollection of that dinner has put me out of temper with the gross feeding men who spoilt my appetite.

I spent several days with my friend at Regoa. Our mornings were fully employed in riding in every direction through the country round, to visit the farmer's wine stores, in order to taste the wine fresh from the tunnels where it is kept. In the afternoon he received the visits of the proprietors or their agents, who came, hat in hand, to sell their wines, and much time was occupied in bargaining about the price. My friend's custom appeared to be to fix a certain price, and on no account to depart from it; and it was amusing to witness the arguments the sellers made use of to induce him to alter his determination. Some, almost with

tears in their eyes, would entreat him to give them another *milra* a pipe; others would take his hand and endeavour to kiss it, and almost hug him in their eagerness to attain their object. In buying and selling matters the true character of individuals, and of a people, is developed; and it was amusing to witness the sturdy independence of the Englishman contrasted with the sycophantish manners of these Portuguese.

In our tasting rides or *provas* (proving the wines), as the term is, I had a good opportunity of seeing the country. Though I confess that I got accustomed to them, the execrable paths by which we were compelled to proceed in order to reach the points proposed somewhat detracted from the satisfaction I should have experienced. It is not pleasant to ride along in momentary expectation of toppling down on one's nose, or rolling over a precipice a few hundred feet in depth.

Our steeds, brought from Oporto, were here replaced by small mules, accustomed to climb the mountain heights; and every morning, after an early breakfast, mounted on these animals, we set forth on our expedition, accompanied by two or three lads on foot, each with a basket to carry away samples, and a silver saucer in which the wine was to be tasted and its colour observed. Up and down mountains we wound our devious way, over rough crags and water-worn slippery rocks, till we reached the store-house of some vineyard of known good quality. One of the foot-boys had run on to announce our approach, so that the owner or his steward stood ready at the open doors to receive us. The merchant and his attendants then pulled out their note-books, the name of the vineyard and other particulars were written down; the newly-made wine was then handed round in the silver saucers, each person noting his opinion thereof; and without any change of countenance, or allowing the owner to discover what was thought of it, exchanging polite bows, we proceeded onward to the next farm.

Sometimes a farmer would ask some of the party what was thought of his wine, when the answer invariably was, "The wine of the Douro is always good when properly made."

"But will you buy mine, senhor?" persisted the farmer.

"That depends upon circumstances, *meu amigo!*" replied the merchant. "Good-day, good-day, my friend."

To my palate, even what I was informed was the best wine, tasted bitter, astringent, and almost sour, and was of a very dark hue, totally unlike what it becomes after being kept two or three years. To bring it to perfection it requires constant changing from pipe to pipe, with the addition of brandy. Some we were shown had a very sweet taste, and although far more agreeable to the palate, this flavour was produced, I

was informed, by the fermentation being stopped with admixture of brandy at an earlier period than the other, the saccharine qualities of the grape being thus retained, instead of being allowed to turn into spirit. This practice of stopping the fermentation has unfortunately of late years become very general in the Douro, and has much contributed to bring port wine into disrepute in England; for, of course, no sooner is the wine imbibed, than the brandy, which has held the fermentation in check, being absorbed, the process once more commences, to the great disarrangement of the human interior.

I will not weary you, kind reader, with the subject, although I became wearied enough myself, for it was the all-engrossing topic of everybody we met. Thus much I learned, not to allow my palate to be seduced with the soft luscious taste of rich dark-coloured port; but having due regard to my stomach to drink only such as is in every way free from sweetness, with the briskness and flavour of a fresh-picked grape. As the colour depends entirely on the quantity of pressure to which the skin (from whence it is extracted) is subjected, I care very little for it; but I believe the best wines have a bright ruby tint, without any yellow in it. From the very best wine, however, if kept long in cask, the colour gradually fades away; or rather, to speak more correctly, the colouring matter which, as I have said, came from the skin, sinks to the bottom, while the pure liquid floats at the top.

Regoa, from being the chief wine mart in the country, is a place of some importance, and is inhabited entirely by people connected in some way or other with the trade. The windows of my friend's house looked out upon the river, on the opposite side of which rose a succession of lofty and picturesquely-shaped hills, among which the ancient town of Lamego is situated. As one day I looked into a narrow street, leading down to the water, I had an opportunity of learning how soon a fat pig can be snatched from his stye, the slough wherein he cools his body in luxurious comfort and all the endearments of domestic life, to be turned into pork. I was attracted to the window by a loud shrieking, when I beheld a porker of magnificent proportions dragged into the middle of the street by a stalwart butcher. Two tressels were placed across the thoroughfare, completely blocking it up. The unhappy animal's existence was cut short, a fire was lighted underneath, his hide was completely singed, and in a few minutes he was ready for sale. In like manner, in less than half an hour, a dozen brothers in misfortune were disposed of, no one disputing the right of the butchers to make a slaughterhouse of the public street.

OWLS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

THERE are worse pets to be found than owls. They are not so immediately engaging as many creatures which have already been mentioned in this series of papers, but by proper management they can be made into very companionable birds, quaint, grotesque, and affectionate withal. I have had several owls of different species and been familiarly acquainted with the specimens belonging to friends, and have long had a liking for them.

The chief drawback to the owl as a pet is its nocturnal habits, which cause the bird to sleep during the day and to be awake during the night. To a certain degree this custom may be corrected. The chief reason why the owl wakes at night is, that it preys upon mice and other nocturnal creatures, whether mammals or insects, and must in consequence be able to pounce upon them as they rove abroad.

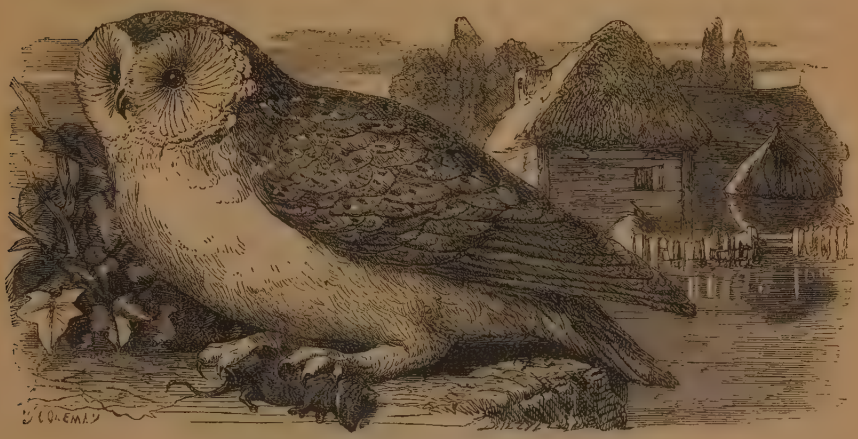
Now, although at first to wake the owl will be found rather a tedious business, and to keep it awake still more difficult, a present of a mouse, or a small bird, or a large beetle, will generally rouse it, and cause it to remain awake for some little time.

To change the creature into a wholly diurnal bird is impossible, inasmuch as the entire bodily structure, as well as the temperament, is that of a nocturnal being. The eyes, for example, are formed for vision in a very dim light, being of very great size, and with pupils so large that the ordinary light of day is painful to the bird, and dazzles it so much that it cannot see sufficiently to direct its flight. Exceptional cases have occurred, in which owls have been seen abroad in the daytime, and been observed in the act of catching mice at mid-day, but such an event occurs very seldom.

Even when the bird is placed in a comparatively dark room, where the rays of the sun cannot beat upon it, the eyes are continually

SNOWY OWL.

blinking as long as they are open, and the large nictitating membrane is ever and anon drawn over them. I may here mention that the nictitating membrane is a kind of inner eyelid, made of very elastic membrane, which is gathered up in one corner of the socket, can be drawn over the eye by means of special muscles, and returns by its own elasticity when the tension is removed. It is peculiarly strong in birds of prey, and the best examples of this curious structure are to be found in the owls.



WHITE OR BARN OWL.

In general, the owl sits, or rather stands, during the day-time, fast asleep, having a very quaint aspect, the eyes being reduced to a mere pair of lines, sloping towards the bill, and surrounded by the round discs of stiff feathers which form a "splayed" window in the dense plumage, and allow the bird a wider scope of vision than it would enjoy if the aperture in the feathers were no larger than the eye itself. Altogether, the bird looks wonderfully like a Chinese mandarin of very high rank, and, in consequence, of great obesity; the sloping linear eyelids being just as oblique as those of the Chinamen, and the two feather discs representing the huge round spectacles with which the Chinese are accustomed to aid their vision.

The position of the owl when at rest is rather curious. Instead of sitting with its head reposing on the shoulder, its legs bent, and its claws firmly grasping the perch, the bird stands stiffly upright, with its legs perfectly straight, and its head upright. Here I ought to mention the popular error that birds sleep with their heads under their wings. Not only is this mistake impressed upon the young, and fostered by

such familiar nursery rhymes as that of "The north wind doth blow," but it is in force even among educated persons, who have learned to observe as well as to think. In a recent controversy about fresh air and human lungs, some of the advocates for stuffiness and closed windows employed as an argument the imagined fact that when birds go to sleep, they exclude fresh air by tucking their heads under their wings. The force of their arguments and the accuracy of their facts were about on a par. I have seen many birds compose themselves to sleep, but I never yet saw a bird put its head under its wing when going to roost, nor do I think that any one else has done so. The real process is simple enough, as any one can prove who will take the trouble to watch a parrot or canary. The bird first settles itself in a comfortable attitude, which varies according to the species, and then turns its head round, and puts its beak among the loose feathers of the shoulder, the wings being kept closed and held firmly against the body.

Owls may be procured in various methods. If the reader should happen to possess proper premises, he will find that to attract owls will be as easy as to buy them, and will give him better opportunities of studying their habits. All that is required is the command of a retired spot, where the birds will not be annoyed. A little ingenuity and the expenditure of a few shillings will do the rest.

It is impossible to have a better or more complete plan of attracting the owls than that which is employed by Mr. Waterton at Walton Hall. He can and does attract all kinds of birds to his domain by the simple plan of affording them a secure shelter and the prospect of food. In the case of the owls, the first precaution is the only one that is needful, the birds being perfectly capable of finding food for themselves. Possibly, a few mice thrown on the ground might assist in attracting the birds, but as they will come when no such precaution is taken, such bait may be omitted.

There is a popular idea that neither the lion, the eagle, or the owl will eat game which they have not killed. Nothing can be more opposed to fact than such a notion; for the lion is generally killed by laying in his haunts a dead animal, which he is sure to eat; the eagle is only too glad to pick up a dead lamb, and the owl will carry off almost any number of dead mice that are placed in its way.

If the reader wishes to attract owls to his premises, he must prepare habitations for them. Knowing that the common barn owl, or white owl, as it is sometimes called, is fond of resting in buildings, Mr. Waterton has taken great pains to erect certain domiciles of which the owls are likely to approve. A large hole made in an old ruin is sure to

attract the barn owl, especially if it be well sheltered with ivy, and a stout perch across the cavity may be useful. There are owl-houses in different parts of the domain, all tenanted by some bird, and most of them by the inhabitant for whose use they were made.

The jackdaw is the most pertinacious usurper that can be imagined. Any house that will suit an owl will suit a jackdaw, and the daw is so keen at discovery and so quick at utilizing his faculties, that he takes possession and fills the hole with sticks, before the owls have a chance of securing their home.

If the brown owl is wanted, there are few places like a hollow tree, an article which can often be purchased very cheaply, set up in the grounds, and its interior arranged for the reception of the birds.

BROWN OWL.

A writer in the *Field* newspaper mentions that he has been very successful in attracting the brown owl by means of an empty eighteen-gallon cask, made very clean, and fastened in a tree. A perch was placed inside, a convenient entrance-hole cut, and a quantity of very dry touchwood placed within. On this touchwood much of the success seemed to depend, for wherever it was omitted, the owls declined to take possession of the cask. In order to fit it for its purpose, it was carefully dried in an oven. The exterior of the cask was painted so as to harmonise with the colours of the tree.

Should the reader be unable to fit up such a residence, he may always purchase young owls at a cheap rate, and can train them after his own fashion. In order to show how much amusement may be given by so despised a bird as the owl, I quote part of a letter written to me by a friend :—

"I saw a curious sight yesterday, which I think quite worth communicating to you. Some folks about us have got a young owl just fledged, and one of the boys had given him for his supper a dead swift, rather high and gamey. While he was enjoying this dainty, a young tabby kitten, æt. about eight weeks, came on the scene, and walking up to the owl, deliberately invited herself to a share in the repast. Mr. Owl did not express any objection, save by expanding his wings over his food, *more suo*, whereupon pussy crept under the outstretched wing, and went in for her share. It was droll enough to see the two going halves, especially as every now and then the owl got pussy's ear by mistake, and she in like manner began gnawing at his claw.

"But the scene reached its climax by the appearance of five young ducklings hatched on Thursday last" (the date of the letter shows that it was written on Friday, and consequently that the ducklings in question were just eight days old), "who surrounded the group and did what they could to help. The smell of the dead bird attracted, as I suppose, many small flies, which hovered about and settled, now on the owl, now on the cat, and now on the unfortunate swift. They had better have stayed away, however, for the ducklings snapped them up as fast as they alighted, while both the owl and the cat seemed quite to disregard the pokes and pecks which their bodies received from the sturdy bills of the ducklings."

If the reader should keep owls in confinement, where they cannot procure food for themselves, he must remember that they are hungry beings, and give them plenty of food. They will eat almost any kind of meat, but are very fond of mice and small birds, the latter of which they will mostly contrive to swallow entire. There is no doubt that all the British owls feed upon small birds when they can procure them. They have been observed in the act of robbing the nests, in spite of the screams and attacks of the angry parents, and the skulls, feathers, and bones of the murdered birds have been seen in the pellets which all owls disgorge. I have now before me a box full of their pellets, and in almost every specimen there is an entire skull of some small bird.

In common with most raptorial birds, the owls disgorge the indigestible parts of their food, such as the bones, the feathers, and the skin ;

and as the owl eats its prey entire, the amount of such substances is remarkable. They are formed into egg-shaped masses, and may be found in plenty in the nest or on the ground near the nest. In some parts of the country, these castings are called "quids." When they are first ejected, they are wet and rather tenacious, but they rapidly become dry, and can then be crumbled down into a soft flock-like substance, which forms the bed on which the eggs repose.

These eggs can easily be recognized by their peculiar shape and texture. In form they are very globular, their shells are very thin, and the surface is rough and chalk-like, as if some one had ground a piece of chalk into coarse powder, mixed it with gum, and painted the egg with the mixture. Any one who is experienced in such matters, knows an owl's egg as soon as he handles it, even though he cannot see the object which he touches.

Their method of eating mice is very curious, and that the owl should derive any gratification from the process seems to be rather remarkable. The owl catches the mouse with its foot, a member that is wonderfully fitted for the purpose, and then shifts the mouse to its beak, in this respect differing from the hawks, which hold the prey with the foot, and only use the beak for the purpose of tearing it to pieces. At the Zoological Gardens the falcons may be seen at feeding-time with the meat in their claws, never taking it in the beak when they move, but hobbling about with a lump of raw meat hanging to one foot, and presenting a very absurd spectacle.

When the owl has settled itself into a comfortable position, it gives a kind of snap and a gulp, and in a moment the head of the mouse is in the owl's throat. Another gulp and a shake of the head and the mouse has disappeared, with the exception of the tail, which hangs on one side of the beak. This part of the process seems to afford the owl the greatest satisfaction, for the bird remains for some time in this attitude, standing perfectly still, but giving the tail an occasional roll in the beak. Suddenly, the head goes back with a jerk, the eyes close, there is a mighty gulp, and the tail has followed the mouse into the bird's stomach. The whole process of swallowing the prey is very much like that which may be observed in the toad, the gulping effort to swallow appearing to be equally great in either case.

All the owls can be treated in a similar manner, so that there is no need of mentioning them individually. If, however, either of the eared owls can be obtained, the young naturalist should not fail to do so. Owls kept in captivity should not be placed in cages, provided that other accommodation can be furnished, but should have a dark recess in which

they can sit during the day, and where they can always be found. They are not easily seen by inexperienced eyes, as they have a habit of choosing perches in spots where their colour harmonises with that of the locality, and I have often seen strangers look in vain for the owls in a small yard where was no cover, and where the birds were sitting, or rather standing, in full view. If, therefore, they are so difficult of detection in full daylight and in an open yard, they must necessarily be marvellously well concealed at night in the woods. I have seen owls fly into trees, and yet be unable, in spite of their large size, to detect them until they took to wing; although in the same tree a linnet or a sparrow would at once have been seen.

When properly treated, the owl can be made quite tame; but unless it be taken when young, it is rather uncertain in temper, biting very sharply. If any one approaches the owl and hears a quick snapping sound, as if an elastic piece of wood were "flicked" against a table, he may take it as a warning that the bird does not approve of him, and that he had better not trust his hands too near the owl.

Any one can see how cat-like are the owls in their general physiognomy, as well as in their nocturnal and mouse-loving habits; and they even carry their feline propensities into peculiarities of diet. No animals are less aquatic than the cat, and no animals are more fond of fish. Even the best bred and most carefully-trained cat finds a difficulty in resisting her appetite when she sees fish on the table, and she can hardly have a greater treat than an occasional sprat, herring, or plaice.

Angler-cats are not uncommon, and I have known several that were accustomed to haunt the water side and catch the fish in shallow water; besides having heard on good authority of others which would even plunge into deep water for their prey. In like manner, the owl is a great fish-lover, and has been seen in the act of dropping into the water, and rising again in the air with a fish in its claws. Now, it is an invariable rule with animals of all kinds, that these little aberrations, if we may so term them, are conducive to health; a very familiar instance is the occasional grass-eating propensities of the dog and cat. The young naturalist will therefore consult the health of his owl pets by giving them a fish now and then, as well as a few large insects, in addition to their ordinary diet.

THE MILLER'S DOG.

A LESSON FOR LITTLE ONES.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

THERE is nothing that so quickly or so thoroughly evinces a bad disposition as cruelty to animals. "A good man is kind to his beast;" so says the proverb, and truly; and whenever you see a boy maltreating a poor dumb animal you may set him down as a bad boy, and be sure if he lives it will be to grow into a cruel man, who will flog and beat, not only his dog, but his child, and will be overbearing to all upon whom he can exercise his brute force with impunity.

There can be no doubt that little dogs, as well as boys, are often very troublesome, and very much in the way; but that is no reason why they should be cuffed and beaten about the house as if they belonged to nobody; besides, the fault does not always rest with themselves, for boys and dogs are, with proper treatment, to be kept in their places.

We are not about to insist that when a wrong is done a judgment will immediately follow, for we know that we can do no wrong that is not recorded against us, and that we shall not be accountable for hereafter; but we will contend that a wrong is seldom done without the evildoer having cause to regret it. This is not fatalism, but a mere train of circumstances arising out of, and naturally following, the wrong itself; sometimes directly, sometimes in a strange and unthought-of manner, as in the following story.

It was a long while ago, at a time when the poorer people were more superstitious than they are now, because they were not so well taught, and had not so many good books at their disposal—a time when people believed in ghosts and witches and fortune-telling, and other exploded fallacies—that the circumstances we are about to narrate took place.

It matters not the name of the place (indeed we have forgotten it), but it was somewhere down in Warwickshire, where, David Garrick said, folks had but little wit, since it had all been stolen away from them by the famous poet Shakespeare, who was born in that county. How-

ever, there was an old woman in this Warwickshire village who got her living nobody knew how. She was never seen at market or fair, and in the harvest time, when all the old crones in the neighbourhood were leasing (and they scattered more grain for the poor to take in those days), old Mother Tasker was never among the rest. She was still to be seen at her cottage door—a lone cottage, by the way—with her only and constant companion, a very ugly, and apparently savage, old terrier.

The village gossips said that a light was frequently seen burning in the cottage throughout the long winter nights, while the dog kept watch without as if to give notice of any approaching danger; but whether Mother Tasker got her living honestly, or whether, as was afterwards supposed, she was in league with coiners, nobody could tell. Her death, like her life, was a mystery which will never be cleared up. But this has nothing to do with the dog.

It chanced that the nearest habitation to the cottage of the old crone was that of the miller, one Giles Griffin; and a griffin of a fellow he was—a harsh, grinding man, who thought no more of grinding down the poor people than he did of grinding his own corn. Now, as Giles's was the only mill for several miles round, the villagers had no alternative but to take their corn there to be ground; and fat and sleek Giles got rich by taking toll from their leasings, or from that grown by villagers on their little plots of land.

But while his form got oily, his disposition remained as rusty as ever; the hinges of his tongue seemed to grate and creak every time he spoke. If "The Miller and his Men" had been known in those days, we would have been afraid to go near his sacks for fear a robber should jump out of each of them.

Still this has nothing to do with the dog!

Be patient, my dear young friend, yet a little, and you shall hear all about it.

It happened that Griffin's mill was overrun with rats, and, as he was too stingy to keep a dog, he was in a sad dilemma. So, after cudgelling his brains for some time, he made up his mind, notwithstanding he prided himself on never asking a favour, that he would borrow the old woman's terrier.

Fortunately the dog and his mistress were passing at the moment, and the latter consented to leave the dog while she proceeded on some errand of her own at a short distance.

Now, the dog made short work of the rats, and having cleared the mill he looked imploringly in the face of the miller for some token of approval, if not for some tid-bit by which he could reward him; for your

true rat-catcher never touches the vermin he destroys. No! neither did the poor dog obtain, although he had done the miller such good service, so he hung down his tail, and went growling out of the mill.

Unfortunately for the dog, for he was hungry, a brood of the miller's chickens were at the door when he went out; and, whether for spite (for dogs have strong instincts), or whether for hunger, he pounced upon one of them, and the miller as quickly pounced upon him, and began to belabour him with a thick stick, just as the old woman returned.

Loud and angry were her exclamations when she saw her favourite beaten, and loud was the miller, too, at the loss of his chicken, but the old woman guessed the whole transaction and upbraided him with his ingratitude.

The miller retorted, and declared she was a witch, or "how could she tell that he had not given the dog anything?"

The veriest boor in the village would have guessed the same, knowing his disposition.

"Your whelp has been the death of my chicken!" said the miller.

"And he shall be the death of you!" exclaimed Mother Tasker, in a towering passion. "If I am a witch, I will exercise the powers of a witch, and prophesy. Yes, miller! the dog shall be the death of you!" and away she went calling her dog after her, and muttering fearful imprecations on the head of the miller.

It may be imagined that the miller did not sleep very easily that night, for the words of the old woman rang in his ears. One time he dreamt he was a fox with the hounds close upon his brush—then he fancied himself a stag, bounding over hill and plain—swimming lakes and fording streams, and at last turning at bay—but at the end of all his dreams he thought he was a rat, and every time he woke it was when the old woman's dog had got fast hold of his nose. All this was the effect of conscience, which, Shakespeare tells us, "makes cowards of us all;" and as in sleep we cannot control the mind, or hide our evil deeds, even from ourselves, the miller was not long in experiencing a portion of his punishment.

So the miller bethought himself that he would lead a better life, and he became kinder to the poor, and did not rob them when they sent their corn to be ground; he also attended the village church more regularly, and even gave a handsome subscription towards having it repaired, and did many other little acts of kindness which proved he was an altered man.

One day the old woman sent to him and told him she was dying, and, bidding him go to a corner cupboard, told him to take out a bag, in which he would find fifty gold pieces: "these," she said, "were his on one

condition, that he would take care of her dog as long as it should live." The miller did not hesitate to take the gold, although he would rather it had not been accompanied with the care of the dog; however, he promised faithfully to perform the old woman's behest, and she died in peace.

Once in possession of the dog, the prophecy was always ringing in the miller's ears; how could he avert the danger, as long as he had the dog about him; he might go mad, and bite him, and so the prophecy would be fulfilled. Then to destroy him—'twas only to kill a dog! A dog, too, that had got an ill name; why not hang him?

Thus reasoned the miller, but the still small voice of conscience whispered in his ear, "What double ingratitude!"

He wished he had given the brute a plate of bones, a pat on the back, or even a kind look, when he destroyed the rats—but he had not done so. It was very provoking to be put out so, about a dog!

At last, to his mingled joy and alarm, one of the neighbours came running to him and declared that the dog had gone mad!

"A golden piece!" he exclaimed, "to any one who can secure him and tie him up in the cellar!"

So they were not long in securing the poor animal, who was quiet enough, but only foamed at the mouth, as dogs will in very hot weather.

Now, having taken the old woman's fifty pieces, in charity the miller should have sent for the cow-leech (or cow-doctor, who attends to the ailments of dogs in country places) to have ascertained if the dog were really mad; but he was too glad of an excuse to do away with him, and was not long in making his preparations.

The first thing he did was to stop up every aperture to the cellar with sacks of wet hay, so that no smoke or vapour could escape from it; he then procured a large pan of charcoal, which he set fire to, and upon which he threw a quantity of sulphur. Placing this in the cellar, he carefully closed the door, judging, and very correctly, that suffocation would very shortly put an end to the dog and his sufferings.

With a lighter heart than usual he went to his usual vocations, but before retiring for the night he proceeded to open the cellar door that he might be convinced the cause of his alarm was really no longer in existence. Strange to tell, in his anxiety, he omitted to take the precaution of removing the sacks to let out the foul air. The instant he opened the door the vapour overpowered him and he sank senseless to the ground.

The following morning when his men came to work, they found him lying dead by the side of his dog.

Thus the old woman's prophecy was fulfilled, and the wrong avenged; and all arising from a want of kindness to a poor dumb animal.

FREAKS ON THE FELLS;

OR,

THREE MONTHS' RUSTICATION.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE,

Author of "The Wild Man of the West," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE END.

RAIN, rain, rain; continual, pertinacious, unmitigated rain! The White House was no longer white, it was grey. Things were no longer damp, they were totally flooded. Mr. McAllister's principal hay field was a pond—every ditch was a rivulet; "the burn" was a destructive cataract; the white torrents that raged down the mountains everywhere, far and near, looked like veins of quartz, and the river had become a lake with a strong current in the middle of it. There was no sunshine now in the Highlands,—not a gleam!

Nevertheless there was sunshine in the hearts of some who sojourned there. Mr. Sudberry had found out that he could fish just as well in wet weather as in dry, and that the fish were more eager to be caught. That was sunshine enough for him! Lucy found a new and engrossing amusement, of a semi-scientific kind, in laying down and pressing her botanical specimens, and writing Latin names under the same, being advised thereto and superintended by Hector M'Donald. That was sunshine enough for her, and for him too apparently, for he came every day to help her (and she declared she could not get on without help), and it was quite wonderful to observe how very slowly the laying down progressed, although both of the semi-philosophers were intensely interested in their work. Flora was so sunny by nature that she lightened up the place around her wherever she went; she was thus in some measure independent of the sun. George was heard to say more than once that her face was as good as a sunbeam any day! Mrs. Sudberry, poor

woman, was so rampantly triumphant in the total discomfiture of her husband touching the weather, that she resigned herself to Highland miseries in a species of happy contentment, and thus lived in what may be likened to a species of mild moonshine of her own. Tilly, poor, delicate, unobtrusive Tilly, was at all times satisfied to bask in the moonlight of her mother's countenance. As for Jacky—that arch-imp discovered that wet weather usually brought his victims within doors, and therefore kept them constantly within reach of his dreadful influence. He was supremely happy—"darling child." Fred finished up his sketches—need we say that that was sunshine to him? The servants too shared in the general felicity. Indeed they may, in a sense, be said to have been happier than those they served, for, having been transported to that region to *work*, they found the little bits of fun and amusement that fell to their lot all the more pleasant and enjoyable that they were unexpected, and formed a piquant contrast to the monotonous routine of daily duty.

But the brightest blaze of internal sunshine—the most effulgent and dazzling beams of light were shed forth in the lowly hut of Jacky's particular friend. Old Moggy did *not* die after all! To the total discomfiture of the parish doctor, and to the reflected discredit of the medical profession generally, that obstinate old creature got well in spite of the emphatic assurances of her medical adviser that recovery was impossible. The doctor happened to be a misanthrope. He was not aware that in the *Materia Medica* of Nature's laboratory there is a substance called "joy," which sometimes effects a cure when all else fails—or, if he did know of this medicine, he probably regarded it as a quack nostrum.

At all events this substance cured old Moggy, as Willie said, "in less than no time." She took such deep draughts of it, that she quite surprised her old friends. So did Willie himself. In fact, these two absolutely took to tippling together on this medicine. More than that, Jacky joined them and seemed to imbibe a good deal—chiefly through his eyes, which were always very wide open and watchful when he was in the old hut. He drank to them only with his eyes and ears, and could not be induced to enter into conversation much farther than to the extent of yes and no. Not that he was shy—by *no* means! The truth was that Jacky was being opened up—mentally. The new medicine was exercising an unconscious but powerful influence on his sagacious spirit. In addition to that he was fascinated by Willie—for the matter of that so was old Moggy—for, did not that small sailor boy sing, and laugh, and talk to them for hours about sights and scenes of foreign travel which neither of them had dreamed before? Of course he did, and caused both of them to stare with eyes and mouths quite motionless for half hours at a

time, and then roused them up with a joke that made Jacky laugh till he cried, and made Moggy, who was always crying more or less, laugh till she couldn't cry! Yes, there was very brilliant sunshine in the hut during that dismal season of rain—there was the sunshine of human love and sympathy, and Flora was the means of introducing and mingling with it sunshine of a still brighter and a holier nature, which, while it intensified the other, rendered it also permanent.

At last the end of the Sudberrys' rustication arrived; the last day of their sojourn dawned. It happened to be bright and beautiful—so bright and lovely that it made one feel as if there never had been a bad day since the world began, and never would be another bad one to the end of time. It was the fourth fine day of the six dreary weeks—the third, which occurred some days before, was only half-and-half, and, therefore, unworthy of special notice. Nevertheless, the Sudberrys felt sad. They were *going away!* The mental sunshine of the rainy season was beclouded, and the physical sunshine was of no avail to dispel such clouds.

"My dear," said Mr. Sudberry at breakfast that morning, in a very sad tone, "have you any farther use for me?"

"My dear, no," replied his partner, sorrowfully.

From the nature of these remarks and the tone in which they were uttered, an ignorant spectator might have imagined that Mr. Sudberry, having suspected his wife of growing indifference, and having had his worst fears confirmed from her own lips, meant to go quietly away to the river and drown him in a deep pool with a strong eddy, so that he might run no chance of being prematurely washed upon a shallow. But the good man merely referred to "the packing," in connection with which he had been his wife's right hand during the last three or four days.

"Well, then, my love, as the heavy baggage has gone on before, and we are ready to start with the coach which does not pass until the afternoon, I will go and take a last cast in the river."

Mrs. Sudberry made no objection, so Mr. Sudberry, accompanied by George and Fred, went down to the "dear old river," as they styled it, for the last time.

Now it must be known that, some weeks previous to this time, Hobbs had been allowed by his master to go out for a day's trout fishing, and Hobbs, failing to raise a single fin, put on a salmon fly in reckless desperation.

He happened, by the merest chance, to cast over a deep pool in which salmon were (and still are) wont to lie. To his amazement, a "*whale*" as he styled it, instantly rose, sent its silvery body half out of the water, and fell over with a tremendous splash, but missed the fly. Hobbs was

instantly affected with temporary insanity. He cast in violent haste over the same spot, as if he hoped to hook the fish by the tail before it should get to the bottom. Again! again! and over again, but without result. Then, dancing on the bank with excitement, he changed the fly; tried every fly in the book; the insanity increasing, tried two flies at once, back to back; put on a bunch of trout-flies in addition; wound several worms round all; failed in every attempt to cast with care; and finished off by breaking the top of the rod, entangling the line round his legs, and fixing the hooks in his coat-tails; after which he rushed wildly up to the White House, to tell what he had seen and show what he had done!

From that day forward Mr. Sudberry always commenced his day's sport at the "Salmon Pool." As usual, on this his last day, he went down to the salmon pool, but he had so often fished there in vain, that hope was well nigh extinguished. In addition to this, his spirits were depressed, so he gave the rod to Fred.

Fred was not naturally a fisher, and he only agreed to take the rod because he saw that his father was indifferent about it.

"Fred, my boy, cast a little farther over, just below yon curl in the water near the willow bush—ah! that's about the place. Hobbs declares that he raised a salmon there; but I can't say I've ever seen one myself, though I have fished here every other morning for many weeks."

Mr. Sudberry had not quite finished speaking when Fred's rod was bent into the form of a large hoop.

"Hallo! here, father, take it—I don't know what to do."

What a blaze of excitement beamed on the father's countenance!

"Hurrah! hold on, Fred—no, no, *no!* Ease off—he'll break all away."

The caution was just in time. Fred was holding on like a true Briton. He suddenly let the rod down and allowed the line to run out, which it did like lightning.

"What now, father? Oh! *do* take it—I shall certainly lose the fish."

"No, no, boy; it is *your* fish; try to play it out."

No one but the good man himself knew what a tremendous effort of self-denial Mr. Sudberry made on this occasion. But Fred felt certain that the fish would get off. He also knew that his father would give fifty pounds down on the spot to land a salmon, so he said firmly, "Father, if you don't take the rod, I'll throw it down!"

This settled the question. Father took the rod under protest, and, having had considerable experience in trout-fishing, began to play the

salmon with really creditable skill, considering the difficulty of the operation, and the fact that it was his first "big fish."

What varied expression flitted across the countenance of the enthusiastic sportsman on this great occasion. He totally forgot himself and his sons; he forgot even that this was his last day in the Highlands. It is an open question whether he did not forget altogether that he was *in* the Highlands, so absorbed, so intensely concentrated, was his mind on that salmon. George and Fred also became so excited that they lost all command of themselves, and kept leaping about, cheering, giving useless advice in eager tones, tripping over stones and uneven places on the banks, and following their father closely, as the fish led him up and down the river for full two hours. They, too, forgot themselves; they did not know what extraordinary faces they went on making during the greater part of the time!

Mr. Sudberry began the battle by winding up the line, the salmon having begun to push slowly up stream after its first wild burst. In a moment it made a dart towards the opposite bank, so sudden and swift that the rod was pulled straight and the line ran out with a whizz of the most violent description. Almost simultaneously with the whizz the salmon leaped its entire length out of the water, gave a tremendous fling in the air, and came down with a heavy splash!

Fred gasped; George cheered, and Mr. Sudberry uttered a roar of astonishment, mingled with alarm, for the line was slack, and he thought the fish had broken off. It was still on, however, as a wild dash down stream, followed by a spurt up and across, with another fling into the air, proved beyond a doubt. The fish was very wild—fortunately it was well hooked, and the tackle was strong. What with excitement and the violent action that ensued at each rush, Mr. Sudberry was so dreadfully blown in the first minutes, that he trembled from head to foot, and could scarce wind up the line. For one moment the thought occurred that he was too old to become a salmon-fisher, and that he would not be able to fight the battle out. He was quite mistaken. Every minute after this he seemed to gain fresh strength. The salmon happily took it into its head to cease its antics for half a minute, just when the fisher was at his worst. That half minute of breathing space was all that was wanted.

"Geo'ge—hah!—cup—wata!"

George could not make out what his agitated parent wanted.

"Water! water!—chokin'!" reiterated his father.

"Oh, all right!" George scooped up a quantity of water in a leathern cup, and ran with it to his choking sire, who, holding the rod

tight with both hands, turned his head aside and stretched it over his left arm, still, however, keeping his eyes fixed on the line.

"Here, up with't lips."

The lips were projected, and George raised the cup to them, but the salmon moved at the moment, and the draught was postponed. The fish came to another pause soon after.

"Now, Geo'ge, try 'gain."

Once more the lips were projected, once again the cup was raised, but that salmon seemed to know what was going on, for, just as the cup and the lips met, it went off in an unusually fierce run down the river. The cup and its contents were knocked into George's face, and George himself was knocked over by his father as he sprang down the bank, and ran along a dry patch of gravel, which extended to the tail of the pool.

Hitherto the battle had been fought within the limits of one large pool, which the fish seemed to have an objection to quit. It now changed its tactics, and began to descend the river tail foremost, slowly, but steadily. The round face of the fisher, which had all this time been blazing red with eager hope, was now beclouded with a shade of anxiety.

"Don't let him go down the rapids, father," said George; "you'll never get past the thick bushes that overhang the bank."

Mr. Sudberry stopped, and held on till the rod bent like a giant hoop and the line became rigid; but the fish was not to be checked. Its retrograde movement was slow, but steady and irresistible.

"You'll smash every thing!" cried Fred. Mr. Sudberry was constrained to follow, step by step. The head of the rapid was gained, and he had to increase the pace to a quick walk; still farther down, and the walk became a smart run. The ground here was more rugged, and the fisher's actions became quite acrobatic. George and Fred kept higher up the bank, and ran along, gazing in unspeakable amazement at the bounds and leaps which their fat little sire made with the agility of a roe deer.

"Hold on! the bushes! let it break off!"

Mr. Sudberry scorned the advice. The part of the bank before him was impassable; not so the river, which rushed past him like a mill-race. He tried once more to stop the fish; failed, of course, and deliberately walked into the water. It was waist deep, so he was carried down like a cork, with his toes touching the ground so lightly that, for the first time in his life, he rejoiced in those sensations, which he had hitherto believed belonged exclusively to harlequins and columbines, namely, swift motion without effort! Fifty yards at the rate of ten miles an hour brought him to an eddy, into which the salmon had dashed just before

him. Mr. Sudberry gave vent to another roar as he beheld the fish almost under his nose. The startled creature at once flashed out of his sight, and swept up, down, and across the stream several times, besides throwing one or two somersaults in the air, before it recovered its equanimity. After this it bolted into a deep, dark pool, and remained there quite motionless.

Mr. Sudberry was much puzzled at this point. To let out line when the fish ran up or across stream, to wind in when the fish stopped, and to follow when the fish went down stream—these principles he had been taught by experience in trout-fishing; but how to act when a fish would not move and could not be made to move was a lesson which he had yet to learn.

"What's to be done?" said he, with a look of exasperation (and no wonder; he had experienced an hour and a quarter of very rough treatment, and was getting fagged).

"Pull him out of that hole," suggested George.

"I can't."

"Try."

Mr. Sudberry tried and failed. Having failed he sat down on a stone, still holding the rod very tight, and wiped his heated brow. Then, starting up, he tried for the next ten minutes to pull the fish out of the hole by main force, of course never venturing to pull so hard as to break the line. He went up the stream and pulled, down the stream and pulled, he even waded across the stream at a shallow part and pulled, but all in vain. The fish was in that condition which fishers term "the sulks."

At last Fred recollected to have heard Hector Macdonald say that in such cases a stone thrown into the pool sometimes had the effect of starting the sulky one. Accordingly a stone was thrown in, and the result was that the fish came out at full speed in a horrible fright, and went down stream, not *tail*, but *head* foremost. Now, when a salmon does this, he knows by instinct that if he does not go down *faster* than the stream the water will force itself into his gills and drown him; therefore when he goes down head first (which he seldom does, except when on his way to the sea), he goes at full speed, and the fisher's only chance of saving his fish is to run after him as fast as he can, in the hope that he may pause of his own accord in some opportune eddy.

A fine open space of bank enabled Mr. Sudberry to run like a deer after his fish for nigh a quarter of a mile, but, at the end of this burst, he drew near to "the falls"—a succession of small cataracts and rapids which it seemed impossible for any fisher to go down without breaking

his neck and losing his fish. George and Fred roared "Hold on!" Mr. Sudberry glanced at the falls, frowned, and compressed his lips. He felt that he was "in for it;" he resolved not to be beaten, so on he went! The fish went right down the first fall; the fisher leaped over a ledge of rock three feet high, scrambled across some rough ground, and pulled up at an eddy where the fish seemed disposed to rest. He was gratified here, by seeing the salmon turn up the white of his side—thus showing symptoms of exhaustion. But he recovered and went over another fall. Here he stopped again, and George and Fred, feeling convinced that their father had gone mad, threw off their coats and ran to the foot of the fall, ready to plunge into the stream and rescue him from the fate which they thought they saw impending. No such fate awaited the daring man. He succeeded in drawing the fish close to a gravelly shallow, where it gave an exhausted wallop or two, and lay over on its side. George came up, and leaping into the water tried to kick it out. He missed his kick and fell. Fred dashed in, and also missed. Mr. Sudberry rushed forward and gave the salmon such a kick that he sent it high and dry on the bank! But in doing so he fell over George and tripped up Fred, so that all three were instantly soaked to the skin, and returned to the bank without their hats. Mr. Sudberry flung himself on the conquered fish and held it fast, while George and Fred cheered and danced round him in triumphant joy.

Thus Mr. Sudberry landed his first and last salmon—a ten-pounder—and thus, brilliantly, terminated his three months' rustication in the Highlands.

* * * * * *

But this was not the end of the whole affair—by no means. Mr. Sudberry and family returned to London, and they took that salmon with them. A dinner party of choice friends was hastily got up to do honour to the superb fish, and on that occasion Fred and his father well-nigh quarrelled on the point of "who caught the salmon"! Mr. Sudberry insisting that the man who hooked the fish was the real catcher of it, and Fred scouting the ridiculous notion, and asserting that he who played and landed it was entitled to all the honour. The point was settled, however, in some incomprehensible way, without the self-denying disputants coming to blows, and every one agreed that it was, out of sight, the best salmon that had ever been eaten in London. Certainly, it was one of the merriest parties that ever ate a salmon, for Mr. Sudberry's choice friends were of an uncommonly genial stamp. Jones, the head clerk (the man with the red nose and humble aspect), was there, and so brilliant was Mr. Sudberry that Jones was observed

to smile!—the first instance on record of his having given way to levity of demeanour. Lady Knownothing was there too, and before the evening was over she knew a few things that surprised but did not in the least convince her. Oh, no! she knew everything so thoroughly that there was no possibility on earth of increasing *her* stock of knowledge! Truly it was a happy party, and Mr. Sudberry enjoyed himself so much that he volunteered the Highland fling in the drawing room—George whistling the music—on which occasion he (Mr. S.) swept nearly half the tea-service off the table with his coat-tails, and Mrs. S. was so happy that she didn't care a button—and said so!

But this was not the end of it yet, by any means. That winter Hector and Flora Macdonald visited London and were received by the Sudberrys with open arms. The result was that Lucy became intensely botanical in her tastes, and routed out the old plants. Of course Hector could not do less than assist her, and the finale was, that these two scientific individuals were married, and dwelt for many years thereafter in the Highlands. Strange to say, George and Flora fell in love with each—— But why say more? We do not mean to write the history of these two families. It is enough to say, that every summer for many years after that the Sudberrys spent two or three months in the Highlands with the Macdonalds, and every winter the Macdonalds spent a similar period with the Sudberrys. On the former of these occasions Fred renewed his intercourse with Mr. McAllister, and these two became so profoundly, inconceivably, deep and metaphysical, besides theological, in their converse, that they were utterly incomprehensible to every one except themselves.

Best of all, Jacky became a good boy! Yes; that day on the hills with Peter was the beginning of it—old Moggy, Willie, and Flora, were the continuation of it—and Jacky became good, to the unspeakable joy of his mother.

Old Moggy lived to a fabulous age, and became at last as wrinkled as a red herring. For all we know to the contrary, she may be alive yet. Willie lived with her and became a cultivator of the soil. But why go on? Enough has been said to show that no ill befell any individual mentioned in our tale. Even Mrs. Brown lived to a good old age, and was a female dragon to the last. Enough has also been said to prove that, as the old song has it, "we little know what great things from little things may rise."

(*End of Freaks on the Fells.*)

JOHN LINWOOD.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

"Children, obey your parents."—*Ephesians* vi. 1.

THE tale I now tell is no invention of the imagination, coloured by fancy, but one in which I was a sorrowing actor, together with several others of my thoughtless schoolfellows, many of whom departed this life long years ago. We were all born at a river-side town, in one of the English midland counties, christened in the same font at the grey old church, and had played together from the time we were first able to walk. I do not think there was more than two years' difference in any of our ages. We were all children of one neighbourhood, and a stone could be thrown from any of the chamber-windows, where we first saw the light, into that broad majestic river, which, after winding for miles through a sweet green pastoral country, emptied itself into the sea. We were as familiar with ships, and boats, and sailors, as village children are with common wayside-flowers. There was always a smell of tar hanging about the air of that old water-side street, and in some places great high warehouses threw their broad dark shadows far out upon the river, and made us think it would be very terrible to be drowned there, where all looked so black and silent. Many people were drowned in the course of a year, through falling over the sides of the ships,—out of boats when they stood on the seats to scull—attempting to go on board in the dark—overreaching themselves while dipping their pails or pitchers when they went for water, and the tide ran strong—missing ropes, or falling from the wharves. Death seemed ever to stand keeping eager watch where the doors of Danger were always open.

In the little yards, courts, and alleys, that opened behind the shops and houses in that long river-side street, many sailors and their families resided, and sometimes he who went out at the entrance of one of those passages, cheerful and browned with health in the early morning, would be borne in at night, on the shoulders of his shipmates, a corpse. The missing of a rope, the slipperiness of a plank, might leave one less in that ship's crew, or a wife husbandless, and children fatherless, in one of the

little houses in those courts and alleys. And sometimes, as they bore the body along, they had to stoop to avoid the clothes-lines, where hung the clothes, clean and white, which the wife had made ready for him to take with him on his voyage, and which he would never be able to wear again. Children with wondering eyes would stand afraid, peeping in at the open door, through which they had carried the body, and other children within doors would be heard crying, because their father was drowned; and the little ones of all, that could but just talk, would soon understand that he would never bring them any more pretty toys to play with, as he did after returning from a voyage.

Yet, with these sorrowful scenes before our eyes, well aware of the danger and its consequence, and in spite of the warnings we received from our parents and friends, we were constantly at the river-side, bathing, boating, or getting into mischief. Now I am older and better able to judge, I see too clearly that the course of this disobedience often sprang from pride, as there were the sons of sailors amongst my play-fellows, and they considered it cowardly to be afraid of the water.

I believe now that it requires a braver heart to bear being taunted with cowardice, rather than disobey and do that which we know to be wrong, and that the boy who would sooner be called a coward, than disobey the commands of his parents, displays the greatest moral courage.

John Linwood—I write down his real name in sorrow, for I believe there is not even a distant relation living, either on the father's or the mother's side now, but that the grave has long since closed over them all—was one of my earliest playmates; we sat on the same form at school, were partners in keeping rabbits and birds, and had a little plot of garden-ground between us, into which we transplanted the choicest flowers we found in our rambles through the fields and woods. He was the only child living out of three. I remember I was just tall enough to peep into the little coffin, as he stood holding my hand and crying, where his pretty sister lay—she who used to play with us, with her golden-coloured hair blowing all about her sweet face, and through which her blue eyes often peeped out as from under a veil. I placed the bunch of flowers they gave me for the purpose on her hand, and when we laid her in the little grave, beside her brother in the old churchyard, there was only John left to shout and play in that great rambling house, which those childish voices—then hushed for ever—seemed to fill with happiness. His parents were God-fearing people, and knelt at the great footstool of Mercy to thank Him "who giveth and taketh away," for still sparing them one child.

I remember since, and must have noticed it then, though it strikes my

mind very differently now, how his fond mother would sit with her eyes fixed upon him while he bent over his books, or while we were preparing our fishing-tackle, or any other thing to afford us after-amusement. I believe, from what I can recall of the expression of her face, and the silent motion of her lips, that at such times she was often in her heart praying that he might be preserved to comfort her in her old age, and be delivered from temptation and danger. Nor did we ever go out together, if his father was in the way, without receiving a warning not to get into mischief, nor run wantonly into danger.

Though at home an affectionate and dutiful boy, when out with us, John was at times very obstinate and daring. He once climbed the crumbling walls of a ruined castle to gather a root of wild wall-flowers that grew on the battlements, while the stones and rubbish came rattling down about his ears; and, though several boys tried to accomplish the same feat after he descended, not one was able to ascend higher than where the ivy grew around the empty mullions of the windows. He would climb the rigging of a ship, and stand on the topmast with the vane between his knees. He had fixed his heart on being a sailor when he was old enough, yet knowing what pain it would give his parents, if he expressed a wish to go to sea, he rested contented by making me his confidant. We have gone out together in the coldest day in winter, for miles along the river-banks, where only the lapping of the waves and the wailing of the plover could be heard, so that we might harden ourselves, against we were old enough, to go out to Greenland a whaling, for many Greenland whalers lived in the courts and alleys of that old river-side town, and some of their sons had gone out as cabin boys. If we saw a large sheet of ice in the river, we called out "a whale! a whale!" unmoored a boat, and, not without difficulty and danger, brought it ashore. When we stuck the boat-hook into the ice, we called that "harpooning him."

At another time, after discovering a cave in a wood, we talked about leaving home, and living there like Robin Hood, and his daring outlaws of old; we made ourselves bows and arrows, and knowing nothing about the game laws, thought it would be quite jolly to live on the hares and rabbits we might shoot and roast in the cave, and we became such capital marksmen that we could stick an arrow in a wide gate-post, if we stood pretty near, and had three or four tries. The only thing we did really hit that was alive was a lame gander of Nanny Harrison's, which she was compelled to kill, and several weeks' pocket-money had to be sacrificed to pay the old woman. We looked very foolish at one another, when, after paying her the last shilling she demanded, she said, "You may go shoot the old grey goose now, if you can hit her, if you'll

pay the same price." I have no doubt the sum we had to put down weekly, to keep the old woman from telling our parents that we had wounded her gander, put a stop to our notions of turning outlaws.

Along the shores of that old river lay scores of acres of warp-land, which the tide covered at high water, and which at low water lay as smooth as glass, and as soft as paste, until hardened by the sun. And on this smooth shore, that spread out like a sheet of wax, often thirty or forty feet in width from high-water mark, John, with a stick, would draw such spirited horses, often larger than real horses, as astonished us, so life-like were the outlines. At full gallop he would make their tails and manes stream out like jagged thunder-clouds careering over a stormy sky; and by a few touches give the fiery eye and dilated nostril, which, if we tried for hours, we could not imitate. Wellington, with his plumes streaming backward, and driving a whole army before his uplifted sword, while his war-horse trampled the fallen foes under foot; Napoleon crossing the Alps, his cloak blowing backward in the wind, were as easy for him to draw with a stick, on that smooth, soft sloping river-shore, as it was for us to write "Evil communication corrupts good manners," in round hand in our copy-books at school. Hawksley, who was apprentice to a sign-painter, said, that when his master had to paint a new sign-board for the "Black Horse" public-house, John drew the outline of the horse for him, and when we asked him if he did it, instead of either saying yes or no, he replied, "I was by when he painted a portion of it." Though he was not more than twelve years of age, the sign-painter offered to take him apprentice without any premium, and the man was considered very clever, and painted all the signs of the ships, and ferry-boats, that were hung out of the public-houses, for miles, in the little towns and villages on both sides of the river. If you wanted to know how high a whale could spout out the water, you should see his sign of the "Jolly Whalers," and the water it blew out was higher than the topmast of the ship; and he made such mountains of waves, that when the sign swung to and fro in the wind, you could almost fancy you heard his seas roar again.

Then John was always inventing new games, and when we went to bathe far away from the town, where the shore sloped gradually from the high willow and sedge-covered banks, and left a margin wider than any high road you ever travelled over, we used to play at Robinson Crusoe and the savages. To make us look like real savages, while bathing, we rubbed ourselves over from head to foot with the fresh river-warp, which dried on our skins in a few minutes, and left us all a deep brown colour, no doubt very like that of many of the real savages. Then

the warp was almost as good as soap, and we could wash ourselves as clean as new pins in about a minute. John was Robinson Crusoe, and his dog was the goat, that followed him everywhere. He walked along the shore with a stick resting on each shoulder for the two guns, and a great dock-leaf over his head for an umbrella. Ah! you should have seen the start he gave when he first discovered the print of Man Friday's footstep on the shore. I don't believe Robinson Crusoe himself could have done it better. Then we set up a yell, and, all brown with river-warp, sprang up out of the tall sedge where we were hidden, carrying another boy among us, who was supposed to be Man Friday's father, and whom we were to kill like the cannibals. Then Crusoe and Friday fired at us with warp, and the dog chased us, and we had to run into the river to escape; while Friday danced round the boy we had bound with rushes and left on the shore. And so his father was freed from the savages that were to have eaten him.

Oh what a different scene did that very shore present on a future day! Even now while I write it comes as vividly before me, though so many years have elapsed, as if what I have to narrate only happened yesterday; so strongly is it impressed on that "inward eye," where Memory paints pictures of the past.

It was his birthday.

We had a half holiday every Wednesday, and were free to go wherever we pleased, and for days beforehand we had laid out our plans, as it was the beginning of June, when days are so long, and nearly all the flowers are in bloom. When we returned, we were all to have tea with John, and I know not what beside, in honour of his birthday; and his kind mother had given us until seven o'clock, at which time we were to return. We knew all about the rich plum buns she would make, and which the baker's boy would bring home on a great flat tin, covered with a green-baize cloth—a tin so big that he could not get into an ordinary doorway with it on his head, and none of our mothers made such rich cakes as Mrs. Linwood; we didn't think they put so many eggs, nor so much butter, sugar, and mixed spice into them. We cared not to wait for dinner, if it wasn't ready on that day, for we knew, when we called for him, we should each receive a thick piece of seed cake, which she had made some days before, as she considered it ate all the better for being a little old. To get away as soon as possible into the fields or woods, on the hills, or by the river side, was all we thought of on that clear, bright, beautiful June day.

John was the only one who wore his best clothes, as he always did on his birth-day; as for us, we could spare a few minutes to change our

dresses when we returned before going in to tea, for we liked best to have our common work-a-day clothes on when we went into the country on a half holiday.

There was that peculiarly affectionate look in his mother's eyes, as she stood at the door to see us off, which I have before described, and one thing I had never seen her do before in the street, unless when he was quite a little child—she kissed him.

"You will not go into the river to-day, will you?" said the mother, no doubt addressing us all.

"No! mother, we will not," was John's answer. Excepting himself, I was the only one who replied, and I said, "We must not, with those clothes on," meaning that his new clothes would get soiled by placing them on the river bank, for we were not at all particular about where we threw off our apparel.

Nothing more was uttered until we were beyond his mother's hearing, when a boy we had nicknamed Silver-lips, on account of his being so good a whistler, said, "I shall go bathe, you may all do as you like." There were six of us in all.

John made no remark; he was easily persuaded, and was sure to go or do what the rest did, when so many of us were together. If he had but one companion, he liked to have his own way. When we reached the town-end, we stopped to decide which way we were to go. One had a hawk's nest he wanted to look at in the wood—he thought the young ones were quite fledged enough to be taken. Another knew of a stock-dove's nest, in the same direction. A third had got his fishing-tackle with him. Silver-lips wanted to bathe, so there was an equal division: two for the wood, and two for the river-side. John would go whichever way I went, so we stood at the foot of the bridge for a few minutes undecided as to where we should go.

Since that day I have visited many of the towns and villages in England, and become acquainted with the roads that branch off every way about numbers of them, but in none have I seen such a variety of walks, roads, bridle and field-paths, as spread around that river-side town. I have taken up my pen, and mapped them out, and on paper they look as intersected almost as the web of the garden spider. They run lengthwise and crosswise at the foot of the hills, up the hill sides, and along the summits. Here they dipped down into valleys, there they wound into green lanes, some running up to the river, others a mile or two off stretching for leagues beside it, and going in and coming out, and bending round the most picturesque spots in the landscape. And at every few miles pretty villages nestled among the trees, or lonely farm-

houses showed their thatched roofs across the fields, while church towers and spires shot up, like pious landmarks amid the scenery. Some of the roads ran through woods and plantations, across parks, and through great orchards, and fields that in autumn rustled with ripe corn, and where the heavy brown ears fell and met across the footpath and impeded your steps. Then there were great water-courses with pleasant banks beside them, covered in summer with the choicest wild flowers, that emptied themselves into the river, and over which a fallen tree or a narrow plank formed the only bridge. All these roads were as familiar to us for miles around that inland town as the way to school or church, for we were not lads to play in the paved streets, or sit huddling around the hearth, while there was so much fresh air, and such open space in every direction about us. And on that hot sunny June day, when the roses were in bloom, and the May still in blossom, we selected the river-side for our holiday ramble.

We wandered slowly along the river-bank, following all its ins and outs, instead of taking the narrow cuts across the fields, which formed huge half-moons here and there, so many bendings were there in this portion of the river. We watched the fish rising at the flies, and guessed at their weight as they threw themselves out of the water, making wide circles from the centre, down which they had plunged, that spread and rounded until the ripples broke upon the shore. We looked at the deep holes beside the broken embankments, and talked about the bottom-fish we had pulled out of them, and the great depth we had fished from float to hook, to catch those heavy sluggards that were so fond of feeding on ground bait.

At length we came to the sand-bed—our favourite bathing-place, where the river sloped down so gently, that I, who could swim, had often walked in with the palms of my hands flattened together above my head as high as I could reach with outstretched arms, until even the tips of my upraised fingers were under the water before I made a single stroke outward, so gently and gradually did the smooth hard sand-bed slope.

I remarked to my companions that I had never seen the river so low as on that day, for there were not only then neap-tides coming in from seaward so low and weak as scarcely to turn the current for more than a mile or two below the bridge, leaving a slack where generally the strong eddies rolled and boiled, but added to this there had scarcely been any rain for several weeks. As a proof of the lowness of the river, I pointed to the top of a large square stone, visible for the first time above the water, on the opposite side of the river. I had touched on it many

times with my feet, after swimming across, but never before had the surface dry and bare in the sunshine. A barge had sunk there many years before, broken up, and drifted away, and the immense stone which was intended for the base of some column had never been raised. I was quite eager to swim across and have a look at it, having often heard that it weighed several tons, and had cost many pounds, as it was red granite.

Three of our companions could not swim, one of whom was John Linwood. I had tried hard, but never could teach him; had caught frogs and got him to notice the way they struck out; had laid myself face downward across benches and tables, and shown him how I struck out with my hands forward and my feet backward, at the self-same moment of time, and told him over and over again, if he could only do that, and just keep his hands all the time under water, flat with the palms down and the backs up, that he could not sink, if he tried. But somehow I could not get him to attend to me, nor make him jerk all his limbs out together, sending his arms one way and his legs another, as if he were going to shake all four off at one stroke, for that is the whole art of swimming—at least, to a beginner. A boy who has once confidence to do this, and to keep his head and chest well up, cannot sink, unless the cramp were to seize him and render his limbs powerless, neither is there any occasion to make these strokes quick, for they may be made quite easily, as one good stroke sends the swimmer forward several feet. We used to bet trifling wagers about swimming across the river with the fewest strokes, at which Silver-lips beat us all—he swam so light, that is, with so much of his chest out of the water, while I was a heavy swimmer, and if the river was rough got many a dash in the face with the waves, though I could swim farther than many of my schoolfellows. As three of us could swim we set off abreast to try which could reach the huge stone first, that had been imbedded so many years near low-water mark, without ever having been visible before, since the rotten old barge foundered with it in the hold. I had the forethought to caution the companions we left dabbling in shallow water to keep where they were, as the river was so low, it might shelve off suddenly into deep water in other spots, they were not so accustomed to as the sand-bed, for that I knew was safe.

We had swam across the river, and were all three seated lazily on the huge block of red granite, our feet dangling idly in the water, and looking at our schoolfellows on the opposite shore. One we saw splashing in the water, the other two were running as fast as they could along the low sloping margin of the river, where it was dry, from under the em-

bankment of overhanging osiers, to the edge of the water, a space of many feet. At that distance we could not distinguish one boy from another, nude as they all were, but I could see that the one pursuing his companion was fast gaining upon him. Where we were sitting we commanded an extensive view of the opposite shore of the river, and I could see that the foremost runner, as if finding his companion was likely to overtake him, had again taken to the water, where a rough fence went gradually sloping a long way into the river, to prevent the cattle from straying from one field to another at low water, and low as the river was, the fence was carried so far out that a portion of it was still under water. They had run full two hundred yards from the sand-bed, and were then in a part of the river I knew little about, excepting that, having once sat on the projecting fence to angle, I had noticed how the eddies boiled and circled a little way out, as if stayed in their course,—a sure sign of deep water, wherever such whirlpools are seen near the shore, of holes that engulph the current and check it in its course,—spots where bubbles keep circling round one another, and bits of straw or stick cannot get away, but keep up a whirling motion caused by the strong suction below. I had then thought, were anyone to be drowned here, he would keep going round and round under the water until he was sucked in deep down into one of those dark and unfathomed holes.

How sweetly the sunshine slept that calm, bright June afternoon, on the eastern shore of the smooth-flowing river, giving a golden glow to the willows, and burning our bare backs as the scorching rays played upon us, making the block of granite too hot to sit upon for long! So sitting, we were suddenly startled by a loud shrill shriek, a cry of great agony, that sent the blood back chilly into the heart, and when we looked across the river, after having cast an affrighted gaze at each other, we saw there was but one boy beside the fence, to which he was clinging with one hand, as if attempting to reach something with his outstretched arm. I forget now what we said—few can remember the words spoken in a moment of great terror. We ran along the western bank of the river until we came opposite to where the fence dipped down on the opposing shore, plunged in, and swam with aching hearts across. That cry of agony came nearer and nearer as we swam closer to the eastern shore; and, long before any of our feet touched ground, the cry of "Oh, poor John Linwood!" reached our ears.

There was no need to ask where. Calm and smooth as glass did the broad river appear everywhere, excepting close beside and beyond the water-fence, and there it swirled and boiled like a cauldron, and sent its

whirling eddies far out, as if somewhere below "deep called to deep," and that was the bubbling made above those hidden secrets.

Silver-lips could dive like a fish, and plunged in at once head foremost, remaining so long under the water that a new alarm was given. When he came up, it was a long way off, and when he swam back to us he was pale as death, drew his breath heavily, and, pointing to the eddies, said, "I was carried a long way before I could rise; it's dangerous diving there." We all sat down on the river-shore and wept.

I was most to blame, having given my word that we would not bathe, and his mother had faith in me, and I had hitherto been proud of the trust placed in me—of always speaking the truth. Even when I had done wrong I would not conceal my guilt under a lie, let the punishment be what it might. Some of my companions had often taunted me, and said it was pride only that caused me to tell the truth, and we had fought. How could I look in that mother's face again? I fancied what Cain must have felt when the Voice said, "Where is Abel thy brother?" She had always trusted her darling boy with me anywhere unquestioned, and I had led him to death. I must return, but he could not return with me any more for ever; the place that had once known him would know him no more. Which of us dare tell his mother? Who amongst us dare set foot in that house to say "He is dead?" His clothes, too! we could not leave them there; they must be carried home, and delivered to her. She would need no telling; they had only to be taken in and placed on one of the chairs on which he had sat, or laid on the floor where he had stood. The tea-table would be set out; she would keep coming to the door, or rising from her seat, to look out at the window. I pictured her pale face through the pane of glass. No, we dare not do it; not one of us had courage to be that sad messenger. We walked along in silence, carrying his clothes amongst us, each one bearing something. The river no longer looked in our eyes like a golden pathway; we saw only the sun shining on a great grave, under which our dear companion was buried.

I do not think he had ever bestowed one serious thought on the necessity of learning to swim. He always laughed at it as something childish, but that might be because others who were much younger than he was were good swimmers; or if he ever did make an earnest attempt, his natural impatience at not at once mastering what was so simple and easy to do by lesser boys overcame him, and caused him to treat the art as something too insignificant to waste time over, for so clever as he was at almost everything, I cannot but believe that if he had determined to become a swimmer, he must have succeeded. I have come to

this conclusion,—that it was impatience, through remembering that, if any boy excelled in clever tricks, John Linwood would not try more than once or twice to do them, and if he failed, which he rarely did, would abandon the attempt. Might not this be pride looking at it with the most charitable eye, a wish to leave an impression that he could do it if he pleased to practise as we did? Were we not also to blame in yielding to his ways in so many things, and, above all, in admitting to his face that we believed he could do them if he liked? There are boys who, after trying for months, can never learn to knuckle down and shoot a marble with any force, nor spin a pegtop well, however much they may try,—feats which little urchins newly-breeched excel in.

If I am right—though I loved him as dearly as if he were my own brother—this was a weakness in his character, a fault, in him who was almost perfect, for I cannot call it a vice, as there was nothing vicious in his noble and gentle nature, for he was the noblest-minded boy of all my many acquaintances. King Alfred, the great Saxon king, who, in his lifetime, was called the truth-teller, says in his writings, "We are all born alike noble; there is no difference at our birth—and by vice only can we *unnoble* ourselves."

My tale is told. We went to the school, and made our master acquainted with what had happened, and he had the presence of mind to send to our good clergyman, who carried the sad message to the mother of our lost companion. Though the greatest weight of misery fell upon her, yet for many a long day our young hearts lay crushed under the same heavy burthen, and all this wretchedness was caused not through disobedience only, but through our beloved schoolfellow and playmate neglecting to learn to swim!

ANSWER TO QUEER QUOTATION NO. XI.

"At first the infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."—*Shakespeare.*

THE INDIAN BOY.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the summer of 1824, some seven or eight years after the occurrences related in the last chapter, the Governor-General of India, Lord Amherst, had occasion to send one of his secretaries on a confidential mission to the British Resident at Delhi. Troubles had broken out among the Mahrattas, a wild fierce race, who had never wholly succumbed to European ascendancy; and it was feared that a sanguinary war would be the result. Buldeo Singh, who had been for many years the faithful ally of England, had recently died, leaving a son too young to assume the reins of government; and the brother of the late Rajah, Doorjun Saul, had usurped the throne. The English authorities had shown some symptoms of vacillation in their dealings with him. These, as might have been foreseen, had encouraged him to assume a more defiant tone than he would otherwise have ventured on; and it was now felt that there was no course open to them but to despatch a large military force to Bhurtpore, and reduce him to submission. Francis Trevor, who had arrived some five years previously in India, accompanied the secretary on his mission; and together they travelled with all the speed and secrecy which it was possible to secure in those days, arriving at Agra even earlier than the Governor-General had anticipated. Here Trevor and his principal parted company—the latter proceeding with the same rapidity as before to Delhi, the former accompanying a squadron of the —th regiment of native cavalry, which had been for some time quartered at Agra, and were now ordered to march without the delay of an hour on Bhurtpore. Trevor was greatly surprised, more surprised than pleased, at recognizing in the subaltern officers commanding the detachment, his old schoolfellows, Joyce and Dalison. They had proceeded to Addiscombe at the end of the half-year following Arthur Johnstone's disappearance, and in process of time had obtained their commissions in the Company's service. It will readily be believed that neither party were very anxious to renew an intimacy, the termination of which had been attended by circumstances so unwelcome; nor was Trevor the more inclined to such a course by the reports he

received at Agra of his former schoolfellows. However, as they must inevitably be fellow travellers for the next few days, and moreover would have no other persons with whom they could exchange even the most ordinary conversation, they were obliged to assume a virtue if they had it not, and affect a show of mutual cordiality.

Thus they proceeded for the first three days: on the last of which the reconnoitring parties, which from time to time they sent out, began to bring in some doubtful and even alarming rumours. They were advancing into the Mahratta country, and symptoms of its disturbed condition began everywhere to show themselves. Sometimes they came on a village which had been sacked, and the bodies of the inhabitants, killed or wounded, lay in all directions by the roadside. From some of the survivors they learned that the leader of the foray in which they had fallen was one Ahmed Singh, Rajah of Jesselpore; who had warmly espoused the faction of Doorjun Saul, and had made a descent on the villages which refused to recognise his supremacy. It was added, that he had with him a large cavalry force, much superior in numbers to that commanded by Joyce and Dalison; but it was generally believed that hearing of the approach of the European troops, he had withdrawn beyond the Sutlej.

"That is lucky," observed Joyce when the non-commissioned officer had finished his report. "We have heard plenty of our friend Ahmed during our stay at Agra, and I have no fancy to encounter his troopers with such a handful of fellows as we have got with us."

"No," said Dalison, "more especially as we have to pass the Dhoondah. I am half inclined to remain here until Warren comes up. These Mahrattas are as wily as serpents, and very likely Ahmed has only pretended to retire, in order to come upon us unawares to-morrow."

"Is the Dhoondah pass very dangerous?" asked Trevor.

"Dangerous? I believe you," replied Dalison. "The rocks are two hundred feet high on each side in some places, and the opening scarcely thirty feet wide. A lot of old women might settle the whole of us if they knew how to go to work. What were your instructions, Joyce? Have you any discretion as to stopping or going on?"

"Well, I am afraid not," replied Joyce, consulting the written memorandum given him by the commandant at Agra. "He says, 'Press on with all possible speed, and without the delay of an hour.' You see, if we knew that Ahmed was in possession of the passes, it would be a different thing. It would be sheer madness, and certain sacrifice of all lives, to go on then. But you have heard that our fellows report that the enemy has fallen back, and the pass is open."

"You must push on at all risks," said Trevor, "I know it is of the utmost importance, and if I may venture to advise, we had better move instantly, so as to pass the defile before nightfall. If Ahmed Singh has retired, the pass will of course be open now; but as soon as he learns the smallness of our force, is he not pretty sure to return?"

"True," said Dalison, "we had better set out at once. Sergeant, give orders to march in half an hour; meanwhile send the corporal's guard forward to reconnoitre the pass."

They were soon in the saddle again, and an hour or two's steady riding brought them to the entrance of the ravine. Here they were met by one of the soldiers of the guard, who had been sent forward with the intelligence that the advanced party had traversed the whole of the defile without encountering the slightest opposition. Satisfied with this assurance, Joyce, by Dalison's advice, ordered an immediate advance, as rapid as the nature of the ground would permit. Had he scrutinised the faces of some of his veteran troopers, he would have read on them an expression which might have induced him to pause; but Dalison, notwithstanding his natural sagacity, was a haughty and rather indolent officer, who, like many of his countrymen, held the natives in too much contempt to inquire what they might say or think.

His omission proved as fatal as it has done on subsequent occasions. They had reached the narrowest gorge of the ravine without interruption, when on a sudden a shout was heard from the precipice above them; and the next moment a huge mass of earth, mingled with stone and timber, fell directly in the path, which it blocked up so as to present for the moment an impassable obstacle. At the same instant a soldier came galloping up to announce that a strong body of Mahrattas were attacking them in the rear. It was evident that they were caught in a trap; and the next minute the fact was still more clearly evidenced by the appearance of sharpshooters, half concealed in the crevices of the rocks above, whose fire emptied saddle after saddle without the least possibility of retaliation. It was impracticable alike to advance or retreat; and the cry for quarter, which was raised as soon as the hopelessness of the situation became apparent, was sternly disregarded. At length the few who still survived unhurt, among whom Trevor and the two officers were included, succeeded in surmounting, by desperate efforts, the mass of ruin by which the road had been barricaded, and galloped in safety through the remainder of the defile.

But they had little reason to congratulate themselves on their escape. As they emerged from the pass, they found themselves in the midst of a troop of irregular horse—the vanguard, as they learned, of Ahmed's

army, and would have been instantly cut down, but that the epaulettes of the officers, and still more the dress and appearance of Trevor, marked them out as persons of distinction. The officer in command ordered them to be instantly disarmed and secured in close custody, until the Rajah himself should come up. He accompanied this act of lenity, however, with an assurance, that he only thereby delayed their execution for a few hours, as his chief had sworn to spare no Europeans who might fall into his power, and it was an oath which he had never broken. With this comfortable assurance he left them in charge of a ferocious looking Mahratta, who kept guard over them through the night with a drawn scimitar in his hand, which he occasionally brandished over their heads with a significant gesture, implying the extreme pleasure with which he would, and probably should, employ it upon them.

The night passed as cheerlessly as might have been expected. All three had given up any hope of escape or deliverance. Ahmed Singh was well known throughout the whole surrounding district for the merciless severity with which he put to death every European, and particularly every Englishman, that fell into his hands. A price had in consequence been set upon his head, the knowledge of which circumstance added desperation to his natural ferocity. It was impossible to expect assistance from the troops advancing from Agra. Occupied as the defile now was by a strong military power, it could not be forced; at least not without repeated efforts, which would cause protracted delay, and a terrible sacrifice of life. A few hours must inevitably place their lives at the mercy of the Mahratta Rajah; and that they felt was equivalent to the sentence of immediate death.

Early in the morning they were roused from the stupor, rather than sleep, into which they had fallen, by the arrival of a messenger from the Rajah, requiring them to be brought into his presence. He had come up, they learned, from the Sutlej, and was now encamped at a few miles' distance. It is not easy at any time to daunt English officers; nevertheless, the strange and savage appearance of their captors, and the looks of undisguised hatred which every eye expressed which rested upon theirs, was enough to strike terror into the bravest bosom. On reaching the outskirts of the camp, they were met by the Rajah's body-guard, with drawn scimitars, who conducted them to his presence.

Ahmed Singh was leaning against the pillar of the tent, engaged in council with his officers, when the prisoners were introduced. Even at that trying moment, Trevor could not help being struck with his appearance, which seemed the perfect impersonation of an Eastern

robber. He was evidently in the prime of youth, scarcely more it seemed than twenty years of age, but had the brow and glance of a man of forty. His tall, martial figure was clad in the armour with which Indian artists of late years have made us so familiar, and the light, flexible ring mail seemed to fit him, as the skin of the panther does the animal to which it belongs. Perceiving their entrance, he broke off the conversation by which he had been engrossed, and gave an order, in his own language, to the guards to bring the prisoners forward. Then seating himself on the pile of cushions spread for him, he contemplated them with a stern and haughty glance, and inquired in very intelligible English, which was the leader of the party. Joyce replying that he was the senior officer present, the Rajah proceeded to put to him a string of questions, demanding the number of soldiers under his own command, and of those now on their march from Agra; the place on which they had been directed to move; and the purpose for which the movement was made. Observing Joyce falter and hesitate, he interrupted him with a fierce gesture and exclamation.

"Beware! dog of a Feringhi, that you palter not with me. I never loved your race; and it needs but a motion of my hand, and your head will roll on the floor of this tent. Ha!" he muttered in a lower tone to himself, "where can I have seen that face? It seems familiar to me, yet I have never encountered an officer of his regiment before! It must be fancy. Tell me once more," he resumed in a louder tone, "the precise number of men composing your regiment, and of the troop under your command."

Notwithstanding the threat, which was evidently no idle one, Joyce still hesitated. He was aware that his life would be instantly forfeited if he should refuse to answer the questions put to him, or should be detected in the slightest mis-statement; nor would there be any security, that even should he answer all that was asked of him correctly, the wily savage would not order his execution, as soon as he had ascertained what he had required. But he was aware also, that he was in possession of information of which the Rajah knew nothing, and in exchange for which he would willingly give him his life and liberty, if he could only make the bargain with him. This would be treason no doubt, but his life was at stake, and Joyce was not the man—as the reader knows, he had not been the boy—to sacrifice himself to a sense of honour. Besides, he argued that the Rajah would be sure to obtain the information from Dalison, if not from himself; so that the interests of the English government would suffer quite as much, even if he remained silent. Addressing his questioner therefore, in his own language, with which

Joyce had some slight acquaintance, he begged the Rajah to defer his inquiries until he could grant him a private interview; when he had secret intelligence for his ear of the utmost consequence, which he would impart on condition of his life being spared.

Ahmed Singh smiled with bitter scorn, and desired two of his guards to convey Joyce into an adjoining tent, and there wait his arrival. Then motioning to the others, he caused Trevor to be placed before him, and addressed to him the same questions which he had previously put to Joyce.

"I am a civilian," replied Trevor calmly, "and do not know the numbers of the forces under the English general, nor the order of their march."

"A civilian, do you say? are you attached to the mission of the envoy despatched to Delhi?"

"Yes," replied Trevor.

"Then perhaps you are in possession of the same information which the dog, from whom I have just parted, has offered me in exchange for his life. If so, I will more willingly make the bargain with you than with him. I like your face, as well as I can like that of a Feringhi, but his is, for some cause, odious to me. I would rather spare you than him, if I must spare one."

"Whatever information I may possess," replied Frank, in the same tone as before, "is the secret of my sovereign and my country. It would be the act of a traitor to divulge it."

"Ha, you refuse!" exclaimed the Rajah. "Guards, your scimitars! Yet stay! he may have some secret instructions concealed about his person. Tear open his dress, and search."

The guards obeyed, and stripping off the prisoner's upper coat proceeded carefully to examine its contents, and afterwards the other articles of his clothing. Presently their researches brought to light a chain hung round his neck, to which a gold ornament of a remarkable shape and fashion was attached. As the eye of Ahmed, who was closely observant of all that passed, lit on this object, he uttered a sudden exclamation of surprise.

"Hold!" he cried, "and hand hither the piece of gold which the prisoner wears attached to that chain. By the sword of the Prophet, it is the same! Ho, Feringhi, tell me your name, and whence you obtained this ornament."

"It was given me, or rather left in my charge, by a schoolfellow, a countryman I believe of your own, years ago, in England."

"And your name?" said his questioner.

"Is Francis Trevor."

"Release him," said the Rajah, "and give him his robe again. We march in a quarter of an hour for Bhurtpore. Provide a horse for the Feringhi, and treat him with all possible honour. He will ride by my side, and share my tent this evening. For the other two, they remain your prisoners. See they escape not, or your lives will answer for theirs. Now leave us, let all be in readiness for departure. Trevor," he added, turning to the Englishman, who, divided between astonishment at the strange scene, and thankfulness at his unhoped for escape, knew not how to express the feelings which were struggling for utterance, "look not so amazed. I am the schoolfellow who hung round your neck the piece of gold which has saved your life. You cannot have forgotten Arthur Johnstone?"

During the march to Bhurtpore there was ample leisure for Trevor to hear the still stranger sequel of the strange story, which the reader has already perused in the earlier chapters of this narrative. Arthur Johnstone was, it appeared, the only son of Jessel Singh, a Mahratta chief who had waged incessant warfare with the British government for more than twenty years; and who, though disastrously defeated by Lord Lake, and reduced to a condition little better than that of a robber, had contrived to maintain his independence. Notwithstanding that, like all Mussulmen of high rank, he had several wives, there was no male heir to his throne, until it chanced that in one of his numerous inroads on the Company's territory, an English lady and her daughter, named Johnstone, fell into his hands. He became deeply enamoured of the latter, and partly by threats, partly by persuasion, prevailed on her to become his wife. She bore him the only son that was ever born to his house, and was thenceforth regarded by Jessel Singh with even greater honour and affection than before. Notwithstanding this, the lady, who was fickle and self-willed, began to grow weary, after a time, of the barbaric splendour and sudden vicissitudes of fortune between which her life alternated. Seizing the opportunity of the Rajah's lengthened absence on a marauding expedition, she fled to the sea coast and embarked for England, taking with her her son and a large amount of property in gold and jewels. The Rajah, on his return to Jesselpore, was bitterly incensed at his wife's treachery. For herself, he swore that not only would he never again permit her to enter his presence, but he would revenge her perfidy on all her countrymen who might fall into his hands. But his son he resolved to recover, if it should be possible for him to do so. He accordingly despatched a European servant of his wife, who had remained faithful to his service, with instructions to

follow and discover the retreat of the fugitives in England, and having ascertained this, at once to communicate it to him.

The servant reached England about two months after Arthur had been consigned to Dr. Brooksbank's school; and by dint of unremitting inquiries and a profuse expenditure of money, succeeded in discovering the place of his young master's residence. He was on the point of conveying the intelligence of his success, as he had been instructed to do, when a strange chance threw the boy himself into his power.

"You remember," said the Rajah at this point of the narrative, as he rode by Trevor's side through a defile, not unlike the one which had so nearly proved fatal to him on the previous day—"you remember, I doubt not, that when I would not consent to offer sacrifice, even in sport, to the accursed idol, whom every true follower of the prophet accounts to be one and the same with Zatanai himself—they narrowly escaped the retribution which I had prepared for them, and ran like frightened sheep from the chamber, leaving you and me alone in it. I resolved at once that I would stay no longer to be the object of their feeble malignity; but I would not go without bidding you farewell, who alone had been my steadfast friend. But you, however, were too weak and faint to understand me, and I could not delay. I could but hang the small gold ornament, which I had brought with me from Jesselpore, round your neck, and then make my escape as quickly as I could, taking with me the poor reptile, who would surely have been the subject of their cruelty, had I left it behind. I lowered myself from the window, and was hurrying down to the river side, to replace the snake in the spot whence I had taken it, when, to our mutual astonishment, I encountered the Feringhi servant whom my father had sent in search of me. A hasty explanation followed. We left England a few days afterwards, and returned to India; visiting my mother on the way, in an obscure spot to which she had retired for fear of discovery, but which she had previously disclosed to me. Threatened by my companion with exposure and punishment, she readily agreed to give me up to my father, and check all inquiries respecting me."

Arrived in Jesselpore, my father received me with open arms, and under his teaching I grew up a warrior and a chief. Like him, I have avenged the wrongs which my race has sustained from the Feringhies with my sword. Blame me not. You cannot feel as I do—as the descendant of a race of conquerors feels, towards the only nation who have crushed and trampled them. Now tell me, on the honour of a Feringhi gentleman, are your companions the men I suspect?"

"They are your old schoolfellows," said Trevor, faltering. "Think

how young they were when they injured and distressed you. You will not revenge on the man the faults of the boy?"

Ahmed made no answer. The towers of Bhurtpore were now in sight, and he rode forward to give the necessary instructions to his officers before entering its gates.

On the following day Francis Trevor, loaded with rich presents, and escorted by a troop of cavalry bearing a flag of truce, was despatched to Delhi, where he was received by his friends, who had been informed of the defeat and capture of Joyce's troop, with little less surprise than would have been felt if he had risen from the dead. While taking his leave of the Rajah, he again endeavoured to obtain some promise of mercy for his companions; but his entreaties produced no effect beyond a stern frown and ominous silence. A like attempt was made by the Resident at Delhi, who sent an officer with an offer to exchange some prisoners of rank who had fallen into his hands for Dalison and Joyce; but to this overture also no answer was returned.

A few months afterwards the fortress of Bhurtpore was assaulted and captured, with terrible slaughter, by the British troops, under Lord Combermere; and Ahmed Singh, together with nearly the whole of the force immediately under his command, perished in the explosion of a mine. After the fall of the fortress, Trevor, who had accompanied the army for that special purpose, made a most careful examination of the dungeons it contained, and also instituted every possible inquiry, publicly proclaiming his readiness to pay a large sum to any one who would give him authentic information as to the fate of his former schoolfellows. But his efforts proved wholly fruitless for many years. At last, when he was past middle age, and had risen to a high rank in the Company's service, an old man in the attire of a travelling derveesh presented himself one day at his private house, and, drawing from under his cloak the long-forgotten proclamation, asked the Sahib if he was willing to make good the offer it contained. Sir Francis Trevor consented, on condition of receiving sufficient proof of the accuracy of his statements; and the Mahratta then produced a watch and a letter-case, engraved with the names of the ill-fated officers. Sir Francis, whom I met a few years afterwards on his return to England, told me that the derveesh had detailed to him with the most immovable calmness the particulars of their death, but, he added, they were of a nature too shocking to allow of his communicating them to others.

THE SURPRISING, UNHEARD-OF, AND NEVER-TO-BE-SURPASSED ADVENTURES OF

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN;

RELATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

C. H. BENNETT,

IN TWELVE "STORIES."

STORY THE TWELFTH—OF HONOURS.

BATTLES, escapes, sports, travel, love, accidents, inventions, then honours.

There are mysteries in all lives, and in mine many—so do not look to me for much explanation of the ways and means by which my titles and dignities were gained; of course in the preceding narratives you may see, as it were generally, how these honours might fairly be granted, but it is not for me to point too distinctly at the impostors whom I allow to use my dignities, rather than claim them for myself.

It is not for Munchausen to give in full such names as—

NAMES NOT TO BE MENTIONED.

P-lm-rst-n,
R-ss-ll,
R-thsch-ld,
F-r-day,
M-llais,
M-yne (C-mm-ss--n-r),
J-ff-rs-n D-v-s,
Lou-s N-p-l--n,
Ch-rles D-ck-ns,
T-nnys-n,
Br-wn-ng.

Indeed I only allude to a few such people in case you have any difficulty in understanding why I can hold so many dignities as I do.

When the Wimbledon rifle meeting was first set on foot, I believe I may say that without my aid, it could never have been carried out. Indeed it must strike you at once that the genius of Munchausen was demanded then if ever it had been before.

YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN.—HONOURS.

Now, in all proceedings of that body one name is always prominent—

ELCHO.

It is always Elcho. "Elcho here. Elcho there. Elcho everywhere!"

WHO IS ELCHO?

Who is Elcho?

Need I say it is Munchausen?

I remember well that in the Italian war under Garibaldi, I picked off so many thousand of the enemy with my Whitworth rifle that the great general himself named me

GARIBALDI'S ENGLISHMAN.

Did you ever hear of him?

Do you imagine that any mere Jew could control the condition of European finance, oh, no. Yet perhaps it was as well for me to shroud my known political activity under the assumed name of R-thsch-ld.

This was only a diplomatic motive, but when poor Far-day came to me with tears in his gentle eyes, and implored me to assist him to a scientific position, I at once, from sheer good feeling, made him a present of all my wonderful discoveries in electricity, light, and heat. This I shall never regret as long as I live. Far-day is a worthy man, and does know a little about chemistry.

ACTS OF CHARITY.

Poor Eastl-ke! I almost wish I had not shoved him into the chair of President of the Royal Academy, he has been so bullied and badgered by the younger artists, who, seeing his general incapacity, have envied him his position, that were I he I would not hold it any longer.

By the way, I have not finished those lions yet for Trafalgar Square; but I am so dunned for them by Sir Edwin Lands-r, that I think I will just knock them off in the course of next week. We shall see.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE LIONS.

Though really I have not much time to spare for the arts. The other morning I was sitting after breakfast comparing the errors of the *Times* with the bad grammar of the *Daily Telegraph*, when who should pop in but Gl-dstone.

"Munchausen," said he, "I have got into a muddle with my figures—How many are two and two?"

"Five," I answered.

"True," he replied; "I thought I was wrong." He cast down before me his keys, his purse, his ledger, day-book, and petty cash, and at once emigrated to New Zealand (they may put up with him there).

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

I was now Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Came a tap at the door,—

"Come in," I cried; and two decrepit individuals shambled in.

They held before them each a red box—one labelled "Prime Minister," the other "Foreign Office."

"Bear our burden," they cried, and throwing at my feet the two boxes, fled.

PRIME MINISTER AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

I was Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"This," thought I, "will give me something to do."

Another tap at the door. Enter Mr. Comm-ssion-r M-yne in a great hurry.

COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

"What shall I do? the Reform Club has sworn to have my life. Oh, Munchy, be my friend!"

"Anything to oblige," I said, and at once became Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

This might be enough for one boy, perhaps you may think, but when a sharp-nosed man, with a squint, came in and said in a whisper—

COMMANDER OF "THE ALABAMA."

"Laird has built me another 'Alabama'; but I dare not command it, for I have got the shivers."

I replied, "Semm-s, I will, on the one condition that I never see your ugly face any more."

He jumped out of the first-floor window, and has not been seen since. It was fortunate for him that he did not go down the staircase, or he would have met a thin awkward man, of the Welsh name of Davis, who shouted out—

"Munchausen! Munchausen! be President of the Confederate States!"

Scarcely had he done speaking, when a thinner, awkwarder man, of the name of Lincoln, rushed in after him, bawling—

"Munchausen! Munchausen! be President of the Federal States!"

"With pleasure!" I cried.

And there was, indeed, an end to the American difficulty.

SOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

But just as I was reckoning how I could best spare time for my transatlantic affairs—

Came into my breakfast-room a large body of highly respectable men, with large stomachs, red faces, and white waistcoats, who, speaking all at once, cried—

"Munchausen for Mayor!"

Could I refuse? Oh, no! and they retired down the staircase, singing melodiously—

LORD MAYOR.

"Turn again, Munchausen, thrice Lord Mayor of London."

This was a proud moment for me, although "affairs" seemed growing upon me too rapidly.

"What next?" I thought; and a portly creature, in gorgeous gold lace and cocked hat, tapped me on the right shoulder.

"Be a beadle?"

BEADLE.

"Alas!" I cried, "I have been parish, square, bank, and arcade beadle for ever so long."

However, business is business, so I put on my second-best cocked hat, and went out for a walk down to the Foreign office. In Pall Mall, whom should I run against but the Duke of Somerset.

"Captain and Commodore you have been," he said, in his hearty manner, "be an Admiral, there's a good fellow!"

"Well," I replied, "I suppose I must. Munchausen was never afraid of work." So off I started.

ADMIRAL.

"Stop!" cried the Duke of Cambridge, just turning out of Pontet's with a stick of Cavendish, "Colonel, General, Field-Marshal Munchausen, stop for a moment. I am tired of a military life; I wish to go home quietly and smoke a pipe. May I call you Commander-in-Chief?"

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

"Of course you may, Cam!" I said, shaking hands with him by way of binding the bargain; "but pray what do these bishops want?"

He looked round. "Not all bishops," he said: nor were they.

Dean Alford, Dean Stanley, Bishop of London, and the Archbishop himself.

"We have resigned. May we depend on you?"

DEAN, BISHOP, AND ARCHBISHOP.

"You may," I replied, in a whisper, and off I ran, for time was now precious.

"My lord! my lord!" cried a fat man after me. I looked round without stopping; it was the great C——l W——n.

"Too late! too late!" I shouted, and ran on, transacted business at the Foreign office, and then on again through Westminster Hall, to the House of Lords; but just passing the Court of Queen's Bench, out pops the head of Chief Justice Cockburn.

"Munchausen!" he cries, "be chief?"

"Can't!" I said, "no time left. I've just seen my way to the Lord Chancellorship."

"Bother!" he cries, and in pops his head again.

LORD CHANCELLOR.

Yes, not only Lord Chancellor of England, but Chancellor of the two universities.

I sat down on the stone steps leading to the Peers' corridor, to count on my fingers the honours that had that morning fallen on me. A saturnine, dark-complexioned man of French appearance, although evidently disguised, took his place mysteriously by my side.

He put his large forefinger to his bulbous nose.

"Mexico?" he asked.

I shook my head by way of reply.

"France?" he asked this time.

I nodded.

EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

"Thanks!" he said; "I am tired of it."

"Italy?" he inquired, the third time.

I nodded again.

KING OF ITALY.

"Thanks!" he said; "I am tired of puffy old Victor Emmanuel."

So there seemed really to be no end to the dignities, titles, honours, and responsibilities to which I might lay claim.

I cannot tell how many folio volumes it took to write them out in full, but here I give a short extract from some of the most important:—

MUNCHAUSEN, BARON,

ABSTRACT OF TITLES.

Knt., Bart., Earl, Count, Prince, Right Hon., Emperor, Tsar, King, Elder, Bishop, Archbp., Dean, Canon, Col., Major, Gen., F.-Marshal, Comm.-in-Chief, Capt., Commodore, Admiral, Beadle, Lord Mayor, Commander "Alabama," P. Conf. St., P. Fed. St., Ch. Commr. of Metro. Police, Prime Min., Sec. Foreign Affairs, Ch. of Exchcq., Ch. Camb. U., Ch. Oxon U., R.A., A.R., P.R.A., F.R.S., F.A.S., P.Z.S., Gov. New Z., Garib. Eng., Elcho, Marsh. of Fr., Ph.D., P. Ass. Soc. Sc., P.B.A., Sp. Corr., Edit. Times, et Quart. Rev., et Cornhill M., et All Y. R., et Kelly's Lond. P. O. Direct., et Sat. Rev., et Daily Tel., et Punch, Stipend. Magis., P. Meteorol. Ass.

What can I say after all this? But little, I suppose; for if you, reader, have had stomach enough for these twelve Munchausen "stories," nothing that I can add will be calculated to at all astonish your weak mind. At all events, nothing that is true, and my character for veracity stands too high to allow me to indulge in mere fiction.

Yet, now it is all at an end, perhaps I may be allowed to say, that I really think I must be a somewhat remarkable boy.

I have escaped from everything worth getting away from.

WHAT I HAVE DONE.

Dared every danger of the deep.

Fought in every battle I could run into.

Enjoyed every sport that is yet invented.

Travelled in every country on the face of the globe.

Won more wagers than I dare count.

Courted more ladies than even Brigham Young is allowed to marry.

Patented more inventions than Birmingham can produce.

Fought more duels than all the colonels of the French army.

Built more balloons than Coxwell ever dreamt of.

And enjoyed more honours, dignities, places, and preferments, than all the royal families of all Europe can lay claim to.

NOT SATISFIED.

Am I satisfied?

Well, no! I am not; and I will tell you why.

I have settled the weather, put down thieving, stopped the garotters, finished Kelly's Directory, edited my Quarterlys, my magazines, and my newspapers, written my correspondent's letter, finished at Wimbledon, governed New Zealand, wound up all the scientific societies, taught English artists how to paint, reformed the Universities, settled Europe, repealed all the taxes, done away with the police, given peace to America, blown up the second "Alabama," served my Lord Mayoralty, resigned my beadleships, re-organized the British fleet, disciplined the army, put down convocation, given a free parliament to France, completed the liberation of Italy, civilized Russia, fought Prussia, had my dinner, and now I have nothing to do.

I am getting quite "used up" for want of a new excitement,—even crossing-sweeping in a genteel locality is palling upon me; I cannot emigrate, for every country is equally familiar to me; I am not old enough to marry; I am too learned to wish to go back to school. I must take example by the great Bolingbroke, and seek a refuge in fancy gardening; that, or a new dictionary of the English language may amuse me for a while.

USED UP.

So here, waiting for further employment, I will at last leave you, just asking permission to tell you a little story which has some reference to my good qualities, and which may therefore leave you with as good an impression of my heart as you must by this time have of my head.

I was walking slowly down Piccadilly the other day, when as I came within sight of the Green Park, I saw a long, long row of poor beggar-men, a row so long, that it seemed to reach far away into Knightsbridge. These poor fellows, each holding out a battered hat to the passer-by, craved charity,—each after his own manner:—

MORE ACTS OF CHARITY.

"Please remember the poor blind Prime Minister."

"Spare a copper for poor Louis Napoleon."

"Poor poet, your honour."

"Please remember the painter."

"Key-ind friends, I have lost both my kingdoms, and have a wife and ten small children."

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old field-marshal."

And so on, and so on,—almost without end.

I stopped, wondering what this strange assembly could possibly mean.

"My good man," I said to the first, "I think I have seen your face somewhere before?"

"Yes, master," he replied in a broken voice, "indeed you have,—in the House of Commons, too, worse luck,—my name is P-lmerst-n."

"Dear me," I said, "whatever has brought you so low?"

"Well, sir," he said, "when you took my office from me, nothing would do but I must take to drinking; and see what it has made of me."

"Ah, indeed!" said I, "I am very sorry to see it; and you, my fine fellow, who are you?"

"I, monsieur; I am poor Louis Napoleon."

"And how did you ever get into this pickle?" I asked, somewhat severely.

"Oh, don't be angry with me, good gentleman; I have not forgotten you. I gave you France; then, being without occupation, took to gambling, and lost my all. I have tried the old game of billiard-marking and skittle-sharping, but it won't do, sir,—and now I am reduced to beg."

These were sad stories, but I found much worse behind, and after spending several weeks in alleviating their endless wants, and inquiring into the truth of their stories, I took a large cheerful-looking brick building in the Clapham Road, and calling it

THE HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES,

sent this long string of beggar-men there. Of course I have endowed the hospital with a million pounds, and now it is a cheerful thing to ponder, that these poor worn-out creatures have all a comfortable home, wholesome meals, and pea-green uniforms; that I can allow them a little tobacco and an occasional glass of beer; that they have pudding twice a week, and a cup of tea on Sundays; and that, notwithstanding they quarrel with each other day and night, they are tolerably happy.

HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

(*End of Adventures of Young Munchausen.*)

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS AND VINEYARDS OF THE DOURO.

WITH SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY LORE, FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE BOOK.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER spending a week at Regoa, I was not sorry to leave it, in order to pay a visit with my friend to the proprietor of several vineyards, who resided about two leagues off, to the north of the Douro. For about half the distance we continually ascended by a broad paved road, with vineyards and orange groves on either side of us; but, as usual, it soon came to a termination, and we had some difficulty in riding among the huge holes and fragments of stone which presented themselves before us. The house was beautifully situated in a valley, with a fine view of the lofty and snow-capped mountain of the Marão rising before it. However, to reach the flight of stone steps which led to the inhabited story, we were compelled to pass through a yard, filled with mud and litter, in which a numerous family of pigs revelled in luxury. At the top of the flight of steps, our host, Doctor Antonio Mendez d'Almeida, and half a dozen other names, LL.D., came forth to hug us in his arms. He seemed overjoyed at the honour we were doing him; first he hugged my friend, then he hugged me, and then he hugged my friend again, patting him on the back in his ecstacy. This ceremony being over—I am not sure, by-the-by, that he did not bestow a kiss on my friend's cheek; I avoided it by keeping my head so far back that he could not reach it—he introduced a little boy, his nephew, who pulled off his little hat and made several polite bows and flourishes. He next presented to us an old friar, who seemed very much inclined to hug us also, but fortunately we escaped the friendly greeting, and our host led the way into the interior of his domicile. It was an extensive house on one floor, the ground floor being occupied, according to the invariable fashion, as a store for the wine tunnels. After passing through several rooms, the

ceilings of which were festooned with magnificent bunches of grapes, hung up to keep, we entered the *sala* or sitting-room, where a table was soon spread with a repast, surpassing in profusion the one which greeted us on our arrival at Regoa. The board literally groaned with viands, and to this was added some huge sweet pasties, in the shape of a sheep or a horse, I am not certain which, and a fish, which was doubtless true to nature, for it possessed fins and a tail. These delicacies, stuffed with a composition of eggs, sugar, and pumpkin, were manufactured, I was given to understand, by the fair hands of the sisters of our host, who, having been thus notably occupied, did not appear. A large party had assembled, who used very little ceremony in dipping their knives and forks into the dishes, allowing none to go untasted. The ex-friar, a very short, very fat, and very dirty old gentleman, took a sudden fancy to me; and, as a proof of his affection, helped me continually to the titbits with the two implements he had used to ladle his food into his own mouth. It was not pleasant, but I felt like a martyr, and ate on till I could eat no more. The rest of the company thought I was ill, or rather, I believe, in their hearts, despised me for my want of capacity. Our host appeared alarmed: "You have absolutely eaten nothing!" he observed; "you will assuredly die from inanition—you are over-fatigued—you had better go to bed, and then you will be able to eat a proper quantity at supper." I protested in vain that I had already stowed away twice the allowance of provender I usually took; that I generally fed upon bread and water, and that my anxiety to do justice to his hospitable wishes had alone induced me so far to exceed my usual bounds. When the meat was removed, our host drank to my friend's health and to my health, and to the health of everybody at table, as well as to their absent relations and friends; and in like manner we and each individual present drank to our host's health, and to that of all his guests. Conversation then became general, and to me highly amusing. The old friar was my delight; his knowledge was very general, but at the same time most charmingly confused. Geography was his forte, he informed me, but he confessed that he had never been able to ascertain whether England was in London, or London in England; that he had met some people who came from London, and some from England. It was a puzzle he had never been able to solve. He knew, however, that the Nile was a great deal bigger than the Douro, for that animals as large as elephants, who made no scruple in swallowing a whole ship's company, as did others who habitually supped off young babies, lived in it; that he had also read an account of Peru, which was the capital of China, in Africa, and that the Portuguese once

governed the country. Nobody present appeared able to correct him, and of course neither my friend nor I could venture to do so. He professed himself to be a great Miguelite, and hinted that before long his Majesty would be restored to the throne of his ancestors, and their holy religion be again triumphant,—meaning that the monastic institutions would be again re-established. He then took occasion to abuse Oporto for having so obstinately opposed his king, insinuating that its inhabitants were in a fair way to perdition, and that if an earthquake should occur, and swallow up the whole city, he should not be surprised.

This brought a retort from one of the guests, a Constitutionalist, who, however, seemed much amused at all the old man said, giving him very little credit for his sincerity.

"It is you and your brother monks who have brought Portugal into her present state," exclaimed the Liberal; "and if Oporto were as full of friars as it was before the revolution, we might have more reason to tremble for the vengeance of Heaven. You and your impositions were suffered to exist so long as a punishment for our sins, till God and man became sick of you, and cast you forth. Now, Senhor Padre, tell me how is it that you can reconcile it to your conscience to go forth into the village with a little ugly image in your hand, which you know is made of wood or wax, and to tell the poor ignorant people that it is a saint, in order to induce them to kiss and worship it, and to give you their alms?"

"You are a very wicked man, Senhor Capitan," replied the Padre, laughing, though evidently annoyed; "but notwithstanding that, even if you were the Diabolo himself, I would answer you. In the first place, all the other padres have *santinhos* [little saints], and go about and collect alms. Now my *santinho* is as good as, if not better than theirs, so I have as great a right as they have to collect my perquisites. Then, if the people are ignorant, I cannot help it; they give with a good intention, and believe that the saint will intercede for them, which is all that can be expected. The money they give goes into my pocket certainly, but they pay me to say their prayers for them, and I honestly fulfil the obligation. For every *cinco reis* they give, I say a *Padre Nosso* and *Santa Maria*, which is, you must allow, doing the work at the very lowest rate. My predecessors have done the same, for aught I know to the contrary, since the world began; and, *graças a Deus*, I am not a revolutionist."

Highly satisfied with his own defence, the Padre leaned back in his chair, and crossed his hands upon his stomach, blowing forth from his cheeks while he recovered from the unusual exertion. I have given his words verbatim, as I wrote them down that very evening.

I was much amused by a narration of one of the guests, affording a specimen of summary justice equal to that of Lynch law in the free and enlightened States of America. I give it in the narrator's own words :—

"Not long ago, a certain district in the Upper Douro was infested by a daring brigand, Salvador Nunez by name. He levied his contributions on clergy and laity, rich and poor, indiscriminately; but he never murdered unless he was driven to it by necessity. He would walk into the house of a fidalgo, with his loaded pistols in his belt, and demand the loan of a few moidores—he was generally moderate. When he had got them he would put them into his pocket, call for a tumbler of the best wine, drink it off to the health of his noble host, then light his cigarillo, and take his departure, promising to call again when circumstances would allow,—meaning thereby when he wanted more money. If any objections were raised, he was apt to behave very differently, and all the suavity of his manner vanished in a moment. Out would come his pistols and his threats, and fortunate it was if blood was not spilt. In fact, everybody was afraid of him, and everybody was anxious to see him with chains round his ancles and wrists, pretending to mend the roads; but what is everybody's business is nobody's, and therefore nobody was found ready to bell the cat. He had, it is true, been captured three or four times, for his discretion was not always equal to his boldness; but he had as often contrived to make his escape, and to return to his old habits. At last he committed an act of the deepest atrocity. He robbed the Juiz da Fora, the judge of the district himself. This was unpardonable. His patron saint had evidently abandoned him. The judge raised the whole country in search of the culprit. Salvador, to increase the enormity of his crime, sent the judge word that he must prepare for death if he continued the pursuit, but the judge was a determined man, and was not to be intimidated; he therefore sent to Villa Real for twenty dragoons, and at their head set out in search of the audacious criminal. Besides this, he offered a reward to any one who would deliver him into his hands. Salvador, like other heroes, was a great favourite with the fair sex, and one day, hungry and weary, he took refuge in the cottage of a married couple of his acquaintance. The husband was from home, but the wife spread food before him, and promised to protect him. While he was eating, the husband returned, and was not over well pleased at finding the noted robber the occupant of his abode; besides, he had his suspicions. However, the wife employed all her woman's wit to pacify him, and, after considerable trouble, made him promise not to tell where the robber was concealed; for Salvador vowed that he could not proceed another foot that night. A quantity

of wood was piled up in one corner of the cottage, and in this the husband and wife formed a nest, into which they stowed away the robber, covering him up so well that he was completely concealed. In the meantime the judge was riding about the country, looking in vain for Salvador. He was just thinking of returning home, when a lavrador came up to him. 'You offered a reward to the person who should deliver the man who robbed you into your hands,' said the lavrador. 'Now I have promised not to say where he is, but follow me with your men, and if you catch him, the reward must be mine.' 'Yes, I swear by all the saints, if we safely house him in prison, the fifty crusadoes I promised shall be yours,' replied the judge, kissing a crucifix he wore round his neck. 'Vamos, senhores!' said the lavrador, and the party set forward. They had not far to go before they arrived at the door of a cottage. The lavrador entered, and the judge and the soldiers followed. The farmer's wife received them very politely, wondered what they could come to look for, and seemed horrified at being suspected of harbouring a robber. The judge and the soldiers looked about in every direction, till at last they began to suspect that the rascally lavrador had deceived them. In fact, they were about to quit the cottage, when the judge observed the forefinger of the lavrador pointing to a heap of faggots in the corner. An old soldier, the sergeant of the party, also saw the action, and drawing his sword, immediately plunged it among the faggots. Before he could give a second dig they were seen to be violently agitated, and up sprang the noted bandit Salvador, bleeding from a wound in his arm. 'So I have been betrayed!' he exclaimed, with a look of fury. 'Não importa, I will have my revenge!' and he snapped his pistols at the judge, but neither of them went off. 'Paciencia!' he added, 'Now, cavaleiros, I am your prisoner.' On this the soldiers with the greatest bravery rushed in, and secured him by tying his hands behind his back. They then carried him out, and mounting him on one of their horses, fastened his feet together under the animal's belly; there was little chance of his escaping. When the lavrador saw him thus secure, he came up to the judge, and whispering in his ear, asked him for some of the crusadoes he had promised. 'Wait till he is safe in prison,' answered the judge; 'for the present, good-day, my friend!' After the judge and the soldiers with their prisoner had ridden on some way, the judge called two of the most trustworthy to him, and gave them some directions, which the rest did not hear. On this they took charge of the prisoner, while the judge, with the rest, rode forward, leaving them in the rear. No sooner was the main body out of sight, than the two troopers turned to their prisoner: 'We are very sorry,

Salvador, but we must obey orders,' said one. 'Have you any money about you?' asked the other. For the first time in his life the robber turned pale. 'A few crusadoes,' he answered; 'take them, and let me escape; you shall have fifty if I get free.' The troopers searched his pockets, and appropriated all his valuables. 'Now, Salvador, say a *Padre Nosso*, for we must obey orders.' The robber endeavoured to utter a prayer, but ere he had concluded it, two bullets had entered his brain. The soldiers unfastened his legs, and the corpse fell to the ground. There they left it, and galloped on to join their companions. 'It is done, your excellency!' said one of them. 'Very well!' answered the judge, and the soldiers rode back to Villa Real. The treacherous lavrador lost his reward, and the wise judge saved his crusadoes, for the robber was never put into prison. The day afterwards was found in the high road, where he had fallen, the corpse of the dreaded Salvador."

I could scarcely have believed the story, had I not received it from an undoubted source.

After dinner everybody retired to take his siesta, a pleasant custom in excessively hot weather, but very enervating when indulged in all the year round. My friend and I preferred taking a ride to some neighbouring vineyards, for which same act of folly I believe we were heartily pitied by the rest.

Soon after we got back all the party assembled in the *Sala*, rubbing their eyes and yawning, fully prepared for undergoing the fatigues of supper. I thought at dinner that they had amply provisioned themselves for a week, but this repast fully convinced me to what immense capacity the human frame may be brought by perseverance. At an early hour the guests separated to sleep again, and I was conducted to a dormitory which I soon discovered must belong to the ex-friar. Poor old man! He had been ousted for my sake, but the host having retired, there was no one to whom I could apologise; so I sat myself down, not being inclined to sleep, to examine his library. It consisted of about a dozen volumes on theology, such as a monk might be supposed to possess. Among them was one on the Confession, over which I glanced with a curious eye—the result being a disgust I can scarcely explain. I can only say that it fully corroborated all the statements made by Michelêt, and exhibited a knowledge of human depravity in the compiler which I did not before believe to exist. I then turned to a volume of Monkish Legends; tales, such as the most ignorant savage with unwarped judgment would have refused to credit, told as grave and religious truths. "Behold the result of such instruction in the state of Portugal," I thought. "Her children asked for bread and ye gave them

a stone." I hope that I was not wrong in looking into the old man's books—they did not make me more inclined towards Rome.

The next morning at breakfast the two maiden sisters of our host appeared, and we had the opportunity of complimenting them on the artistic productions of their fingers, in the shape of sheep and fish, and the exquisite delicacy of their sweetmeats. They were considerably older than their brother, and, as I am a gentleman, they wore Wellington boots, and one had rather a ferocious moustache on the upper lip. They were kind and amiable and very courteous, though I suspect their intellectual attainments were rather limited. How could it be otherwise, with ignorant priests, pastors as blind as themselves?

The good old ladies I have been speaking of with the beards and the Wellington boots, were otherwise dressed much in the same style as the rest of their sex of the same age, in coloured calicoes with white 'kerchiefs pinned over their shoulders. Their locks, tinged with grey, were uncovered, and a handkerchief was the only shelter they assumed when they went abroad; their heads most certainly never having been guilty of wearing that modern monstrosity, a bonnet. I was shown into their boudoir. The odour was unpleasant, a combination of apples, cheeses, and snuff, for the windows had not been opened during the winter. On either side were two cane-bottomed sofas, with six chairs arranged in front of them, and a thin strip of carpet for the feet. At one end was a large wardrobe of antique manufacture, and at the other an altar decked with artificial flowers; and in a glass case figures of the Virgin and Child, with crowns on their heads and glittering robes, while little wax angels, with wings, were suspended by wires above them.

We took our leave as soon as we decently could. With many a bow we backed out of the room, but we were compelled to go the rounds of huggings and tappings before we were allowed to mount our beasts on our return to Regoa. I almost laughed outright as we were bandied about from one to the other. "Yet another *abraco*, my dear friend," exclaimed the fat friar, when I thought that I had got off clear; and before I could leap down the steps, which I felt a strong inclination to do, he seized me in his arms, which were very short while his body was very fat, and nearly squeezed every particle of breath out of me; then, as I am an honest man, if every one of the remaining seven unwashed generation, influenced by the example of the holy man, did not seize us, and go through the whole ceremony over again! This time I was too quick for the Padre, but poor A—— got a kiss into the bargain. With showers of blessings which would have carried us safe to Timbuctoo, we jogged off on our way to Regoa.

AN ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC RHYMING ON ONE SYLLABLE.

A was an Author who lives would portray ;
B was the Ball of most dazzling display ;
C was the Cannon 'midst murderous fray ;
D was the Drunkard in doubtless decay ;
E a doom'd Exile from friends far away ;
F was a Flower that would bloom but a day ;
G was a Giant who could vast armies slay ;
H a strong Horse—a most beautiful grey ;
I was an Idol to which heathen did pray ;
J was the Jester so sprightly and gay ;
K was a Knave who would cheat and betray ;
L the fair Lassie—the Queen o' the May ;
M was the Monarch who held potent sway ;
N was the Nymph in most gorgeous array ;
O a scorn'd Outlaw who'd rules disobey ;
P was a Pilgrim "through earth's weary way ;"
Q was Quadrille which at cards we play ;
R was the Rhymester—myself, I should say ;
S was a Song that was term'd Roundelay ;
T was the tree that was class'd as a Bay :
U the Umbrella to screen the Sun's ray ;
V was a Vale in which lovers would stray ;
W the Waves which dash wild 'mid the spray ;
X was brave Xerxes who'd battles assay ;
Y the Affirmative—express'd as Yea ;
Z was a Zebra an ass that would bray.

HORACE LESLIE.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

THE subject of our sketch has not only bequeathed to us works of as great an immortality as most of those written by the many wits who flourished in the last century, but has allowed such an air of refinement to pervade them, and has written in such an elevated and moral style when compared with the works of his compeers, that we need make no apology for singling him out as the subject of a short essay.

Nor is it solely of the fruits of his great mind that we have something to say. It is, however, rather of his works than of his private life that we wish to speak; for as Goldsmith more than most authors possessed the magic gift of identifying himself with his writings, we may almost read his character in every page, and note as we read the nobleness of mind, untainted by the world, which shines out in every sentence. The first work in this very gorgeous edition of Goldsmith, and that upon which the fame of the simple-minded, generous poet chiefly rests, is the "Vicar of Wakefield." The circumstances under which this celebrated novel was first brought to light are so truly characteristic of the man, and show so well the disinterested friendship entertained for him by that rough diamond, Dr. Johnson, that we must repeat the account in the Doctor's own words.

"I received one morning," says Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion: I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit;

* Dalziel's Illustrated Goldsmith. With one hundred pictures. By G. J. Pinwell. Ward & Lock, London.

told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The bookseller who purchased this work was Francis Newbery, and yet, so little did he appreciate its merits, that he allowed it to remain untouched for nearly two years. Nor would it have been published then had not Mr. Newbery been aroused by the great success of a poem called "The Traveller," which Goldsmith published soon after his fracas with his landlady. It must, however, be borne in mind that the publisher of "The Traveller" was John Newbery, the uncle of Frank, and it has been suggested that the "Vicar" was purposely detained until the full harvest of "The Traveller" was reaped.

At length, however, on the 27th May, 1766, the "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared. Before the end of the month a second edition was called for; in three months more, a third; and so it went on. Rogers, the poet, declared that, of all the books which he had seen rise and fall, the charm of the "Vicar of Wakefield" had alone continued as at first; and, could he revisit the world after an interval of many more generations, he should as surely look to find it undiminished. Nor has its popularity been confined to Britain. This beautiful pastoral, one of the most charming pictures of British scenes and manners, has been translated into almost every language. Goethe, the genius of Germany, declared in his eighty-first year that he derived as much pleasure from it as he did at the age of twenty,—that it had in a manner formed a part of his education, influencing his taste and feelings throughout life. The chief cause of its great success is undoubtedly the truth to nature it displays, and nature of the most amiable kind, such as Goldsmith saw it. Could Sterne, or Fielding, or Smollett have produced such a character as Dr. Primrose, the simple, good-natured, large-hearted clergyman, who, when surrounded by troubles, endeavours to reform his fellow prisoners in the gaol, and rather than swerve from the self-imposed task, suffers one to spit at him, another to pick his pocket of his spectacles, a third to displace his books, and to substitute an obscene book for God's Word, conscious of the just cause in which he is engaged, and the respect which a good man's works are sure to inspire? And when we recollect that the original of Dr. Primrose was Goldsmith's own father, does not the poet rise even higher in our estimation for being the son of such a man, and for possessing so much filial love as is shown by the care and grace with which he has drawn the character? Independently, however, of the many charms which the "Vicar of Wakefield" possesses as a picture of English man-

ners, it contains a plot which for skill in the extrication of the characters from their misfortunes has rarely been equalled, and certainly never surpassed. The reader recollects towards the end of the book that poor Dr. Primrose is so utterly overcome by his troubles that he scarcely cares to live. And yet suddenly the *Deus ex machinâ* appears upon the scene, and lo! by the most intricate and graceful manœuvres, all is changed. The villain is ruined, and the good man and his family restored to liberty and happiness.

We have already stated that Goldsmith's works are to some extent a picture of his life. As an instance of this we must quote a passage from the "Vicar" which exactly describes Goldsmith's case. When, in consequence of his reckless generosity, he had spent all his money in buying tulips for his uncle Contarine, he was compelled to set off on a tour on the Continent with but one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea. The "Philosophic Vagabond" speaks thus:—

"I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry, for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my merriest tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day; but, in truth, I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them."

In the present edition of this immortal work, we must bestow great praise upon Mr. G. J. Pinwell for the very able manner in which he has executed his task. The figure of Dr. Primrose is admirable. We see in him the truly good man, one who in his heart is always ready to say, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." We see a man cheerful even under adversity, and one who bows his head with resignation, and murmurs not even when trouble falls thick and fast upon him. The figure of Mrs. Primrose, the most unpleasant and the least successful character in the book, is not so satisfactory. On the first page she is drawn too young to represent the mother of the flock around her; and on the 113th is rendered in such a different manner, that we cannot but think that the ideal of the artist in no way resembles that of the author. The other figures are very good indeed. Mr. Pinwell seems to us to draw in the style of Millais, as in the illustration of Olivia and Sophia leaving the prison, on page 103; but yet, on the whole, he draws with so much

rough freedom, that we cannot but feel satisfied at the way in which he has performed his share of this enterprise. He also acquires force by occasionally sacrificing artistic effect to nature: witness the ungraceful but particularly natural attitude of the boy's legs in the illustration on page 137. We now pass on to notice the poem of "The Traveller," conceived by Goldsmith many years before, during his travels in Switzerland, and published chiefly through the recommendation of Dr. Johnson, who throughout his life acted towards Goldsmith with the most disinterested friendship, and who himself contributed some couplets towards the end of the poem. Although the poem, when published in quarto by Newbery, in December, 1764, ran through several editions in one year, yet the author received only twenty guineas for it. It is interesting to know that Dr. Johnson pronounced it to be the finest poem that had appeared since the days of Pope. As it was the first work to which Goldsmith put his name, one can easily imagine what an important man he suddenly became at the literary club, the chief members of which were Reynolds, afterwards Sir Joshua, Burke, Johnson, Langton, and Topham Beauclerc. The members were lost in astonishment that a newspaper essayist and a bookseller's drudge could have written such a poem. They could scarcely believe that such magic numbers had flown from a man to whom in general, says Johnson, "it was with difficulty they could give a hearing." At a meeting held soon after the poem was published, one of the members, named Chamier, asked Goldsmith what he meant by the last word in the first line of the poem,

"'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, *slow?*'

Do you mean tardiness of locomotion?"

"Yes," replied Goldsmith, inconsiderately, being probably flurried at the moment. "No, sir," interposed his protecting friend Johnson, "you did not mean tardiness of locomotion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude."—"Ah!" exclaimed Goldsmith, "*that* was what I meant." Chamier immediately believed that Johnson himself had written the line, and a rumour became prevalent that he was the author of many of the finest passages. This was ultimately set at rest by Johnson himself, who marked with a pencil all the verses he had contributed, nine in number, inserted towards the conclusion, and by no means the best in the poem.

How well the artist has represented the hero walking on the banks of the Lazy Scheld, and how faithfully! "The Pasteboard Triumph," and "The Cavalcade," we leave the reader to judge, fully satisfied that he

will be inclined to agree with us in the opinion we have expressed upon these illustrations.

The next poem, dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and entitled "The Deserted Village," appeared on the 20th May, 1770. The sale of it was immense. Five editions were sold in three months, and it is satisfactory to know that the author received one hundred guineas for the copyright. As another proof of Goldsmith's nobleness of mind we must mention, that when a friend told him that he had received a great sum for a small poem, "In truth," said Goldsmith, "I think so too; it is much more than the honest man can afford, or the piece is worth. I have not been easy since I received it." In fact, he actually returned the note to the bookseller, and left it to him to graduate the payment according to the success of the work. The bookseller, as may well be supposed, soon repaid him in full, with many acknowledgments of his disinterestedness.

This poem was composed chiefly in the summer in the course of solitary strolls about the green lanes and beautifully rural scenes of Edgeware, where he usually took lodgings.

This poem, more than any of Goldsmith's works, deals with pictures of his early friends, and the home of his youth. Take for example the following beautiful lines, in which are embodied Goldsmith's view of his brother, who died while he was writing this very poem:—

> "At church with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorn'd the venerable place:
> Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
> And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
> The service past, around the pious man,
> With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
> Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
> And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:
> His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
> Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
> To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
> But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

Just as Scott's "Lady of the Lake" opened the eyes of Scotland to the many charms of the Trosachs and Loch Katrine, so did Goldsmith's poem at once cause Captain Hogan, the possessor of the so-called mansion and village of Auburn, to renovate the fortunes of Lissoy. In the middle of the village stood—

> "The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
> For talking age, and whispering lovers made."

This was built up with masonry to distinguish and preserve it, but

as usual with relics, it suffered much from the depredations of travellers, who generally stopped to procure a twig ; and since then it has long been cut up, root and branch, in order to furnish relics to literary pilgrims.

Near this spot Captain Hogan also restored the village alehouse—

> " Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye.
>
> " Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
> And news much older than their ale went round :
> Imagination fondly stoops to trace
> The parlour splendours of that festive place.
>
> " The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
> The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
> The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
> A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
> The pictures, placed for ornament and use,
> The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose."

Captain Hogan, we have heard, found great difficulty in obtaining " the twelve good rules," but at length purchased them at some London bookstall to adorn the whitewashed parlour of " The Three Jolly Pigeons."

Soon after the " Deserted Village" was published, Goldsmith went to pay a visit to his friend and countryman, Lord Clare, who stood, in consequence of the death of his only son, in need of the sympathies of a kind-hearted friend. As a slight return for his sympathies, Lord Clare sent Goldsmith a haunch of venison, which he acknowledged in a poetical epistle, handed down to us under the title of " A Haunch of Venison." In this poem he speaks in an amusing strain of the embarrassment that such a luxury is likely to cause a poor poet :—

> " But, hang it,—to poets, who seldom can eat,
> Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;
> Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt ;
> *It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.*"

Of the oratorio which Goldsmith wrote, called the " Captivity," and which, by-the-by, was almost the first offspring of his muse, we need not say much. It was written as a literary job, and has almost passed into oblivion. The following air, however, sung by an Israelitish woman in the second act, is too beautiful to be passed by unnoticed :—

> " The wretch condemn'd from life to part,
> Still, still on hope relies ;
> And every pang that rends the heart
> Bids expectation rise.

"Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Illumes and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."

In the present edition, however, the first four lines are quoted thus:—

"Fatigued with life, yet loth to part,
On hope the wretch relies;
And every blow that sinks the heart
Bids the deluder rise."

Now, although we do not go so far as to say that these lines are quoted incorrectly, yet we must protest against them as not being generally adopted. In the different editions of Goldsmith's works published by Messrs. Routledge the first verse is the same as that which we have quoted. Washington Irving, a scrupulously careful writer, also gives the same version; whilst Mr. Murray's edition of Goldsmith, in four volumes, has—

"To the last moment of his breath
On hope the wretch relies;
And even the pang preceding death
Bids expectation rise."

In a foot-note, however, we are told that both Dalziel's version and our own are to be found in the original MS. Which version is preferable we leave the reader to decide.

Nor are the illustrations to the oratorio so pleasing as the others. The subject is apparently too grand for the artist, who would have acted more wisely if he had not touched this poem at all.

We next come to "Retaliation," a poem which the author wrote to hit off his distinguished intimates with whom he occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house.

On one occasion, when he was more dilatory than usual, a whim seized the company to write epitaphs on him, as "The late Dr. Goldsmith," and several were thrown off in a playful vein, hitting off his peculiarities. The only one extant was written by Garrick, and has been preserved, very probably, by its pungency:—

"Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor poll."

Goldsmith did not at all relish the sarcasm, but as he was not very ready at repartee, he went home, concocted the series of epigrammatic sketches, which he published under the above title. The descriptions are full of humour and without malice. The following lines on David

Garrick are so well worth repeating that, like the Scot in the "Haunch of Venison," we'll still keep a corner for them :—

> "Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
> An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
> As an actor confess'd without rival to shine;
> As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
> Yet with talents like these and an excellent heart,
> The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
> Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
> And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
> On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
> 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."

The ballad of "The Hermit," also known as "Edwin and Angelina," was printed by Goldsmith for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland, the wife of the Earl, who had been so struck with the merits of "The Traveller" that he determined to extend to him some patronage. The Doctor, however, with his usual generosity, plainly told the Earl that he had a brother in Ireland who required assistance far more than he did. This poem is also introduced in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and is narrated by Mr. Burchell as being remarkably free from a combination of luxuriant images, which improve the sound without carrying on the sense.

Nor is there much to be said about the "Threnodia Augustalis," except that it was not known to be by Goldsmith until several years after his death. It was written at the desire of his friend, Lord Clare, as a tribute to the memory of Augusta, the relic of Frederick Prince of Wales and mother of George III. We regret that we have nearly exhausted our space, or we should have wished to dwell at some length on Goldsmith's two admirable comedies, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer." The former, like many other great works, was doomed to delay by the jealousy of Garrick, who used all his arts to retard the production of the comedy. Even Colman, the manager, declared that the piece would fail. So discontented were all the actors with it except two, that had it not been for the assistance of Johnson the piece probably would never have been produced at all. Who can wonder, then, that under such disadvantages the play should turn out a failure? It was performed for ten nights only in succession. The third, sixth, and ninth nights were for the author's benefit; the fifth night it was commanded by their majesties; after this it was played occasionally but rarely, having always pleased more in the closet than on the stage.

With regard to "She Stoops to Conquer," the verdict was very dif-

ferent. This piece, too, was delayed, through the envy of Colman, for a considerable time, until so enraged was Goldsmith that he sent it off to Garrick. Johnson, however, again interfered; went to Colman, and prevailed on him at last, by much solicitation, to bring forward the comedy. Colman, however, threw as much cold water on it as he could. The plot, he said, was bad, and the interest was not sustained; it dwindled and dwindled and at last went off like the snuff of a candle.

The effect of his croaking was soon apparent within the walls of the theatre. Two of the most popular actors, Woodward and Gentleman Smith, to whom the parts of Tony Lumpkin and Young Marlow were assigned, refused to act them; one of them alleging in excuse the evil predictions of the manager. Goldsmith was advised to postpone the performance of his play until he could get those important parts well supplied. "No," said he; "I would sooner that my play were damned by bad players than merely saved by good acting."

In the end, however, the piece, as its merits richly deserved, met with extraordinary success; and so tortured was Colman by the squibs which assailed him, that he was obliged to leave London and take refuge in Bath.

Here we must halt. We have endeavoured in this slight sketch, not to criticise works which each generation admires even more than the past, but, by a few desultory remarks upon the most important offspring of Goldsmith's brain, to attract the attention of our young friends to this great and good man's writings. We can also conscientiously speak in high terms of praise of the very cheap yet very excellent edition of his works just issued by the Brothers Dalziel, and can only regret that the almost unfair competition to which they have been subjected has prevented them making their book as complete as they originally intended. Not only on account of the intrinsic merits of his books, but also on account of the great modesty he displayed in his works, when compared with his compeers, is the name of Oliver Goldsmith a household word. We cannot better conclude this notice than by quoting a few kindly words of one of his biographers:—

"He was no one's enemy but his own; his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on no one but himself, but were so blended with humorous and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature;

and we turn more kindly towards the object of our idolatry when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and is frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of 'poor Goldsmith,' speaks volumes. Few who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its grotesque luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. 'Let not his frailties be remembered,' said Johnson, 'he was a very great man.' But, for our part, we rather say 'Let them be remembered,' since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase so fondly and familiarly ejaculated, of 'POOR GOLDSMITH.'"

THE END.

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